THE Memoires OF THE LIFE AND RARE ADVENTURES OF *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere* COMPLEAT.

In Six Parts.

Written by her Self in *French*.
Now Tranſlated into *Engliſh*.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. C.* for *W. Crooke*, at the Green Dragon without *Temple-Bar*,
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THE ADVENTURES [a]

Of the Life of *Henrietta Silvia Moliere*,

To Her Highneſs of——

IT is no ſmall comfort to *Silvia*, [b] Madam, in the midſt of all the ill Reports, by which her Reputation is ſlandred

every where, to ſee that your Highneſs is deſirous to know what Apology ſhe can make for her ſelf. She hath all the ſence that ought to be had of that; and leſt it ſhould appear otherwiſe, ſhe is ready to obey the command you have laid upon her, to give you the paſtime of a faithful Relation of her harmleſs Errors. Not that ſhe hath

any

any hope, that ſhe ſhall ever be able to blot out of the mindes of moſt men, the cruel prejudices they have taken againſt the whole conduct of her life: this age does not permit her to flatter her ſelf with the thoughts of prevailing againſt ſo great Calumnies. Yet, if I may uſe your Highneſſes own terms, a time will come, when

men ſhall not be willing to judge ſo criminally of others by themſelves, by reaſon their manners ſhall not be ſo extreamly corrupted, and guilty, as they are now; and then, perhaps, more faith will be given to what I am going to write for her juſtification, then to what her enemies can ſay to traduce her notions.

I will not hide ſo much as any of the moſt fooliſh Adventures, wherein ſhe may have had any ſhare; for I wiſh your Highneſs may divert your ſelf with them, at the ſame time that you will have compaſſion on *Silvia* for other things.

In the firſt place, ſhe never knew well who ſhe was; all I am certain of is, that ſhe is

not a perſon of an ordinary and vulgar deſtiny: that her Birth, her Education, and her Marriages, have been the effect of many extraordinary Accidents, and Adventures; and that if ſhe had a mind to ſet out her Life with the luſtre of a fabulous deſcent, *d* it would be eaſie, without doubt, for any body to enlarge upon it, as finely

ly as ever hath been done upon the like occasion; and draw her Pedigree in a way that would look something Heroick.

She was called *Henrietta Silvia*, by the order of her Mother her self, as I have been told. *Henrietta*, without doubt, for some private reason best known to her self; and *Silvia*, because she was born

by a Wood ſide, commonly called, the Wood of *Silves*. She had the name of *Moliere*, which hath ſtuck to her by cuſtome, from thoſe that took the care of her breeding, who were ſo call'd themſelves.

She is tall, and of good meen; ſhe hath eyes black and ſparkling, well open'd, and well cut, and ſuch as

ſeem

ſeem to mark, that ſhe hath enough of wit; let any body elſe judge by what follows, whether ſhe hath, or no. Her mouth is great when ſhe laughs, but very little when ſhe does not; yet it is the misfortune of that part, that ſhe laughs always. She hath good teeth, a good noſe; her neck and breſt like her complexion, that is to ſay,

admirable; and though I ſhould run the hazard of being noted as partial and preſumptuous, I muſt add, Madam, that there are very few in the world can compare with it. But it may be I am too tedious in drawing her Picture thus piece by piece; any body may imagine with themſelves, that ſhe is almoſt an accompliſh'd beauty from

from head to foot. Such as have ſeen what ſhe gives leave to ſee, will be my witneſſes, that I uſe no paint in this draught; and ſuch as have never ſeen her, may believe, if they pleaſe, that I do but ſport with them, and flatter my ſubject. Yet, I hope, they will be better pleaſed with the fancy of a handſome, then with that of an

ugly

ugly Woman, if they be not very ill humor'd: however, I tell your Highneſs nothing but the truth.

I hope I may be excus'd naming the Family *Silvia* came of, after what I have ſaid already; 'Tis poſſible, that after the reading of her ſtory, her true Kindred, if they find her not unworthy of them, will ſtrive to make

make their charity go beyond that of ſome worthy perſons ſhe is beholding to; and one day diſcover the whole myſtery of her Birth, to the end, that it may be added to the reſt of the Adventures of her Life; which when it happeneth, I will paſs my word to your Highneſs for ſomething of Illuſtrious; for ſhe can feel her own heart, and

is

is not eaſily perſwaded, that an ordinary man ſhould Father ſuch a Woman as ſhe is.

However, I have been told for certain, that ſhe firſt ſaw the light in a Hamlet bordering upon a Wood, two or three leagues from *Montpellier*, near the Sea. Four Men, with two Women, did bring thither the Perſon that brought her into the World,

World, in *July*, in the Year One thouſand ſix hundred forty and ſeaven. They landed in a Boat, which was immediately burnt upon the ſhore; the reaſon I know not: they went into the next houſe they met with, which did chance to be that of a poor Woman that nurſed her own Child. *Silvia*'s Mother, whoever ſhe may be, had

not

not ſtay'd there one hour e're ſhe was delivered of a Child: That of the Country Woman, was put to another Nurſe, and the new-born *Silvia* given her, together with a ſum of Money. The night being come, all the company vaniſht away. The next morning, the Country Woman, who had been lodg'd ſomewhere elſe for

for that night, found the Child's Mother gone with the reſt in the dark. If you ask me, whither? I know it as little as any thing elſe; I wiſh I knew it, for my own ſatisfaction rather then that of any other beſides: yet I ought to have reckon'd that of your Highneſs in the firſt place.

Silvia was nurs'd, and bred up in that hamlet until

until ſhe was five years of age, without being own'd, or laid claim to by any body. About which time, the Duke of *Kendale* chanced to come a Hunting upon that Coaſt: He came into the Cottage of the Nurſe, to ſhelter himſelf from a ſudden ſtorm and ſhowre of rain; the Child's prating, and her pretty carriage, did pleaſe him

him well, thinking that he did ſee ſomething in her which was not of a Country Girl. He did ask, who ſhe was? heard her fortunes; and upon that, turning himſelf, with a ſmile, to a Gentleman that waited on him, Behold, ſays he, a great cruelty, thus to forſake a poor Child. I have a conceit, that this Child may come one day to be a very

very handſome Woman; I will take care of her breeding, that I may ſee, whether I ſhall be miſtaken in my conjecture. And, really, from that moment, to the hour of his death, the Duke never ſuffered her to want any thing requiſite for her Education. Nay, he was ſo careful, and ſo punctual in it, that when it came to be taken

ken notice of, it gave occaſion to ſeveral perſons to ſay, that *Silvia* was beholding for her life unto the Duke; which ſome interpreted maliciouſly. Yet, I have been aſſured by others, that he was not her Father; and that the occaſion of Hunting had brought him by a meer chance into that Hamlet, where the ſtorm, as I have

ſaid,

ſaid, had made him pitch upon the Nurſes Houſe among the reſt, though it was not the neareſt on that ſide he came in. I can ſay no more of that, and *Silvia* ſhall be no kin to the reſt of his Heirs, without they'l have her. 'Tis now enough of that.

Firſt of all, the generous Duke took care to put the Child out of

the

the Country Womans hand, intending to give her to ſome that were like to have a better ſucceſs in her breeding. There liv'd then at *Pezenas*, in *Languedoc*, at *Financier*, whoſe wife was a good friend to the Duke; and the man himſelf was beholding to him for all the fortune he had in the World: A Child of theirs, much about

Sil-

Silvias age, and of her ſex alſo, was then kept at one of their Farmers; and being dangerouſly ill was given over by the Phyſitians, ſo that nothing could be expected but her death every hour: it was no hard matter, as ſoon as ſhe was dead, to ſet up *Silvia* in ſtead of her; and to let the World think, after ſhe had been remov'd into

ſome

ſome other place and hands, that ſhe had been cured with the remedies that were given her, and was well recovered. (Obſerve, I beſeech you, Madam, what paths Fortune was pleaſed to lead *Silvia* to her Adventures.) That exchange was made cunningly enough. The *Financier* carried himſelf as handſomely therein as

could be wiſht. Thus ſhe became Siſter to a Son that he had; and a conſiderable ſum that the Duke beſtowed on him did inſpire into his ſoul all the tenderneſs that was neceſſary to oblige him to perſonate a fatherly love to her.

It is poſſible your Highneſs would not be too much tired, if I ſhould begin *Silvia's* ſtory

ſtory, by that which may render her childhood as ſuprizing as the reſt of her life.

She had a pretty little air of gallantry, which did almoſt accuſe her Benefactor of being her Father. She had wit, vanity, and courage enough, and ſuch a readineſs to take the true accent of all manner of Languages, as that the *Financier's*

Son, having men about him to teach him thoſe things, ſhe was able, in a little time, to learn with him, beſides thoſe in faſhion, the Dutch Tongue it ſelf. She had alſo a very great paſſion for hunting; and what few Women will do, at ten years old, ſhe did ſleight all the divertiſments of her ſex, to give her ſelf to riding, ſhoot-

ſhooting with a Piſtol, or with an Arrow, and the like exerciſes. It is not impoſſible, but ſo extraordinary inclinations may have occaſioned ſome pretty little Adventures, were I willing to remember them; but my intention being to ſpeak only of that that hath been ſeen or talked of in the great World, I muſt let thoſe things

paſs, whereof there were no witneſſes but of ſmall conſequence.

All I need ſay, is this, that ſhe knew all that while no other Father or Mother, but the Perſons ſhe had been given to; and that it was very late, e're ſhe came to be clear'd of that error. The Adventure that undeceived her is of a new kind, and deſerves

to

to be recorded.

The *Financier*'s Wife was a good handſome Woman, and had a great deal of wit. The Marquis *de Birague*, a man beſides the Nobility of his Line, full of great and fine qualifications, and ſuch, in a word, as though *Silvia* could not then conſider him as much as he deſerved, becauſe he was a

a married man, ſhe would be glad to have ſuch a Gentleman to her Servant, now that he is a Widdower. That gallant man, I ſay, did often ſee the fair Lady *Moliere*; for ſo ſhe was called that *Silvia* was truſted to. Her Husband, on a certain day, found them both aſleep one by the other, in a little Wood belonging to one

one of his Country-Houſes, at a time when they thought he had been far enough, very buſily employed about the affairs of his charge. I cannot very well ſay, how the Lady did clear her ſelf in that ſurprizing ingagement. *b* 'Tis like her Husband was a diſcreet man, and would make no uproar of a private

buſineſs. Some days after *Silvia* did perceive that her pretended Father did meditate ſome kind of revenge, and that in his ſoul he did reckon ' to have made her go halves with him in that affair.

To tell your Highneſs all the particulars of this intrigue, and of the manner that he did uſe to make her under-

derſtand his ends, it would be too tedious. *Silvia* was waggiſh, and full of careſſes, for thoſe that ſhe thought ſhe did belong to, although for all the reſt ſhe was one of the proudeſt Girles in all the World. Thus when he begun to ſhew her ſome extraordinary good will, ſhe did receive it with a thouſand endear-

ments.

ments. And this having laſted a while, the man was ſo taken with theſe little badineries, to which ſhe gave way with all manner of freedom, as well as innocency, that he became, e're he or ſhe either was aware, the moſt enamoured man in the World, and then reſolved to carry on further that buſineſs.

He

He took her a Hunting along with him, that was her bait; and having cunningly severed her from his Wife, and the Marquis *de Biragues*, which possibly, on their side, were very glad also of an occasion of being alone; he did so well, that they two found themselves alone a pretty good way into the Forest. The very

ry place did invite them to alight, and was really very fit to favour the resolutions of such persons as should have been both of one minde. The trees had so prettily intangled, and twisted together their shady branches, as to make it a natural vault; and a running spring, two paces off, made a pleasant little noise; the

Wood

Wood was very thick, deep, the ſhades with a great ſilence round about. In a word, Madam, Monſieur *de Moliere* was a witty man, and had pitched upon a place no ways unfit for the deſign in hand. At his requeſt, and after his example, *Silvia* alighted off her Horſe; and ſeeing him lay himſelf all along upon the moſs and graſs,

graſs, ſhe did the like hard by him, without the leaſt ſuſpition of what fell out afterwards. Her Father drawing a little nearer, and cloſe by her, and embracing her with much of tenderneſs, began to reveal a ſecret to her, which ſhe would never have been able to think of, and ſo told her the whole ſtory of her Birth.

Birth. Next, he did ſet forth the obligations that ſhe had to him, and thoſe ſhe was like to have; in that being reſolved ſtill to bear the name of her Father, he made her ſure of all his Eſtate, which was left to her by the death of his Son, who had been killed lately. Many more things did he add, to commend his love

love to her; and the *refrein* of all this was, that leſt *Silvia* ſhould be ſpotted with the vice of ungratefulneſs, ſhe muſt anſwer his paſſion by the like; that he would be ſure ever to love her with the greateſt diſcretion and ſecrecy in the World; and that this commerce of theirs ſhould not hinder him from finding her out, very

ſpeedi-

ſpeedily, a conſiderable match.

Your Highneſs may judge, how *Silvia* was ſurprized and amazed at this news. She was indeed the more concern'd, and the more troubled with them, by reaſon the man, after he had made an end of his ſpeech, that ſhe might be ſure he ſaid nothing but what was really true, did be-

begin to raiſe higher his ordinary careſſes, whilſt the difficulty that he found in the oppoſition that was made him, did ſtill inflame him the more. He fell on his knees before her, expreſſing a thouſand extravagancies; and though ſhe had told him, that nothing but a remnant of that reſpect and kindneſs, which had ſetled

it

it ſelf in her heart by uſe, did keep her from vindicating her ſelf from his inſolency; he went on with it, even to that point, as to offer to uſe his ſtrength againſt her. Then it was that ſhe became furious indeed; ſhe got looſe out of his arms, ſhe ran to her Horſe, and drawing a Piſtol out of the Holſter, ſhe threatned to kill him,

if

if he did not let her alone. He would not do it; but his bruitiſh paſſion turning into a madneſs and rage, ſhe ſaw him come up to her like a *Satyr*, ſwearing that he would have his deſire of her, ſhe let the Piſtol go, which wounded him with two bullets in his belly. Theſe were her firſt cruelties.

It was a buſineſs intri-

tricate enough for one of *Silvia's* age, that which she found her self engaged in: to be all alone in a great Wood, to have laid down a man upon the ground, to think, how she should escape? whither she should go? and not to remember so much as the way she came into that place. She was indeed so frighted at the

the thoughts of all this, that ſhe was near to have fallen backwards, at the ſame time, with that unlucky man. Yet ſhe was not long in that diſorder, neceſſity awakening her reaſon, ſhe took a quick reſolution, and got on horſe-back, not liking to ſtay there, becauſe ſhe found her ſelf uncapable of telling a lye if ſhe ſhould be

be catch't. The wounded man being more touch't with the perplexity he saw her in, than *Silvia* was with his danger, with as loud a voyce as he could, bid her take to the left hand; and she went that road with full speed, without knowing whither. She might have gone far enough, but that she met in her course with

the Marquis *de Birague*, and the Lady *Moliere*, who having talked together at their eaſe, without killing one another, as *Silvia* and her Father had done, were probably coming to joyn with them, being lead by the ſound the ſhooting of the Piſtol gave. Good Lord! what was then her ſurpriſal, and her diſtreſs, when

when to her first dis-
grace was added as a
threatning of a present
punishment, the fear of
a Wild Boar, which
being hunted came to
cross her way, almost
upon the leggs of her
Horse. Yet, in spight
of all her amazement,
she laid a hand to her
other Pistol, meaning
to have stopt that
Beast: And such cou-
ragious motions, if I

may ſay it by the way, are the ſureſt tokens that ſhe hath of that generous blood, from which it is poſſible that her own is deriv'd.

Biragues, who ſaw at a diſtance what ſhe was going to do, ſuſpected that ſhe came with that full ſpeed to encounter the Wild Beaſt upon her paſſage, and with a loud voyce calling her back, and accuſing

accuſing her of temeri-
ty, did gallop up to
her, at the ſame time
asking whether Mon-
ſieur *de Moliere* was
in good earneſt, thus to
expoſe a Girle to ſo
great danger? So far
he was from imagining
to himſelf any thing of
what was happened.
Silvia having no time
to loſe, told him, with-
out any further infor-
mation of her buſineſs,

That ſhe knew him to be a Gentleman, and a Perſon of Honour; That ſhe had ſome ſecret of importance to Communicate with him; and that whilſt ſhe ſhould ſpeak to him, he would do well to adviſe Madam *Moliere* to go ſeek her Husband a little further, into a place where he lay very ſore wounded. She had

had ſcarce made an end of theſe words when the Lady came up to them; upon the news that was told her, ſhe took inſtantly two Forcſt-keepers that waited on them to lead her to the place. *Silvia* took her time to tell the Marquis that it was ſhe that had done that miſchief; and at the ſame time begg'd of

him, that he would put her into ſome place where ſhe might be ſafe. The ſtrangeneſs of the thing, and the opinion he had that the wounded man was her Father, made him break out at firſt into ſome reproachful words, which did expreſs the exceſs of his aſtoniſhment. But *Silvia*, loath to conceal any longer her ſtory, and

and being an enemy to all that might then be uſeleſs to her; He is none of my Father, ſaid ſhe, with ſome ſowerneſs to the Gentleman; and this is no convenient place to make this myſtery better known to you. If you intend to do me Service, once more, ſaid ſhe, put me where I may be ſafe, and I will afterwards fully

ſatisfie you upon all the queſtions that you can make me. As ſhe ſpake thus, a Gentleman that belonged to *Biragne*, came up Riding after them; the Marquis commanded him to lead *Silvia* to his Caſtle of *Serſac*, where his Lady was; himſelf going after his Miſtreſs.

She was then come up to the fatal place, and

and as though the maxime of our age were true, that a Woman may have a Gallant, & love her Husband never the worse for that; I have been told, that no affliction & desolation ever befel any other body, comparable to that of the Lady, when she saw her Gentleman wallowing in his own blood, and that it was almost an impossible thing;

thing to part them. Detraction indeed, not ſparing the moſt holy and pious Actions, was not able to make a good conſtruction of that exceſs of Love, and gave out, that theſe ſo long and obſtinate embraces of a dying man had ſome ſecret aim, tending to hinder other people from ſtanching the blood that ran all that while;

while; & that his danger might thereby be increaſed. Yet for all the perſecutions that good Lady did act againſt *Silvia*; and though this very thing might really occaſion the death of her Husband; I will be ſo juſt to her, as to believe all ſhe did was with a good intent.

The poor man was taken up with much ado,

ado, & carried into the next Village to have his Wounds dreſt: Then they asked him, how he came by that hurt? and did all they could to make him name the Author of it, yet all in vain. He anſwered only, that three Masked men, who would carry away *Silvia*, had ſet upon him. The Marquis of *Biragues* himſelf,

ſelf, who being alrea-
dy inform'd by *Silvia*
of the chiefeſt part,
and by telling him of
it, did hope to know
all the ſecret, was not
able to wreſt it out of
his mouth : that made
them give over troub-
ling him any further, &
apply themſelves only
to have him tranſpor-
ted into the Town.

In the mean while,
Madam, the ſilence

and

and diſcretion of that unlucky man, whether it was an effect of his ſhame, or of ſome remnant of his Love to *Silvia* did ſave her in the opinion of all people, had ſhe had but ſtrength and courage enough to dare ſhew her ſelf after ſuch a deed. For the Marquis coming home at night, told her that all the World had

taken

taken her flight for an effect of the fear that the ſuppoſed Raviſhers had put her in: And he himſelf countenancing that imagination, could think no otherwiſe of that Accident, then that ſhe did chance to hit the *Financier*, when ſhe would have ſhot at the Thieves; but another misfortune happened, which ſoon diſcovered

the

the myſtery; I muſt give a particular account of that to your Highneſs.

Silvia had been put into the hands of the Lady Marqueeze of *Biragues*, in the Caſtle of *Serſac*. The Marquis came to her to that place after he had taken care to ſet the mind of his Lady *Moliere* in ſome reſt. *Silvia* was really mov'd when

when ſhe heard the conſideration that the Wounded man had for her; and though ſhe did no wayes repent her of having ſav'd her own honour at the coſt of his Life, ſhe could not forbid ſome tears to fall from her eyes; for having been forc't to come to that. She firſt did bemoan the trouble, and the ſad condition ſhe found

found her ſelf in: then ſhe told the Marquis all along what had paſt, together with the ſtory that the *Financier* had made her; all which did ſurprize him infinitely: For he had alwayes been perſwaded with the reſt of the World, that *Henrietta* was that man's Daughter; and the Lady *Moliere*, who had often truſted her

her own perſon, body and ſoul into his hands, had never truſted him with that ſecret."

The ſtrangeneſs of that Adventure did abſolutely win the *Cavaleir* to *Silvia*; far from blaming her action, He gave a thouſand praiſes to it, and made her as many proteſtations of faithfull ſervice; in a word, Madam, he ſpoke to her

as a man may ſpeak to a Woman that he thinks handſome, and as one who begun to know *Henrietta* was no longer the Daughter of his Miſtreſs, I can ſay that, without doing him an injury.

She did from that very moment perceive it well enough, and was troubled at it: but having need to draw ſome body to embrace her

her preſent intereſt, ſhe forbore to commit a ſecond Crime by expoſing her ſelf to be known a Murtherer in revenge of the hopes that the Marquis might conceive to her diſadvantage. Far from being ſo ſcrupulous, ſhe did return him thanks for his generoſity, and had for him all the complaiſance that ſhe might

in

in honesty have; and I dare say, such a conjunction of affairs was necessary to make *Silvia* take a declaration of Love without anger, so great an enemy she was then, and had till that time ever been to it.

She was two dayes in *Biragne* his Castle, without hearing any news from the Town, but what he sent her

by a Gentleman of his: And to that hour there had not been as yet any danger for her. On the contrary, the fear they were in at home, leſt ſhe was fallen into the hands of thoſe Masked men, did redouble their ſadneſs, and their moans. But it was not ſo the day after, when the fever that took the *Financier*

had made him ſpeak, and talk idle in his raving before he dyed. He had very near diſcovered the whole buſineſs; and taking his Wife for *Silvia*, whom he did call for every moment, he had reproached her with the Piſtol ſhot; They underſtood by ſome other broken diſcourſes that *Silvia* was the perſon he meant. The

whole House was presently set in an uproar thereby; the people began to accuse her, instead of pitying her as they did before; and with the greater violence did they proclaim War against her, by reason that the only Son of the Family, whose Sister *Silvia* was thought to be, was dead, as I have said before, and she was

left the only obſtacle that kept back the Husband's Kindred from becoming his Heirs in a conſiderable Eſtate. The Lady *Moliere* her ſelf, notwithſtanding all the conſiderations by which ſhe was tyed to *Henrietta*, for the Dukes ſake, whom ſhe did not hate whilſt he lived, and upon the account of ſome other engagements, did

did think that it would not become her any longer to let *Silvia* go under the name of her Daughter. It may be also that another policy gave her a ground to consider with her self that she would prove a Widdow much more fit to marry again when it should be known that she had no Children. In a word, she was

resolv'd to let *Silvia* be gone and perish; and nothing was in all likely-hood so easie as to undo her. The Duke of *Vendale* was dead e're since the year Sixteen hundred and fifty seven; And that gallant Duke, whose generosity perhaps did not alwayes like a noise best, had not acquainted many more people besides the *Financier* and

and his Wife with what *Silvia* was; left, as I presume, it should be known, what Charity he had in using her as if he had been her own Father. But *Silvia*'s good fortune did not forsake her in this occurrence. Monsieur *de Biragne* being desirous to lay many obligations upon her, during the space of some Moneths, did use

ſo many, and ſo ſucceſsfull endeavours in that affair, and in another that fell out afterwards, that it gave time to the ſame good fortune that formerly led the Duke of *Kendale* to the Cottage of the Nurſe, to bring yet a great Lady from *Flanders* in the Low-Countries, to take as ſpecial care of *Silvia* as if ſhe had been

her own Mother.

When *Silvia* began to be ſuſpected, all was like to have been ſet on fire about her; but the Marquis preventing the ſtorm that was gathering, did repreſent to his Miſtreſs, that for a thouſand reaſons, both of Intereſt and of Honour, it would be better for her to protect *Silvia* than to undo her; and

theſe reaſons being back't by the ſenſible and powerfull charms that were in the perſon of the *Cavaleir* that ſpoke them, were at leaſt thought ſolid of the fair Widdow, if they were not ſo indeed. Thus at the end of a few dayes, and after ſome forged Adventures, to excuſe her abſence, and to ſet a pretence for her re-

return, Monsieur de *Binague* brought her the news, that she was free to go out of *Sorset* Castle. As she presently resolv'd to do, and so went to put her self into a Nunnery a League distant from it.

The Marquis did afterwards contrive a thousand things to have the occasion to come to see her there without

put-

putting his Widdow to a jealouſie ; The relating of which, perhaps, would not be unpleaſant ; For he did build, as I have ſaid, very much upon the obligations that *Silvia* was like, in time, to have him : He never miſt an occaſion to perſwade her that he had left loving Madam *de Moliere* upon any other account but that only

of

of using his beſt endeavours with her to perſwade her to wrap up for ever into a ſilence all the things that *Silvia* had occaſion to be afraid of. He did write to her ſometimes ſo pleaſantly upon that ſubject, when he had no ſufficient pretence to viſit her, that the Lady Abbeſs, with whom *Silvia* had contracted a very ſtrict Friend-

Friendſhip, did there-
by ſhare with her in
one of the beſt ſports
in the World; moſt
chiefly when he ſent
them word, that the
anguiſh of mind,
which *Silvia*'s indif-
ferency cauſed him,
did get him an
incredible tenderneſs
from his Widdow,
who interpreted it to
a redoubling of his
love to her. But let

us

us go on further; and say this only by the way, That *Silvia* loſt her ſelf by the folly that ſhe had to pleaſe that toy of an Abbeſs, who would have her to anſwer *Birague*. The Letter fell, I know not how, into the Widdow's hands. By the reading of which, ſhe did acknowledge her ſelf guiltleſs of that languiſhing

guiſhing condition ſhe had pity'd in a man who made ſacrifice of her to another Idol. This put her into a madneſs and fury; her jealouſie from that time did ſwear the ruine of *Henrietta*; and ſhe reſolved at laſt to chaſtiſe her unfaithful Lover, by awakening that buſineſs which lay aſleep. In vain did he bring all the

reaſons

reaſons imaginable to appeaſe her, and to take out of her mind the thoughts that he ſhould be ſo deeply in love with *Silvia*. She had ſtrength enough to diſſemble her diſpleaſure, till ſhe did ſurprize the anſwer that he was to make; but this was far worſe than the Letter. There was bloody railings againſt

against her, whom he made a fool of, and did so insult upon, as that all her love was turn'd into an extream impatiency of being revenged of both. To that end she began to publish the secret of *Silvia*'s Birth, and to give proofs how she did belong neither to her nor to her Husband. The Novelty of the thing did presently

ſently raiſe a great noiſe in the Town. The Kindred of the dead man met again together to adviſe about the means they ſhould uſe to deſtroy her. All that the Marquis of *Birague* was able to do for *Silvia* in this Alarm, was inſtantly to get on Horſe-back, and e're they ſhould think to lay hold of her, to ſeiſure her himſelf.

ſelf. To that end he took her out of the Cloyſter, and conceal-ed her in a ſtrong place belonging to the Coun-teſs of *Engleſac*, the Abbeſs's Siſter, which was not above a League diſtant from the Con-vent.

The Counteſs of *Engleſac* is a Widdow of great Honour and Virtue, and very de-vout, as well as mag-

nificent,

nificent, and one that loveth to live with her Friends in all manner of honeſt pleaſures. She had, when *Silvia* came to her Houſe, two of her Daughters with her, and a Son, that I may term the moſt accompliſhed Gentleman in the Kingdom. Fine eyes, a mouth as handſom, or more; an air of greatneſs with him;

him; a ſhape that was at the ſame time free, high, and full of Majeſty: a readineſs and addreſs at all manner of Exerciſes, beyond the reach of a parallel; a gallant wit, a Princely ſoul, the Valour of an Heroe, are the leaſt commendations I can give to that Perſon. Let your Highneſs excuſe this Character of him from

from the very hand of *Silvia*, to whom he has been dear enough to deserve yet greater transports than this: And he is now the man that must have the greatest share in all the rest of my Relation.

Silvia received in that Noble House all manner of assistance, and of good usage during the hottest perse-

cution

cution of her Enemies. And all the Family took it as a point of Honour to protect her in so extraordinary a disgrace, which they termed the effect of an Heroick Action, rather than a base and cowardly Murther, as the Lady *Moliere* would have it. And at last, the Court being then in *Provence*, they did obtain *Silvia*'s pardon from

from the King, with all manner of Advantages againſt her Adverſaries.

But Fortune, who did not intend *Silvia* ſhould long remain without Croſſes, that ſhe might the oftner have the pleaſure to relieve her, would not ſuffer that favour to laſt long. The Marquis of *Biragne*, who had really ſet his

mind upon her, and was an intimate Friend to Madam of *Englefac* her Son, did ſo frequently ſpeak to him of *Silvia*, and of the pleaſure that a man ſhould reap from the being belov'd of her, that the young Gentleman believed him, and ſoon began to look upon her for himſelf. His eyes did tell *Silvia* of it, who was not in-

inſenſible of his pain; and ſhe may, without bluſhing, confeſs it, ſince ſhe is like to be ſufficiently juſtified of that by what follow-eth in her ſtory.

'Tis fit that your Highneſs ſhould know how the young Gentleman began to declare himſelf.

The Counteſs of *Engleſac* upon a Sunday in Lent had a

Sermon in her Chappel, wherein a Monk that preach'd it, did with extraordinary eloquence enlarge himself upon the deceitfulneſs and uncharitableneſs of the times; pretending that Wild Creatures had a greater kindneſs, and were more true to one another than men among themſelves. As the Lady was very devout,

vout, ſhe did not for-
get to ſpeak of the
Sermon, and make it
the Subject of diſ-
courſe at the Table,
asking *Silvia* and *Eng-*
leſac, and the reſt of
her Children, what
they thought of it. The
young Earl was no ſoon-
er up from the Table,
but he went to his
Chamber, & preſently
after came back to *Sil-*
via, deſiring of her that

ſhe would let him ſee her S. *Heures*, that is, her Book of Devotion; and having ſcarce open'd it, he return'd it her with theſe words; *There are a great many Truths in this Book, and thoſe of very great importance. Yet all Truths are not fit to be known of every body; therefore keep thoſe to your ſelf, I pray.* *Silvia* underſtood not his

his words, but she could reade in his Countenance that he meant something which he did not express: Therefore longing to open the Book, she went to her Chamber, and locking up her self, she found in the Book a little paper, with these words in it.

I know not whether to blame or pity those

that ſay there is no Charity nor Love amongſt men, and that they know not what is become of them, when it is ſo clear both that you alone deſerve, and that I have for you all the Love that can be imagined in the World. 'Tis much indeed, but not too much; and if I could part with ſome to any body, 'twere only to you, and upon that ac-

account, that I hope I ſhould be no loſer by it, but rather gain more, if it were poſſible to add any thing to that I have already.

I ſhall not trouble your Highneſs with many notes of that kind, as the Authors of Romances uſe to do. This ſtory being true, I muſt add only, that the young Lover in his Lady's *Hours*

met very happily with his own, which was so like the Shepherd's *Houre*, as the *French* call it, as that when he came to call for an Answer, whereof he had the opportunity that same Evening, he found that *Silvia* had more faith for what he writ, than for what the Preacher said. It was not long e're *Birague* did perceive this love,

and

and thereupon grew jealous, and so infinitely jealous, as to resolve to admit of no regard, and make no reserve, to get his revenge on *Silvia*; and punish her for having preferr'd that Gentleman to him. Yet *Silvia* did excuse him upon that account, that it may be a Lover when he is a loser does not think himself in the

the common use bound to more civility, whatsoever examples all the Romances in the World can bring to the contrary. Those be fine speculations. But it is the defect of humane Nature, that nothing can be reduced to practise either in Morals, or in any other experiments, which cometh not very short of the Rule

that

that right Reaſon doth preſcribe to it. The Marquis gave notice under-hand to the Counteſs of the love of her Son, and made her think of what dangerous conſequence it might be to her Family. The Lady, who did not want ambition, and who had reaſon enough to be ambitious, her Family being one of the Noble-

bleſt,

bleſt, and of the Richeſt in the Kingdome, was not ſlack in that buſineſs. She took a fit opportunity to draw *Silvia* into her Cloſet, that ſhe might ſpeak with her in private; and having told her, that ſhe knew her to be ſo wiſe as not to be in danger of ever yielding to any act of folly, and ſo juſt and acknowledging, as not

to.

to be desirous to make her advantage of the folly of her Son; concluding, that she desired her that she would so cut off all hope to her Son, that he should forsake the design he had lately engaged in. Do not you be angry, said the Countess to *Silvia*, seeing that her discourse had made her blush, that I speak to you so freely. 'Tis

because

becauſe I love you dearly, and would never forgive my ſelf, if for want of giving you timely notice, you ſhould engage in any thing that might oblige me to deſire your abſence, and to complain of you.

A ſecret pain, which ſucceeded *Silvia*'s bluſh, had kept her eyes down till the Counteſs made an end of her diſcourſe.

courſe. And although ſhe did fore-ſee that ſhe ſhould have much to do to obſerve what ſhe was going to promiſe; Yet, leſt the Counteſs ſhould reſolve to put her away, ſhe paſs'd her word for what that good Lady would have her. It was not long e're this reſolution did vex the young Earl extreamly, who was not able to imagine with him-

himself the cause of the alteration that he saw in *Silvia*. A hundred times he would have asked her what occasion she had to do so? But still she was so wel observ'd, somtimes of *Birague*, sometimes of the Mother, that she durst never speak with him, for all she was near as desirous as the Gentleman to have done it; whilst the good man taking

taking it for a ſlight of him, grew ſo deſperate upon it, that he fell dangerouſly ſick.

And in this place, Madam, I could wiſh your Highneſs would pleaſe to diſpenſe me of the Law that I have made my ſelf, to ſay many things in few words, and give me leave to be leſs ſhort in the Relation of that Love which is yet dear

to

to my memory. But I fear *Silvia* may be deceived in that hope ſhe hath that ſhe ſhall give your Highneſs an account of things that will pleaſe you, whilſt they may, perhaps, pleaſe none but her ſelf, who is ſtill concern'd in them. What a folly it is for a Woman to be in Love! And how unhappy muſt ſhe be that hath

Honour and Virtue both with Love? what a ſufferer was poor *Silvia* during the dayes that her Lover kept his Bed, and ſhe was not ſuffered to ſee him? What pains did he ſuffer himſelf whilſt he did not ſee her? I believe the ſpight he took of it was that that made him get up the ſooner, out of the deſire he had to re-

reproach her with her hard-heartedneſs. I remember the very words he told her in that ſpightful humour, which he did conclude in himſelf was the beſt grounded in the world. The Counteſs of *Engleſac* was employed on a certain day to entertain the Duke of *Villars*, and the Biſhop of *Aggde*, who came together to viſit her.

The

The *Chevalier des Eſſars*, a worthy Gentleman, and the handſomeſt man in his Country, was come along with them.

And, as I have ſaid already, that the Count of *Engleſac* had two Sifters, the Eldeſt of which the *Chevalier* made love to; I think the Duke was come thither on purpoſe to find a way to match them

them together; and I cannot tell what was the reaſon that the Match was not concluded. However, whilſt the Mother was talking in a great Room with the Duke, the Biſhop had put the reſt of the Company in mind of going into a Gallery, and all went to ſit down at the end of it. *Silvia*'s young Earl came thither alſo to ſit by

by her; and having first sighed very deeply that she did not look upon him (for she durst not do it, by reason his younger Sister did hold her on the other side, and lean'd fooling on her shoulder) he told her softly, with a tone full of spight; *You will have me dye: I can see it well enough; yea, you will have it so, and*

it is easie to see that you would have been pleased if you had seen me dye of my last sickness; But I shall live long enough yet to reproach you with your inconstancy oftner than you would have it.

Silvia not answering him any thing, but on the contrary, left his Sister should hear what he told her, turning her shoulder to him,

him, and making a ſhew of fooling with her whilſt he ſpoke. This provoking more and more his anger, he went on with theſe words; *You are, I muſt tell it you again, the moſt unſincere perſon in the World, thus to hide your ſelf from me. And you are no leſs unjuſt whilſt you puniſh a man that you will not hear ſpeak for*

himself. Whatsoever doth fill the room of your heart, which was only due to me, I hope it shall have but a short joy of it. By my destiny I can fore-see that of my Rivals, none of which can pretend to be more happy in you than he that did love you more than any man else in the World can do; and for ought I see, more also than you deserve.

deſerve. To this he added ſo many reproachful words, that *Silvia* had much ado to keep her tears from appearing, and to anſwer him; ſhe cover'd her face with her Fan, and taking her time when the *Chevalier des Eſſars* had obliged the young Lady *Engleſac* to turn her ſelf towards him, ſhe told that deſperate Lover;

looking ſide-wayes on him, theſe words; *Be ſilent, do no longer afflict me. What I do I do by meer force, and conſtraint. I am the moſt unhappy Woman in the World, and I do wiſh I had never ſeen you.* She roſe up from her ſeat preſently after theſe words, taking his Siſter along with her, and went away; reſolving to avoid a com-

commerce, which could not be otherwise than hurtfull to them both.

It would be too hard for me to expreſs the perplexity of mind, and the trouble wherein that loving Gentleman found himſelf upon the hearing of this news. He knew very well, for all he ſaid, that *Silvia* was ſincere, and that ſhe muſt have

very pregnant cauſes, and reaſons for what ſhe did, ſince ſhe did ſpeak to him in that manner. Yet ſhe had not ſaid enough to his mind, and nothing could ſatisfie him but another interview, to clear himſelf of the doubts which he was left in. What did not he do to obtain it?

It is almoſt incredible, Madam, and it was

was ſuch a thing as was ſtill worthy of *Silvia*, who was deſtined to ſee, and to occaſion all manner of extraordinary effects. He ſet fire to one part of the Caſtle, becauſe he could deviſe no other way to diſperſe all the people that ſeemed to be hired to vex him, and his Love, but by obliging them to fear ſomething of worſe

than their meetings.

The Countess of *Englesac* will possibly wonder, when she shall reade here the true cause of this Accident, which otherwise she might probably have been for ever ignorant of. Such was the passion her Son had for *Silvia*. And she sometimes spoke a greater truth than she

was

was aware of, when to expreſs the trouble occalioned to her Family by *Silvia*, ſhe ſaid, that fair Lady had brought fire into her Houſe.

Silvia indeed was never ſo ſurprized as ſhe found her ſelf when ſhe ſaw that perplext Lover come into her Appartment, where he fell on his knees before her, whilſt

whilſt the reſt were ſaving themſelves almoſt in their ſhirts, for it was in the night; And when hindering her from running away with them, he confeſt to her, that he had cauſed that diſorder on purpoſe. *Fear nothing, ſaid he, there is a ditch full of Water betwixt us and the fire; You may be ſafe here, and never ſtir from your*

Cham-

Chamber; Deny me not one moment to hear me, when I do ſacrifice all to ſo dear an occaſion.

Silvia did what he deſired, and heard him, whilſt ſhe was making her ſelf ready. Being convinc'd, that he muſt be in great need of ſpeaking with her, who for that purpoſe only had ſet his Houſe on fire. She told

told himthe reason of all the cold usage he had found by her of late, in her feigned slights, and the discourse she had had with his Mother; and lastly, the promises which she thought herself obliged to make that Lady, lest she should take a resolution to part them.

The Lights he got by this Conference did

did him all the good in the World. And lastly, Madam, after a quick deliberation about what measures they should keep to deceive their Overseers for the time to come. She saw her Gentleman so well pleased, that he would not for a great deal, not to have burnt a piece of a fair Building.

Mean while the fire

fire which was ſeen afar off had Alarm'd the Neighbouring Towns and Caſtles round about. The Marquis *de Biragne* being but four or five miles off, was noneof the laſt that perceiv-ed that it was our Ca-ſtle which was on fire. He got his Horſes ſad-led, and rid up in haſt to us. Not finding *Sil-via* among the other La-

Ladies in the Park, where they were fled, he ran every where to know what was become of her; He went up to her Chamber at last, and was like to have surprized there the Earl of *Englesac*. But as the Marquis (to whom indeed she was then extreamly obliged) did as he went call her with a loud voyce, and made much noise,

noiſe, that gave time to the Earl to hide himſelf. *Silvia* did eſcape that danger, by counterfeiting her ſelf to be in a ſwoon, that ſo ſhe might be excuſed for ſtaying behind. And by enduring ſome kiſſes, that the Marquis took on her cheeks, for his pains of carrying her away in his Arms; She did abide it, and made no

ſhew

ſhew of coming to her ſelf again till ſhe was a pretty way out of her Chamber, ſo that the cold Air might ſeem to have done it.

Since that time the brave Earl, and the fair Lady did live together with a great deal of care and circumſpection; and the better to conceal their Love, they feigned to hate one another mortally.

tally. They laid this plot, and went on with it with diſcretion and cunning enough, pretending for it the moſt probable cauſes that was poſſible for them to invent. *Biragues* was ſo glad of it, that he was the firſt perſon deceiv'd in it. *Engleſac*'s Mother was the next, and to that degree as to chide her Son for it, and ſeek out a thou-

ſand

ſand wayes of ſhewing her love to *Silvia*, to comfort her as to the hatred of that Gentleman, and to aſſure her of her protection againſt him. In a word, they were happy, had they but been content with this precaution.

A man of Quality of that Country, about that time fell in Love with *Silvia* at a Viſit that he made to th:

Coun-

Countess of *Englesac*; For though she had no intention to intangle any body else into her Love, and was content with that she found in *Englesac*, yet it is very hard for such persons as have set their hearts at rest, & enjoy the happiness that *Silvia* found her in, to forbear being extream civil to others, and shewing them that complaisance

ſance and good humour by which they are catcht on a ſudden, before either party be aware of it. The Earl, who knew wherein lay the true charms of *Silvia*, would have her make as if ſhe had liked his Love well. This was too much ſubtilty. That Gentleman became deeply in Love with her, did often write to her; and the

Earl,

Earl, by a youthful imprudence, took a fancy to make him an anſwer in *Silvia*'s name, wherein the humour of making a ſport on't cauſed him to take the Liberty to make her ſpeak amourouſly enough. This undiſcreet Rival, as ſcarce any man can forbear to be otherwiſe when they think they are in favour, and even when they do not think

think ſo, ſhew'd this Letter to a Friend. That Friend told it another; This told it to *Biragne*, who believed it to be *Silvia's* hand, and complained of it very much to her. She did chide the young Earl for it, ſeeing the wrong that Letter did her; But he acknowledging his errour, and thinking to mend it by a greater

fault, took a resolution to discover that himself was the Author of that writing; and that he had made only for to put a jest upon his Rival. In conclusion, a very great mischance was occasioned by these follies.

Not long after the *Chevalier des Essars* gave the divertisement of a Ball (or Feast with Dances) as the custom

is in *France*, to the Elder of the Ladies of *Engleſac*. There was a great Aſſembly, and very good Company, which the nearneſs of the Court had occaſioned to meet at the Marquis *d'Ampus*. The two Rivals were there; and having pickt a Quarrel, I know not how, they agreed to meet the next Morning about a Town,

called *Villeneafue*: Their Combat was bloody, two Seconds were kill'd upon the place, and the Earl's Adversary very much wounded. This busi-nes had two very sad effects. The one, that the King having re-new'd his Edicts against Duels, there was no safety for *Silvia*'s poor Lover to stay any lon-ger in *France*. And

the other, that when the true cauſe of that Duel came to be known, the Counteſs of *Engleſac* could not but ſee clearly, that the hatred betwixt her Son and *Silvia*, was but a trick they had joyntly contriv'd to put upon her.

Nothing at that time could have happened to *Silvia* of worſe conſequence than that. For

as ſhe was the viſible cauſe of all that trouble, and of all thoſe diſorders that the Counteſs was fall'n into with her whole Family. That good Lady the very next morning commanded her to be carried away into a Cloyſter, at the ſame time ſtrictly forbidding to let any body come to her, till ſhe were reſolved to take

the Vow of a Nun. Beſides the affliction of being thus cloſely ſhut up, *Silvia* had another in this occurrence, which was, that the Cloyſter ſhe was lockt in was not that where ſhe had been before, and where being acquainted with the Abbeſs, the Count of *Engleſac* his Aunt, ſhe might have found ſome ſociety in her com-

pany. But it was a Convent; Good Lord! what Convent? That did rather look like a gaſtly Priſon than any thing elſe. She was kept there two whole Moneths, and in the mean while her dear Earl of *Engleſac* was making his eſcape into *Piemont*; where the faireſt Ladies doing their beſt to get his Love, did juſtifie the tender

tender inclination *Silvia* had for him.

At the end of those two Moneths the King came to *Avignon* in his return from *Marseilles*, and whilst he staid there a little while upon the occasion of the Cittadel of *Orange*, which he did not like to see in a posture of defence, and strongly fortified, in the heart of his Kingdom. All the

Gallants of the Court, during that while, did ſpread themſelves every where; and the Parlours of the Religious Houſe had a ſhare in that inundation of Courtiers. In that Univerſal rejoycing of the little people of God, who were very glad to admire the Gallantry of ſo many worthy Gentlemen, and in their perſons to

Honour

Honour their great King, *Silvia* was us'd with leſs ſeverity. And although the Lady *Engleſac* did not conſent to it, ſhe was ſometimes ſuffered to ſee the World at the Parlour, that ſhe might not have an occaſion to accuſe the reſt of her Companions.

I cannot forbear telling your Highneſs by the way, that this paſſage of the Court through

through *Avignon* gave ſuch a joy to the youngeſt of thoſe Recluded Women, as that they could not hear that the Governour of *Orange* ſhould ſurrender the place by compoſition, but they would make a thouſand imputations againſt the cowardiſe of that man, and thought him worthy of the greateſt puniſhment; for not ſtopping

ping the Kings Journey for a whole year, by a ſtout reſiſtance.

Biragüe not having forſook the fair *Silvia*, and ſtill ready to put on afreſh for his ends, took this opportunity to continue to offer his Service to her. And a little while after, by the means of a Gentleman, to whom *Engleſac* had ſent ſome Letters for her, ſhe had

an

an assurance that she was still belov'd, where she liked best. Nay, one of the Nuns, to increase her felicity by a new Subject of joy, did the same day Prophesie unto her, that Love would in short draw her out of Captivity. 'Tis true, that for a good while she was not able to apprehend how that might be done. It seem-

seeming to her that she was kept so well, and so close, as that without her Lover should come again to set fire to her Prison, it was almost an impossible thing for any body else to encompass. The Wall indeed of a certain little Garden might be climbed over, but the Superiour had alwayes the Key, and it was not possible to get

get into it, but by her leave. Theſe were the things that *Silvia* did oppoſe to the hopes the Nun would have given her: But ſhe replyed not to any, ſhe ſaid only, that it would be as ſhe had told her; and that ſhe ought to be at reſt for any thing elſe.

Three dayes after, the Duke of *Lorrain*, whoſe Treaty of

Peace

Peace had been concluded at St. *Jean de Luz*, came Poſt to meet the King at *Avignon*. This Prince, ſtill more gallant than unfortunate, and a Worſhipper of the fair Sex, as well under the veil, as in other Dreſſes; after his Complements at Court, went to increaſe the number of thoſe that us'd to attaque the Parlours. The

Duke

Duke of *Guyse* that was then, followed him afterwards; and this Prince ſticking more to the company of *Silvia* than that of any other; ſhe did preſently imagine that the Propheſie had ſome regard to him, & that he was the man by whoſe means ſhe was to get her Liberty. He did really follow her ſo cloſe from

the

the firſt to the laſt day; and ſhew'd her his Love and reſpect in ſo obliging a manner, that he gave her, not only the hopes of her Liberty, but even of a great Fortune, if ſhe would but hear him. And more than this; She could not forbear thinking, that ſhe ſhould in a ſhort time ſee all things accompliſhed when ſhe heard that

that the Duke had had the goodneſs to ſpeak to the Queen-Mother about her buſineſs. But her good Fortune was ſtopt there, and went no further for this time. The old Counteſs of *Engleſac* having ſome notice given her by her Spies, of the Duke's deſigns, had prevented the good mind of that great Princeſs. She had given

given her such a pernicious Character of *Silvia*'s conduct, as made her guilty of all the misfortune of her Son, and of all the trouble of her Family, of the last blood-shed, and of the breaking of the King's Edicts. The Marqueeze *des Essars*, and even that of *Ampus*, went also to tell the Queen that nothing could be done by her

her Majesty that were of greater merit before God, than to keep that young Lady close shut up. This was enough to set the Queen extreamly against *Silvia*. The Duke of *Guyse* could not prevail to have her removed, nor to get the least favour for her; the Queen refused him absolutely, though with very good Grace; telling him

him he was ſomewhat too gallant an Interceſſor, to expoſe a young Lady to the danger of being ſo extraordinarily obliged to him. He made a ſecond attempt the next day, and ſet on again on the ſame errand, being aſſiſted by Monſieur *de Lorrain*, and by a certain Princeſs, which did offer to be ſurety for *Silvia*. But the Queen could

could not be removed from her resolution. Yet some Friends having made a charitable party for *Silvia*, it was mutter'd abroad, that if she were desirous to get her Liberty, she must buy it with marrying Old *Cabrieres*, who had offered Madam of *Englesac* to take her.

The Duke of *Guyse* would himself be the Messen-

Meſſenger of this news, rightly conceiving, that it *Silvia* ſhould hear it from any body elſe, the anſwer that ſhe would give to it, without any more, would render uſeleſs, and vain all his former endeavours. And he was not really very much miſtaken in that, for ſhe had much ado to hear that propoſal from the Duke's own

mouth. And ſeeing that he did ſeriouſly apply himſelf to make her apprehend of what Advantage it was very often to a handſom Woman to have a Husband not altogether worthy of her Love; and in whoſe defects ſhe might find a more than reaſonable diſpenſation from conjugal duties; Out of a gay and fooliſh humour,

mour, which ſhe was in at all times, ſhe found more ſubject of mirth and laughter, than of affliction, in that the great hopes which ſhe had conceiv-ed of the Duke's nego-tiation were vaniſht all away of a ſudden; ſhe therefore anſwered him ſmilingly, that he did but jeſt, and that ſhe had rather have heard him ſpeak for

himſelf, than for that Old Husband he did offer her. The Duke began to laugh as well as ſhe, finding a certain charm and allurement in her folly, which engaged him ſtill to love her the more. Thus the buſineſs was ended, and the Propheſie had no other effect on that ſide.

The Nun, whom *Silvia* did acquaint ſecretly,

ſecretly, and as a friend, with all theſe paſſages, could ſee very well the errour ſhe was in for want of conſtruing her words right. For ſhe did not mean, when ſhe ſaid, that Love would ſet her free, that it ſhould be that of any of thoſe Princes. But being diſcreet, ſhe did not think fit to diſplay unto her more particulars, till ſhe did ſee all

things in a diſpoſition to favour the good ſucceſs of her Propheſie; and when ſhe knew it was time to do it, ſhe diſcovered the whole plot to her.

During thoſe moments of Liberty, which the Nuns did enjoy at their Parlours, againſt the Rule of their Order, ſince the coming near of the King, which was done only

only to Honour that great Monarch with ſomething of extraordinary. *Fouquet*, a young Gentleman, extreamly full of wit, had tied a Friendſhip with that Nun of *Silvia*'s acquaintance. She was Daughter to the laſt Baron *de Fontaine*, who (after the political cuſtom of the greateſt part of the *French* Nobility) to enrich his

Son had made an offering of her to a Convent. This poor victime had many times protested against her Vows. Her Brother also was dead since her being shut up, and she was extremly vext to see a fair Estate, to which she was the right Heir, go away into the hands of two Aunts of hers. *Fouquet* finding some

ſome charm in her company, could no more than ſhe bear with ſo great a Tyranny; he had promis'd her his aſſiſtance, and love improving his power every moment the more in theſe two Lovers, by reaſon of the grate that withſtood it, *Birague* ſtill blowing the fire (For this plot was not laid without him;) That

Gentleman had at the laſt reſolv'd upon the carrying the Lady away. They had weighted every thing, and put all in a readineſs; the Key of the Garden they had got, and counterfeited it, and a *Tourreere* (ſhe that keeps the turning-box in a Nunnery, through which things are conveyed, and the people both wayes unſeen)

was

was in the plot, for all things are possible to Love, that wisheth it self rid out of a Convent, and hopes to be set free from the Vow of a Cloyster-life.

The night that the execution was to be, The Nun opened the whole mystery to *Silvia*, and asked her if she would be glad by the same means, that *Fouquet* should free her.

her from the hands of her perſecutors. At firſt ſhe was ſurprized with that propoſal; and could not like abſolutely of ſuch proceedings; yet after ſhe had made ſome further reflexion upon the condition that ſhe was in, which was like to laſt long enough if ſhe did not take hold of the occaſion that offered to ſet her ſelf at Liberty;

She

She was content to meet the Nun in the Garden about mid-night: which was perform'd very cunningly; they had staid hardly a quarter of an hour, when they heard the signal agreed on with *Fouquet*, who when they had answered him, began to set his leggs over the Wall, and come down the row of Trees, that were set on

on it; whose Pails and Stakes being none of the strongest, made a noise as they brake. *Silvia* was then terribly affrighted, and it may be said, ten times more than the Nun, though she did in effect run much lesser hazzard. *Fouquet* perceiving it, did all he could to settle her mind, and to encourage her; and left they

ſhould loſe time, he begun to ſet his fair Nun on her way.

I wiſh I were able to ſet out clearly to your Highneſs that rare and pleaſant way he took to carry his Ladies over the Wall; It being unſafe to take their way by the broken Stakes. He bow'd himſelf down, reſting with his hands againſt the Wall, and ſo had them one

after

after another upon his back. Then would he raiſe himſelf up by degrees, with the Lady thus got on his ſhoulders, and ſhe holding faſt in the mean while of ſome Iron hooks that were in the Wall. Next he aſcended upon a great ſtone which lay at his feet; Laſt of all, the Women put their feet a top of the Gentleman's

man's Head, from whence they were able to sit upon the Wall. Being got thither, a kind of a *Vallet de Chambre*, (who needed not to reach so high on his side, by reason the ground was higher,) did receive them on Horse-back; The Ladies had Hats given them, which they put on, together with long Cloaks, to hide their Pet-

Petticoats; And in that Equipage they Rid like Horſe-men out of the City, which did not uſe to be ſhut up at night ſince the King's coming into thoſe parts.

They had gone on a good way e're *Silvia* was able to know whither they were lead; And ſhe turning in her mind a thouſand thoughts, ſometimes plea--

pleaſant enough, ſometimes very ſad, was continually reflecting upon the ſad effects that this carrying of her ſelf, and the Nun away might have in time. The Marquis *de Biragne*, whom ſhe knew to be a man of intrigue, watchfull, and ready to take all Advantages, was none of the things that troubled her the leaſt, nor

nor no Enemy to be ſlighted. And ſhe would ſometimes ſay to *Fouquet* and his Nymph, that of malice had begun to mention him to her; You ſhall ſee that man will turn himſelf ſo many wayes, as that at laſt he will find us out, and ſpoyl our affairs. Why, why? would then ſay the Nun, I take *Birague*

to

to be a gallanter man than ſo, and I could truſt him as ſoon as any body. *Fouquet*, who as well as the Nun, did betray *Silvia*, would add to that, that really *Biragne* was a very honeſt Gentleman, and fitter to ſerve a Lady than to put her to any trouble. True, ſaid *Silvia* then, if he were leſs concern'd for his own Intereſt, and would

would not desire still a recompence and payment for every small obligation that one may have him; But I never saw a man so tiring, and that goes more straightly to his end than he doth.

Thus the good company went on their [illegible], *Fouquet*, and [illegible] fair Prize giving a thousand Commendations to *Biragne*. And

Silvia

Silvia not concealing any thing of what she misliked in him, whereat they were ready to burst with laughing; And calling to their *Vallet de Chambre*, they would jeer him for being asleep. You may judge, Madam, whether they might not divert themselves, and be merry, since the *Vallet de Chambre* was no other than the Marquis

of

of *Birague* himself, who had made this plot with *Fouquet*, and was carrying *Silvia* to one of his Houſes; But the caſe was a little alter'd when they alighted; The Nun, who was indeed leſs affraid of men than *Silvia*, ſaid then to *Birague* with a loud voyce, Come on, Noble *Vallet de Chambre*, will you pleaſe to light down,

down, and help this fair Lady to do the ſame? But *Silvia* cryed out ſo loud, as that it might have been heard at a great diſtance, when ſome lights being brought to the door ſhe ſaw the face of *Biragne*; and the Company had enough to do to ſettle her ſpirits from the fright that ſhe took at that ſight: Why then

would ſay that poor Gentleman, who was really afflicted to ſee *Silvia* ſo hard ſet a-gainſt him; Had you rather, in good faith, be ſtill in the Cloyſter, and lye open to the re-venge of Madam of *Engleſac*, and all the effects that in time it was like to have brought upon you, than to think your ſelf a little beholden to

me for your Liberty? *Fouquet* and his Lady did much help him to perſwade *Silvia* to ſhew her ſelfleſs wild, and more acknowledging of his intended good Service. And ſhe was at laſt, with much ado, prevail'd upon to pardon them that treachery. Next, they adviſed all together, what meaſures they ſhould take to

avoid, or prevent the ill consequences of that *Escapade.*" *Silvia*, and the Religious Woman went both to bed together; and the Gentlemen thought fit to return to *Avignon* before day, that they might both shew themselves there, and hear the news of the Town: And so went in at another Gate than that they had gone out by.

It was ſcarce break of day when the Alarm began to be very hot in the Monaſtery. The news of the Ladie's flight was ſpread abroad in a moment. An Aunt of the Nun, which was then at the Court, did complain very highly of the Nuns, ſaying, they had given their conſent to the flight of her Niece. The Lady of

Engleſac fearing leſt her Son, of whoſe pardon ſhe had ſtill ſome hopes, ſhould take the opportunity of marrying *Silvia* ſomewhere out of *France*, ſpoke yet with more earneſtneſs than any body; And did even implore the Queen's juſtice. Her Majeſty ſuſpecting the Duke of *Guyſe* had a hand in the buſineſs, did look leſs kindly upon

upon him all that day: The Duke, who was very innocent of all, did proteſt that he had no ſhare in it: And deſiring to remove all ſuſpition from him, ſent ſome of his own Servants to ſeek after the Nuns. So that *Silvia* and her Camrade were not a little buſie, being embark't into an affair of that conſequence, and

having ſo many ſet up againſt them. All they could do was only to let things ſlumber a little, and ſlip out of the diſcourſe and memory of men, whilſt the King was reducing *Orange*; and in the mean while to comfort themſelves the beſt they were able in *Biragne*'s Houſe.

It hath not been the Opinion, nor the talk of the World, that

thoſe two Gentlemen were, during that time, as wiſe and ſober as the ſtricteſt Monks; Every body hath been inclinable rather to believe they made uſe of the opportunity, and did enjoy thoſe Goods which Fortune ſeemed to offer unto them. Yet *Silvia* cannot but do them that Juſtice, as to profeſs, that never men were more reſpectfull,

nor more modeſt, that in the condition wherein ſhe ſaw her ſelf, and full of fears, and terrours as ſhe was, ſhe did not hope they would have been ſo diſcreet, and ſo temperate. And that it was then that ſhe began to ſet a greater value upon *Birague* then ſhe had ever done before: Let any body elſe that will, be as juſt to her, as

ſhe is to the Gentle-man.

Silvia and the Nun did not ſtay long in that Houſe. For the King a few dayes after had the Keys of *Orange* delivered to him, and having ſet a good number of *Pioneers* to demoliſh the Cittadel, he went all along the lower *Languedoc*, till he came to the Iſle of the *Conference*, where the

Infanta

Infanta was to meet him. *Fouquet*, who wanted neither wit nor Friends, did think fit to make use of the passage of that little Army, which commonly does compose the attendance of Kings, to ride away with less suspition out of a dangerous Neighbour-hood. He put the Ladies into Chariots of Baggage, dressed them like Mer-

Merchant's Wives following the Court, and the word being given to take on the right hand, when they ſhould come beyond *Carcaſſonne*, he had them carried to *Thouloufe*, under pretence of going thither to take in Proviſions for *Monſieur*, the King's Brother.

The Lady Preſident * of ------- I know not what,

what, I have forgot her name; A good Old Widdow, and a Couzen of the Nun's, who had never approv'd of her being forc'd to take the vows of a Religious Life, received them both into her House; And taking presently in hand the defence of her Kinswoman, brought her cause to the Parliament, of whom

whom she desired a Warrant for her Niece to have the liberty of her Person, that she might pursue the dissolution of her Vows. She obtain'd it at last, after a long time, and much ado; And *Fouquet*, although he had been put almost to all the trouble, did not reap the fruit of it. But I need say no more of the circumstances of that story,

ſtory, which now has nothing to do with that of *Silvia*.

Being come to the Old Preſident, ſhe did not think her ſelf much ſafer there than in *Birague* his Houſe. It may be ſhe was leſs; For Fame, that Monſter, that grows bigger and bigger as it ſets forward, had ſpread the noiſe of her Story as far as *Thoulouſe*;

and

and drawn her Character in far worſer colours than thoſe the Marqueeze of *Ampus*, and the Counteſs of *Engleſac* had made uſe of, to ruine her, with the Queen. Several came every day, without knowing who ſhe was, to tell her Stories, or Fables rather, of her Life, which did not a little vex the poor Lady. On the other

ſide,

ſide, the Old Preſi-
dent ſeeming to ſuſpect
ſomewhat of the truth,
though *Silvia* went on-
ly for a Maid that wait-
ed on the Nun, was not
very well pleas'd to ſee
her in her Houſe; It
was much worſe when
her Couſen, thinking
to do *Silvia* good Ser-
vice, did open the
whole Myſtery unto
her. She took excep-
tion againſt thoſe
affi-

assiduities of *Biragues*; And the jealousie of the Marqueeze his Wife, which did now proclaim every where, how much she did suspect the familiarity of her Husband with *Silvia*, gave another onset to the business. The watchfulness and diligence that the Countess of *Englesac* did use for to find her out, went still beyond all the

the reſt of her perſecu-
tions. The good Old
Woman was affraid
leſt any body ſhould
come to her Couſin to
be inform'd of what
was become of *Silvia*.
For the Nun was now
no longer concealed;
and it was eaſie for any
body to think that be-
ing both miſs'd in the
Convent at the ſame
time, they had gone
out together, and knew

ſome-

ſomething one of the other. All that cauſed the good Woman, under a fair pretence of being careful of *Silvia*'s Intereſt, to adviſe her to go out of *Languedoc* as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be able.

Silvia underſtood what ſhe meant, and took it for granted, that ſhe muſt be gone, and that it muſt be ſo; but yet found her ſelf in a

ſtrange

strange perplexity of mind, not knowing any further which way to go, nor how to dispose of her self, as having no Friends, no Kindred, no Acquaintance that she could think of; So that the only refuge that was left to her, was to resign her self again to *Biragues* discretion. He offered to carry her to *Paris*, and never to leave her. But his

his passion was to be feared, and his Company was subject to too much suspition. What to do? in so intricate an occurrence! Her good Fortune still took care to rid her out of this.

When the Lady *Moliere* did formerly proclaim against *Silvia*, intending to revenge the Death of her Husband; The news of

it had been ſpread up every where. The ſtory of her Birth had been read as a curious piece in all the Gazetts, and News-Books. A Duke of *Kendale* mixt therein did ſet it out extreamly; The noiſe of it had gone beyond the Frontiers, and moſt remote Borders of the Kingdom. The Marquis *de* St. *Eſtienne*, one of

of the Commanders under the Prince of *Conde*, being ſtill at *Bruſſels*, gave it as a novelty, and a piece of curioſity to one of the moſt charming Ladies in that Countrey, who was a paſſionate Lover of fine Adventures; and this was a means, and as it were, the firſt ſtep to *Silvia*'s preſervation.

The Marqueeze of

Sevill (such is that Lady's name) whose *Ruëlle* hath ever been full of what the Low-Countries have had of most choyce and accomplished Gallants, was a Lady of a most exact and delicate *Shape*. Who had been formerly very young, and very handsom; and in whose physiognomy something of Princely

I might

might be ſeen. She had infinitely of that fine wit which took ſo much in *France*, before the faſhion was of being *leſs formall* and curious in diſcourſe and behaviour both, and you could in nothing oblige her more, than by imparting to her ſome witty intrigue: Princes, Marqueſſes, Earls, and Barons have had the

good luck to pleaſe her that way: And not ſo much as a Brother to the [2] *Secretary of Commands* to the Prince of *Conde* hath eſcaped being intangled by her into ſome Adventure not unworthy of her great wit.

Your Highneſs will not think this Character free from guilt, when you ſee by the reſt of my ſtory that this

this Lady hath be-ſtow'd a great deal upon *Silvia*, and done her much good. But who is able to conceal from a Friend, ſo rare and ſo fine a Picture? It would rather be a Crime to hide it, con-ſidering chiefly that the Perſon her ſelf would take it kindly from us; So far ſhe would be from being againſt it, if ſhe

were living ſtill.

I will therefore add, that the Duke of *Kendale* being young and handſome, was her firſt Heroe, When ſhe had leave to go through *Paris*, upon her way to *Catalonia*, whither ſhe was going to meet her Husband. That ſix or ſeven years after, when that Duke was Lieutenant General of the King's Army

in

in thoſe parts, ſhe was like to have 3 *confounded* him with pleaſant Adventures and Gallantries in the very buſtle of the War and Arms (though never ſo cumberſom.) There was not a day that ſhe ſent not to him; and ſhe made uſe for that of incredible ſubtilties; ſhe would often put on a diſguiſe to go and meet him in his very

Tent; So that one time among the reſt, ſhe was taken for a Spie, and carried to him by the Souldiers. The Duke, who had been extreamly taken with her in the year 1645, or 46, was not ungrateful to thoſe new tokens of ſo particular an eſteem. 'Tis ſaid, that he did return his thanks to her by all the complaiſance that might be

be expected from him; And they that desire to find a reason for every thing may assure themselves, that if it were not meerly Hunting and hazzard which brought him into the Child's Cottage, in 1652, He must have come thither upon the desire of the Marqueeze, who might have heard something of the extraordinary

Birth of *Silvia*; and who having compaſſion on her, had without queſtion engaged that charitable Lord to do her good. But I ſtay too long upon this digreſſion; let us come up again to our Subject.

The Marquis *de* St. *Eſtienne* did then, according as I have ſaid above, entertain that Lady with the Rela-

tion

tion of *Silvia*'s Adventures; And she being naturally very compassionate to gallant infortunes, presently took a fancy to relieve *Silvia*; Whether this was a continuation of that tender pity which the Marqueeze is thought to have had for her, in 1652, or the effect of a more casual commiseration, which she had of the famous

desti-

destiny of an unknown Person; Yet *Silvia* must still acknowledge her self bound to her for it.

To this effect the Marqueeze began *to make shew*, as if she had the curiosity, which otherwise she was not like to have, of being present to the interview of the two Kings on the River of *Bidassoa*, and to see the

the Ceremony of the *Infanta*'s marriage with *Lewis Auguſt*. She took her way by Land, from one end of *France* almoſt to the other; And that ſhe might have an occaſion to come and hear of *Silvia* in the County of *Venaiſſin*. She gave out, that ſhe did intend to meet the Court in thoſe parts.

At that very time

Fouquet

Fouquet and *Birague* were ſtealing, and carrying away the Nun and *Silvia*; The Marqueeze came to *Avignon* the very next day after that expedition; which gave her ſtill a greater mind to find out the Perſon ſhe was in ſearch of; For her Noble heart did meaſure the eſteem that is to be made of people, according to the more

or leſs Adventures which they had gone through.

Yet *Silvia*'s being ſtoln away, and loſt out of the eyes of the World, was a thing that mixt a great deal of melancholy to the ſatisfaction the Marqueeze had to find *Silvia* thereby the more worthy of her care and affection; And really, it would have vext any body,

body, being come ſo far of purpoſe to ſee an unknown Perſon, at the end of ſo long a Journey, to miſs her. She was continually amongſt thoſe that were moſt deeply concern'd in thoſe affairs, that ſhe might make her own Advantage of what ſhould come to their knowledge. For that ſame reaſon ſhe ſought to be acquainted with

with the Marqueeze *d' Ampus*; Renewed her old friendſhip with the Duke of *Guyſe*, whom ſhe had formerly known in the Low-Countries, when he was following his Loves there; and ſhe had great hopes to engage him to reveal unto her a ſecret, which he himſelf knew nothing of: So that ſhe made him almoſt mad with

the

the desperate persecution she made him about the flight of *Silvia*.

But all that care and trouble was fruitless; The Court removed from thence e're any body could tell which way the stoln Ladies had gone; The Marqueeze did attend it as far as the Isle of the *Conference*, and could hear no further of the

Sub-

Subject of her own Journey. The King's Marriage was not like the Concluſion of a Romance, where all the Heroes muſt have a meeting together; That was rather the cauſe that ſhe could not think of going to *Thouloufe*, to ſeek for *Silvia*; For ſhe went away e're any thing was known of the retreat of the Nun, with whom

whom, afterwards, it was thought that *Silvia* might be.

At last she was upon her return homewards, full of confusion and discontent, telling every where as she went, to all the people she met with, the lamentable story of *Silvia*, and the ill success of her labour in so tedious a Journey; Sometimes her *Gentleman-*

Usher 6.

Usher 's did perform that Office whilst she took some Rest, when an unexpected, and unlookt-for Adventure accrewing to so many others, gave the Marqueeze all manner of satisfaction.

The Countess of *Englesac* not failing to send to *Thoulouse*, as the Old President had fore-seen; and the Person she sent shewing

ing an Order from the Queen, that *Silvia* ſhould be taken, and ſhut up, whereſoever ſhe ſhould be found; It would not have been ſafe for *Silvia* to balance, or waver any longer betwixt the offers that *Biragues* had made, and falling into the diſgrace that threatned her. She had accepted of them, and was gone to *Bourdeaux*,

deaux, under the conduct of my Lady *Pratt*, a Kinſ-woman of *Birague*, with an intention to ſtay for him there, whilſt the Lady took care of ſome buſineſs ſhe had in that Parliament. *Silvia* was afterwards to truſt her ſelf upon his word into *Birague*'s hands, and ſo go to *Paris*, where ſhe reſolved to put her

ſelf

ſelf into a Cloyſter of her own accord, the very next day after that of her arrival. What does your Highneſs think happened then? The Lady *Pratt* and *Silvia* went to Lodge at *Bourdeaux* juſt at the very ſame place where the Marqueeze of *Sevil* had took her Lodgings the day before. *Silvia* did ſee her; A certain *je ne ſcay quoy* did

did ſtrike into the minds of both at the firſt ſight; And whether it was an effect of ſympathy betwixt her that was the ſcope of Adventures, and ſhe that did aim at them, or that a more ſecret ſpring did move them both; From that moment they begun to look and wonder at one another, and to be deſirous of knowing

more each of the other. *Silvia* told it the Lady *Pratt*, who found yet that they had ſome reſemblance.

Both Ladies having thoſe diſpoſitions to a correſpondence, at laſt, reſolved upon a viſit. The Lady, who did uſe, as hath been ſaid, to tell, or get her Gentleman to relate her ſtory to every one ſhe met, who had the

meen

meen of Illuſtrious Strangers; as *Silvia*, and her Guide, left them at night her Servant to inform them of what ſhe was.

Judge you, Madam, what was *Silvia*'s wonder and amazement, when ſhe heard her name in that Relation, and when the Gentleman added, that the Marqueeze was come expreſly from *Bruſſels*

to adopt her, and carry her away into *Flanders*; and that she would give half of her Estate to know where *Silvia* was.

At the first she thought her self discovered, and could not imagine what should be the reason of that Ceremony, with which they came coldly to speak to her of her self, without

it

it were for to make ſport, and play with her a little, before they did ſhew the Order they had to ſtop her. To be ſhort, *Silvia* not knowing as yet the true Character of the ſpirit of that Lady, could ſee nothing in that occurrence that did look natural and ingenuous; She had thereupon the worſt night that ever ſhe

past in all her life; And for all the hopes that the Lady *Pratt* would have given her, who made a better Judgment of it, she could not keep her self from trembling at the thoughts of the friend of Madam *Englesac* till it was day.

'Tis true, the excess of her trouble was somewhat alay'd the day after, when the Mar-

Marqueeze came to render them a ſecond viſit, which was as ſoon as ſhe was dreſs'd. My Lady *Pratt*, who certainly hath a very gallant wit, begun to *dive into the humour* [8] of ſo extraordinary a Perſon; And after many queſtions ſhe thought fit to return her one ſtory for another, and to let her ſee that *Silvia* was the very ſame perſon of

whom ſhe had ſo tender, and generous a compaſſion. For my Lady *Pratt* had a fancy, as it might very well be, that the Relation of the misfortunes of *Silvia*, which was made to the Marqueeze by St. *Eſtienne*, had inſpired into that merciful Lady a Motherly love towards her.

In effect a greater joy

joy could not be imagined in the World than was her joy, when she heard *Silvia*'s name, and that manner of finding her, or rather, lighting upon her by so great a chance, endearing her still the more to that Noble Lady; her transport was so great, as that they could not be parted for a long while, and *Silvia* was like to

have left her life for joy in her first embraces. Two dayes after *Silvia* did resolve to make use of that Adventure, and not to stay for the Marquis of *Birague*, who out of the spight that he took at it, lost in time, the remembrance of *Silvia*'s Charms, and renew'd his Friendship with the Widdow *Moliere*; Though some

ſome people may blame him for that, yet *Silvia* her ſelf did not; But rather ſaid, that the Marquis was not the firſt man, who being much in Love, or elſe taking himſelf to be ſo, after an ill ſucceſs with the ſubject of his deſire, had ſought for ſome ſatisfaction elſewhere.

Silvia did thank the Heaven for a ſuccour ſo

un-

unexpected, and ſo ſeaſonable, and neceſſary a favour; And left *Bourdeaux* few dayes after with much more content, and leſs fear than ſhe had come to it. The Marqueeze did beſtow a whole World of Commendations and careſſes on her by the way as they went, and gave her ſuch tokens of an earneſt, and preſſing tenderneſs,

derneſs, that at the laſt, ſhe could not forbear to look upon her as upon one that was her true Mother. Yet ſhe did not like *Silvia* ſhould call her ſo; But told her, that her face would not give conſent to a truth which was acknowledged by the heart. And really the former of theſe two had till then, for

above

above five and twenty years, preserv'd it self in such a flower of Youth, as rendred the quality of a Mother inconsistent with so much of Youth and Beauty. Thus *Silvia* was oblig'd to keep within the name of Sister, wherewith she was content, and thought her self too much honoured. At last, they came to

Paris,

Paris, and there they ſtaid till after the magnificent Entry of their moſt Chriſtian Majeſties.

In a ſpace of time ſo conſiderable, and with ſuch a Siſter, ſpent in *Paris*, whither in that conjuncture the curioſity of the ſhew had drawn the eyes of ſtrangers from all the parts of *Europe*; Your Highneſs

neſs will eaſily conceive, that there might have happened to *Silvia* many things worth the mentioning; But whatſoever happened, ſhe was not concern'd in it; All went to the Marqueeze of *Sevil*, of whom ſhe had deſired that ſhe might be ſeen but of few people till they ſhould come to *Bruſſels*. I muſt except

except only, that a Friend of the Duke of *Guyse*, coming in a diſguiſe to ſee her, did offer with many proteſtations to make her a Sovereign Princeſs, if ſhe would; That the next day after, ſhe refuſed to take at his hand a pair of Pendents, of great value, which he would have preſented her with; and that ſhe did chuſe

rather

rather to uphold the unfortunate Love of her baniſhed *Engleſac*, than give way to a man that made her ſo fine proffers: Beſides this, nothing of extraordinary did happen unto *Silvia* in her paſſage through *France*. I need not name that Gallant, of *Silvia*'s. Madam, your Highneſs knows very well who I mean, and that he

he resolved afterwards to be reveng'd of her, by rendering himself to a young Lady that did not prove so scrupulous as *Silvia*.

A moneth after she came within sight of the walls of *Brussels*; her new Sister carried her in, as if it had been in a kind of triumph: She was there for above a fortnight the sub-

ſubject of an hundred Relations of Adventures, every one made by the Marqueeze her ſelf in choice words; all the gallant and complying People of the Court 10. did recieve with reſpect and faith the Reaſons that ſhe was pleaſed to give, for adopting of *Silvia* to her Heir. Some did exaggerate unto her the likeneſs of

their

their perſons, the more to ſhew the juſtice of her action: but I cannot well ſay, whether this did pleaſe her as much as the reſt.

To be ſhort, *Silvia*, Madam, was there two years in the midſt of the *Spaniſh* Courtſhip, and Gallantry. But leſt I ſhould prove troubleſome to your Highneſs, by too long a reading, and

that

that *Silvia* may alſo take a little breath; I leave the Relation of what befel her there, of moſt remarkable, and of the reſt of her Adventures, for the next occaſion that ſhe ſhall have of writing to your Highneſs. I am

Your Highneſſes moſt Humble, and moſt Obedient Servant,

H. S. D. M.

Note

Notes on the first Part.

(*a*) *THe Memories*: I have chus'd rather to call this the *Adventures*, than History, Relation, or *Memories*, as the *French* Title is; because I see that in the whole the Writer of this Relation does chiefly insist upon extraordinary things, such as are termed Adventures, and does not follow every particular passage of the Life, as the Memories are wont to do. Every body knows that Adventure in Romances, and even in common language, is taken for the unexpected good or bad success in any affair: The Adventures of five Hours are full of that; Yet some are of opinion that *Adventure* has not been long a very common *English* word in this sense; in which it is *French* properly, as what they call *Dire la bonne Aventure*, is in *English*, To tell some body *His good Fortune*. But it is more in fashion to say *Memories* than *Adventures*; and the mode in speaking right

right or wrong, as well as in dresses, is a Tyrant that will be obey'd.

(*b*) *Silvia.* In the alterations that I have made (as for example, in this particular of speaking of *Silvia*, as of the third person, whereas the *French* makes her speak in, the first all along) I should not need to justifie my self, nor give you any account of what I do, if I would but desire you to put your self to the trouble of suspending your judgment, till you have gone through the Book. For then I am sure you will find that I have some reason on my side: yet I must entreat you, in this occasion, to undergo that penance, if you reade this with the spirit of a Critick; Else I hope you will find it as smooth every whit, to say, *Silvia* did, *Silvia* said, as I did, or I spoke thus: Some indeed will have it, that when you reade any thing that is very pleasant; as for example; the burning of the Castle, and *Silvia*'s being carried in a swoon out of the House in the Arms of *Birague*; her being in the Closet with *Englesac*: It is more pleasant still to have it in the first person, by reason of an application, and a certain interim that the Reader takes in it: But when the case is altered, and that

Silvia

Silvia is lockt up in another Closet with the Old Countess, or guarded in the Cloyster, or stript of the Prince of *Salmes* his Clothes, as you shall see in the second part. Then, I believe, some had rather it were *She* than *I*. 'Tis sometimes your fear, and sometimes your pleasure that rules you; 'twere hard to serve them both at once; I have took care that you might not be offended. Do your self your best to be pleased.

(*c*) *Lin.* 13. *In the first place.* I have omitted here of purpose two or three lines of unnecessary complements to her Highness.

(*d*) *It would be easie*, &c. Here I have quite alter'd the thing. The *French* sayes, *If I would borrow the lustre* of some Romantick Heroina, There might be found men in the World, as some are found already, that would labour to countenance the fable of her pedigree, and by that render her true story more dark, and more doubtful. *Silvia* aims at perswading her Highness of the truth of her being the Duke of *Kendale*'s Heir; and I desire to do the best I can to divert you.

(*e*) *Her pretty carriage.* The *French* hath, *Mes petites façons.* That's very good *French*; but the *English* would not

be so, if one should say *My little fashions.* Thus the *French* say, *Il a assez bonne fasson.* He is well enough behaved. *Vous faites bien des fassons, vous faites trop de fassons.* Whereof the *English* is, You make too much Ceremony. Thus you see how *French* and *English* fashions will differ sometimes.

(f) *A Financier.* The King's Treasure and Revenues, in *French* are called *Finances*, which was the Old word for all manner of money, and more especially for Tribute-money, from the word *Finer*, to pay; from whence the *English*, *Fine.* From the word *Finances* they are call'd *Financiers*, that are either Treasurers, Controllers, Intendents, Super-intendents, or Farmers of the King's Customes, Rights, Demain, &c. as *Moliere* was in the Province of *Languedoc.*

(g) *The Marquis de Birague.* I find it easier, and better *English* too, to let alone the proper names of persons; and even those that are used in *France*; to distinguish the Rank, and condition of people, than to alter them. Take it therefore for granted, that I will do so for the most part. Only excepting *Englesac*, who being the Heroe of this Story, I have

have thought fit to bestow on him the *English* Title of Earl.

(*h*) *'Tis like her Husband*, &c. That has been added, and the rest of the story doth justifie it to be true. It makes me remember a most witty passage in the *Joconde of la Fontaine*, which runs thus.

Tous deux dormoient, dans tet abord
Joconde
Voulut les envoyer dormir en l'autre monde.
Mais cependant il n'en fit rien
Et mon advis est qu'il fit bien.
Le moins de bruit que lon peut faire
En telle affaire.
Est le plus seur de la moitié.
Soit par prudence ou par pitié
Joconde ne tua personne.
D'éveiller ces Amans, il ne le faloit pas
Car son honneur l'obligeoit en ce cas
De leur donner le trepas:
A' ton remords je t'abandonne,
Vy Mechante; dit il tout bas.

(*i*) *To have made her go halves*, &c. The *French*, may be, is not so happy in that expression, *De me faire partager le soin de cette vangeance.* To share the

care is somewhat too ambiguous; yet the other is not immodest, though a more significant, and fore-warning word.

(k) *Badineries.* Waggishnesses. I know 'tis very much a-la-mode, to use dry *French* words in an *English* discourse. But besides the mode, I find this reason for that, that there is no Language in the World, but may help another with many most proper expressions, which cannot be render'd into it by any circumlocution, much less word for word: Which made an ingenious, and speculative Gentleman tell me once, that it were to be wish'd a Collection were made of all those words, in all the Tongues that are known among us; In two or three times that one reades them; by the sense, and their connexion with others, he will understand the meaning, and apprehend more than can be represented to his fancy by any other way. Yet I find it necessary to give a near signification for the first time, lest it should cause an interruption in your memory, if you were put to look elsewhere.

(l) *The Wood*, &c. This has been added as a grace to the Story, or what you please.

(m) *The result. Le refrein.*

sayes

sayes the *French*, *Refrein* properly is the burthen of a song, or Ballad, the last line or two of the first Stanza, which are taken in again in every other. If any body thinks that I am too curious and nice in picking up words, let him, if he be a Stranger, take this from me, that the *English* Tongue is capable, not only of as great a strength, but also of as much fineness, and delicacy of expression as any other that is, or hath been us'd in any Age; And if he be an *English*-man, I hope he will not put me to the trouble of making an Apology for my love to his Natural Tongue.

(*n*) *Had never trusted him with that secret.* Of which the reason may be, that she would not give him occasion to suspect any thing of her former intelligence with *Kendale.*

(*o*) p. 69. *The Cavalier.* 'Tis a *French* expression, cannot well be *Englished* by any single word. The *French*, when they mean a Gallant Gentleman, will sometimes say of him, *c'est un Cavalier de merite, un des plus accomplis Cavaliers que je connoisse*; and as the *Italian* and *Spaniards*, *Cavaliere*, & *Cavalero*: It is taken alone for a person of fine and gentile

parts, in opposition to rude, and ill behaved people. Thus they say, *Cela est fort Cavalier, Cela est un peu trop Cavalier*; That is to say, Gallant, Cavalier-like.

(*p*) p. 81. *To his Mistress.* The *French* sayes, *a sa Dame.* But his Lady, in *English*, does signifie his Wife: A Mistress, and *une Maistress*, are the same thing always, but not Lady, and *Dame.*

(*q*) p. 90. *Whom he made a fool of.* I know not how to render more significantly, The *French*, *Il la traittoit deplaisante duppe.* If any body knows, let him.

(*r*) p. 95. *Transports.* The *French*, emportment, is still better; but still I come short of my desire, and I know not how to mend it.

(*s*) p. 102. *Her Heures. Her Hours*, I would have said, but then it is no *English* in that sense. The Roman Catholicks in *France*, call certain Prayer-Books, to be us'd so many hours a day, Mornings and Evenings, their *Hours.* Which every Body almost knows that reads *French.* I write this for those that do not know beyond their Native *English.*

(*t*) p. 147. *The Ladies of Englesas.* I hope most of my Readers have heard already, that in *France*, the Sons, and

Daughters

Daughters of a Noble Family, are, when ſpoken of altogether, as in this place, call'd by the Name, or Title of their Father; as *les Meſſieurs*, *les Demoiſelles*, *de* &c. Although every one hath a particular Name or Title of ſome Land, or Dignity, by which they are call'd. So that here is not meant many Counteſſes of *Engleſac*. But the young Ladies, which are call'd *Demoiſelles* as long as unmarried perſons, of the ſame place whereof thoſe that be married, are named Ladies.

(*u*) *A Tourreere*. I ſpell it for the *Engliſh* pronuntiation. *Touriere* in *French*, is ſhe that keeps the Turning-box in a Nunnery, through which things are convey'd, and people both wayes unſeen.

(*w*) *Eſcapade*. A word the *French* have borrow'd from the *Spaniard*, and both from the *Italian*; The *Engliſh* *Eſcape* is ſo like it, as well in the pronuntiation, as in the ſenſe, as that I have great hopes it may eaſily be underſtood. Yet I think I may, for more ſecurity, tell you, that *Eſcapade*, in *French*, is properly a wanton and unruly Action, done of a ſudden, after which one may come to himſelf again, and be ſober; And it does

not

not of necessity imply a flight, or a running away, though here it is applyed to signifie it.

(*x*) *Lady President.* The *French* are so civil to the Ladies, as to bestow on them the same Titles, whether of Office, or Dignity, that their Husbands have. *Madam la Chancelliere, la Mareschalle, l' Ambassadrice, la Surintendente.* Yet mark, that it is only in Offices that give Rank and place.

(*y*) *Whose Ruëlle.* The Bed-side in any body's Chamber is called *la ruëlle du lit*; Which at the Lady's Bed-Chambers being made pretty wide, and serving for the best Companies to sit in, is no longer call'd *la ruëlle du lit*, but *la ruëlle sans quenë*; *sa ruëlle*, speaking of such a Lady's Bed-side. *On en parle dans toutes les ruëlles; c'est l'entretien de toutes les ruëlles. Il regne dans les ruelles.*

(*z*) *Exact and delicate shape.* I cannot forbear teaching you still some *French*; In that Language, I render here *an exact and delicate shape*, *une taille fine.* The word *fin* is of late applyed to many things in conversation with elegancy, and is of the finest use, and very much of the Court. They say, *Avoir le gousst fin, un discerne-*

diſcernement fin, Delicate, in *Engliſh*, *Le fin de l'affaire*, the chiefeſt point in that buſineſs; *le fin de la langue*, the greateſt delicacy of a language. *Il penſe finement les choſes*, His wit gives a delicate, and happy turn to every thing he ſayes. Sometimes *fin* is the ſame thing in *French* as well as in *Engliſh*, with *delicate*. *Une raillerie fine*, is exactly the ſame with *une raillerie delicate*. Though, to tell you the truth exactly, *la raillerie fine* may be us'd among all people; the *raillerie delicate*, ſounds like ſomething that has a Relation to great perſons, whether for uſe, or application. But I am affraid this is *French* for the *French*, and few ſtrangers will reach it. *Un cheval fin*, is an ordinary expreſſion, to ſignifie a handſome Horſe, and of a good breed.

(1) *Leſs formal*, &c. I muſt tell thoſe that are curious of the *French* Tongue, that the *French* word is *Concerte'*. Whether I do ſufficiently expreſs it or no, I leave it to the *Connoiſſeurs* in both tongues.

(2) *Secretary of Commands*. *Secretaire des Commandements*. 'Tis the uſual appellation for ſuch as write upon ſmall occaſions to diſtinguiſh them from Secretaries indeed. They are only at the Queen's,

Queen's, and Princes of the Blood-Royal.

(3) *Confounded him*, &c. I pray tell me, what is *accabler d'aventures? Elle pensa l'accabler d'aventures.* I have no *English* word for *accabler* in that gallant sense more likely to do my business than that I have us'd. *Accablement* indeed might be render'd in two or three words, as, *Il est dans un accablement estrange*, for one whose spirits are ready to sink under the burthen of many sad events.

(4) *To make shew*, &c. The *French* is, *Elle se fit une curiosité*. Which is a very Courtly, and fashionable expression: But not altogether fit for this place, where, the truth is, that the Marqueeze had no intention to have gone to the Marriage, but as a pretence to find out *Silvia*. *Se faire une curiosite &c*, is to have a mind to, &c. *Se faire des chagrins*, To be really chagrin and melancholy, not to pretend to it. *Se faire des plaisirs*, is to take pleasure. *Se faire honneur de quelque chose. Se faire un merite, Se faire des affaires.* Is all real, and no pretence.

(5) *County of Venaissin*; Whereof *Avignon* is the head; belonging to the Pope, as every body knows.

(6) *Gentle-*

(6) *Gentleman-Usher.* The *French* sayes, *Son Escuyer:* Ladies have as good a right to their Husbands Arms and Titles as can be. Some Arms were wont to be carried before great men by their Escuyers, Shield-bearers, therefore have the Ladies their Escuyers also; whose employment, is in *France*, to give the Hand or Arm to their Lady's; for the fashion of walkIng before them is not known in *France:* though indeed it shews *grandeur*, if a Lady hath besides him that walks before, another of greater Quality to help her as she goes, else not. For safety is to be preferr'd to a shew.

(7) *To make sport. Pour plaisanter*, sayes the new *French* expression: that is to say properly, to droll, or Jest, when it is no time to do so; or else, when others think it is not, because they cannot like their raillery.

(8) *Penetrer le talent*, To dive into the humour. More of our new expressions: *Talent*, is here the mind, the humour and nature. A meer *Tuscan* word: The *Spaniards* also say *Talante*, and sometimes *Talento*, as the *Italian*, for affection, mind, desire, &c. But when we say in *French*, *avoir la talent*, &c. *Il a de grands*

grands talents, *Il a un grand talent pour les langues*, it is the same as to say, inclination towards it, a genius for it; they say also, *Il a de grandes ouvertures pour les sciences*, in the same sense.

(9) *Gallant.* The *French* sayes *Soupirant*, which indeed is more proper, because a man may *Sonpirer*, sigh for a little while, and give over. But to be a Gallant to a Lady, implyes that a long time and labour has been bestowed on her.

(10) *Did receive with*, &c. This is what the Author calls *adora les raisons*, a new expression again. To adore, or worship reasons, would not sound so well in *English*, though never so new.

(11) *Courtship. Fleurettes*, is the *French* word; which every one knows to be what is call'd in *English*, to tell tales, to tell Stories.

Eurip. Hec. —— Λόγοι γαρ' ἐς τ' ἀδο-
ξοῦντας ἰὼν
ΚἈς τοὺς δυξοῦντας, αὐτὸς ὢ τ' αὐτὸν δείνει.

FINIS.

THE Memoires OF THE LIFE AND RARE ADVENTURES OF *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere*.

Written in *French* by her Self.

BEING

The II, III, IV, V, VI and last Parts.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. C.* for *W. Crooke*, at the Green Dragon without *Temple-Bar*, 1677.

MEMOIRS

OF

LIFE

OF

JOHN METCALF,

BLIND MAN,

Who was born at KNARESBOROUGH, in the County of YORK, and has lived there, and in the Neighbourhood, the greatest Part of his Life.

LONDON:

Printed by J. C. for the Author; and sold by him at No. [illegible] in [illegible] Street, near [illegible]

1795.

AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THe Reader may be pleaſed to take notice, that whereas the Tranſlator of the First Part had a peculiar humor, with what reaſon I know not, to render his Expreſſions in the Third Perſon throughout, though in the Original they are in the First, and may be as genuinely and truely made Engliſh; This Notice is given, to avoid Confuſion and Miſtake, that the remaining five Parts are expreſſed in the First

To the Reader.

Perſon, *according to the Original, and as properly and truely as if in the* Third; *and no doubt but it runs more ſmoothly: and ſo is continued throughout all the Parts, and the Hiſtory of* Sylvia's *Life perfectly Compleated, by adding theſe Five Parts to the Firſt; which Firſt Part is alſo to be ſold at the ſame place with theſe.*

THE

THE ADVENTURES AND MEMOIRES OF *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere*.

PART the II.

THE first Visits that I received at *Brussels*, were from the Princess of *Aremberg* and the Duke of *Arscot*, Princes truly meritorious, the greatest esteem, whose Noble Qualifications might deservedly shine in the *French* Court. The Duke *de Croüy* followed them; the Prince *de Ligne*, the good man *Don Antonio* of *Corduba*, and a thousand more imitated them: And in fine, the Governour himself, who in spite of his majestick Gravity, came off the most dangerously wounded of them all.

I cannot pass over in silence one passage which the excess of [illegible] prompted him to.

As he tenderly affected me, and was perſwaded that his Age wanted the aſſiſtance of his Liberality to conquer my Heart, he took up a reſolution to aſſault me by thoſe means, and began to perſonate the accompliſh'd Gallant. I was much pleaſed with the ſight of a little Chariot of his, which ſeem'd to me a very commodious and new Invention. Next day he beſtowed a viſit on me; and as I was diſcourſing to him concerning it, he ſaid, Will you be pleas'd to play with me for one of them againſt any other thing? To which I replied, I will; but what ſhall I ſtake in play againſt your Excellency that can amount to that value? He ſaid, all that he deſir'd, was onely a little of my Favour: and I (who ever had an Inexhauſtible ſtock for all perſons of Integrity, drolling with my accuſtomed gayety) afoon took him at his word, and play'd for the Chariot. He loſt it; nay, farther, I won the Horſes, Charioteer, the Lacqueys, their Board-wages, even to the littering the Stable for three years. The next morning he made me play again, to the end that I might loſe my Stakes; and indeed I did ſo. That very Evening he demanded payment by a Note writ in *Spaniſh*, which was indifferently well penn'd; but when he found that the word *Eſteem* in my *French* did not ſignifie the ſame thing as he intended in his *Spaniſh*, he re-engaged me to play, that he might be re-

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veng'd of me; and recover'd his Chariot, Horſes, Charioteer, Lacqueys, and the Litter of the Horſes; and I never ſet eye on him afterward.

But yet this did not prevent my being viſited by ſome other perſons of that Nation, who had as great love for me; and among all thoſe, the ancient Gentleman Don *Franciſco de Gonſales* of *Meneza*, a perſon of Quality and Courage, twice a Widower, and now to be married the third time, was he that reſolved upon the conqueſt of me with the greateſt obſtinacy, and in the end accompliſh'd his deſigne. He ſprung from the Illuſtrious Family of *Meneza*, of whom the Hiſtories of *Spain* and *Portugal* ſpeak ſo advantageouſly. The deſire he had to ſerve his Prince in the *Low Countries* had tranſplanted him thither, together with his Eſtate: 'tis true, 'twas alledg'd beſides, that the love he bore to a former Wife, which he married for pure Affection, did contribute thereunto as much as any thing elſe.

I look'd upon my ſelf, on my own part, deſtitute of Parents, at leaſt any to my knowledge. I had receiv'd no intelligence of the Earl of *Angleſea* for three years elapſed, though I ſent ſeveral Letters to him that uſed to write to me on his behalf, whilſt I was cloiſtered in the Covent at *Avignon*. On the other hand, the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, although my

intermarriage with a ſecond Lover ſeem'd in her opinion to infringe the Laws of Heroick Adventures, did notwithſtanding ſo far recede from her ſeverity, as to adviſe me not to loſe the Aged *Spaniard*. What ſhall I ſay? His annual Revenue of 50000 Livres, and his Jewels, opened my eyes, and contributed to this perſwaſion, that *Engleſac* had quite blotted me out of his Remembrance. I lent an ear to his Propoſition of Marriage; all was concluded, and the Ceremony compleated in leſs than ten days. The Good Man preſently afterward furniſhed me with the Train of a Princeſs; he provided *French*-men for the moſt part of my Domeſtiques; and in the end omitted nothing to render me happy, at leaſt as to outward appearance.

But, Madam, could ſo great a Fortune arrive without an allay of Trouble? without doubt it could not; that would have been directly contrary to the end which, it ſeems, I was born to. In the midſt of ſo great felicity, which created Jealouſie in ſome, and Satiſfaction in others, I met with one Misfortune that poiſon'd all that followed for a long time after.

Engleſac, whom I believed faithleſs, or rather indeed in his Grave, came to *Bruſſels* three or four days after I was Married. This Gentleman (whoſe love continued ſtill as vigorous and fervent as ever, notwithſtanding

ding that by the Artifices of his Mother, it so fell out that he had not heard a syllable from me for the space of three years) had been at all the Princes Courts in quest of me. He from *Savoy* went into *Switzerland*, had penetrated into the heart of *Germany*, and continued some Moneths at the Emperor's Court; he return'd by ——— he saw your Ladiship, Madam, and receiv'd from all the Princes of your most Illustrious House a thousand Marks and Enfignes of Goodness. In conclusion, being pregnant and full fraighted with hopes, which he had from time to time of obtaining his Pardon, he reapproached *Paris* by the *Low Countries*, that he might be nearer his friends, who undertook his affairs at Court. What was the first Object that was presented to his view assoon as he lighted off his Horse? His Mistriss remarried; O God! O what a spectacle was this for him! Being struck as it were with a Thunder-bolt at this sight, after he had recounted to himself the particulars of this his Disgrace, he would for grief have thrown himself upon the point of his Sword; and had effected it too, but that his *Vallet de Chambre* was too nimble, and prevented it. This faithful and affectionate Domestique withheld him, and diverted the impetuous torrent of his first Commotions: And next day being informed that the Marquiss of *Menetz* was yet destitute of some *French* Officers, he freely

recompoſed his Spirit by the hope that he gave him of putting him very ſuddenly into a condition to reproach me with Inconſtancy. In fine, he put it into his head to embrace this opportunity, whereby he might come to be near me. The Amorous Earl, who gave ear to nothing but Revenge, diſguis'd himſelf ſufficiently to make him fit for ſuch an employment in a place where he was *Incognito*; and the old man *Menexa*, who deſired to have all his Servants gentile, found him immediately to be for his turn, and entertained him. I was never ſtruck with greater aſtoniſhment than when, looking upon this new Steward of the Houſhold, our Servant, I found him to be the unfortunate *Angleſac*.

Alas, Madam! I ſtill tremble at the very thought of it. That ſecret power that enchains the Hearts, and always fixes them on the object they love, maugre all the crafty Contrivances which Fortune makes uſe of to cauſe a ſeparation between them, forced me to change colour twenty times in a minute; and treated me with ſo much Barbariſm, that being unable any longer to reſiſt its violence, I was fallen into a ſwoon inſenſibly in the arms of the aged *Gonzales*. It was then very happy for me that I was married, and that my accident might be imputed to ſomething which prevented his Jealouſie, feeding his Eyes with another imagination to his advantage;

tage; for assuredly that had produced the most mischievous effects imaginable. I came to my self again, but resolved to stay no longer in sight of this Imprudent, who was almost in as bad a condition as my self; and intreating the Marquiss to cause me to be put to bed, I lay there all that day distracted with the greatest Inquietudes that could possibly afflict a person of my spirit and temper.

I had then, and indeed always, a sense of Virtue, whatever the Obloquie of a corrupt Age and the malice of my Enemies dare tattle to the contrary. So that this unexpected Rencounter with a man I had formerly loved, and that I could not yet hate, did cruelly divide my Resolutions, and rend my Soul in pieces. I would not have had him arriv'd at *Brussels*, and yet I was joyful to finde him there: sometimes I was offended with him because he did thus expose me to apparent Dangers; then again, that he should debase himself so much, as to submit to so mean an Employment. Methought there were a thousand other ways, both to see and converse with me; besides, in this very action I design'd to search out the undoubted proof of the strength of his Love, and did admire those Enterprizes which that Passion is capable to make us attempt.

I continued with such thoughts as these till diverted by the Marchioness of *Sevil*, who

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underſtanding my Indiſpoſition, was come to ſee me; and this was the reaſon that I thought no more of them till night: Then I deſired the Marquiſs *Meneza* to leave me alone, under pretence of taking Phyſick, but it was in effect to impart all to a Confident of mine, a *French* Female-ſervant that I had retain'd about two years in my ſervice, and to whom I uſed to unboſome my ſelf of all my Secrets. I asked her advice, and ſhe was not leſs embroil'd than I; yet we took up this reſolution, that I ſhould ſpeak with the Earl aſſoon as poſſibly I could, for fear if I ſhould treat him ill, he ſhould make diſcovery, by ſome over-bearing Griefs, of that which 'twould be of greater importance to conceal from the old Marquiſs: for his Spaniſh humour was greatly to be fear'd, if he had had the leaſt ſuſpition of the truth of the matter. *Merinvil* (that was the name of this Maid) took upon her this Commiſſion; and on the morrow, pretending ſome Orders that ſhe had from me to give to the new Steward, told him, That knew him again very well, and upbraided him with the Peril which he had brought me into, and withal added, That he ſhould take care to do nothing that might give the leaſt umbrage to *Meneza*, and that I would find my own time to afford him a private view as ſoon as was poſſible.

Then an *Inamorato* paſſed from an exceſſive

ſive Melancholy to extream Joy; after all was thought to be loſt, 'twas this poor Earl, who gave himſelf the liberty to interpret the Promiſe I had made him as extenſively and advantageouſly as he pleas'd; and he appear'd more brisk by half than before, during thoſe two days which were requiſite to finde out a way to diſcourſe him in private. But his Mind and Countenance ſoon altered, when after a moments entertainment he underſtood that it was to oblige him to leave the *Low Countries*, and to require his departure as the laſt demonſtration of his Affection for me. The Marquiſs *de Meneza*, by good fortune, was at that time engaged at play with the Marquiſs of *Caſtel Rodrigo*; for otherwiſe I know not what we ſhould have done without being ſurprized: This aged Husband of mine, not being able to breath one moment out of my ſight; and the Earl having been in a Swoon by my Bed-ſide an hour and better after that I had acquainted him with my intention: *Adde farther, Madam, adde to your Command* (ſaid he a little before he fell into that weakneſs) *I ſhall go and carry my Head to* France; *and to pardon you the remorſe of an Infidelity, that I durſt not be ſo bold ſo much as to ſuſpect in ſo ſpacious and generous a Soul as your own, I muſt ſtifle the Remembrance thereof with my own Blood.*

Theſe words pierced to the very Heart of me;

ing; but I was then much more troubled, when I saw him grow weaker and weaker. *Merinvil* went out of my Chamber to prohibit the entrance of all persons whatsoever, pretending that I was at rest: which fell out very successfully; and I my self, when I saw this too amorous Man somewhat come to himself again, put him with all speed into a Closet, the Door whereof was at my Beds-head, till we had found whether we could let him out of my Appartment without danger.

And it was time: for I had no sooner shut the Door, but that the Marchioness of *Sevil* came, and would have entred the Chamber in spite of *Merinvil*, saying, That I must not sleep thus in the Day-time, and that she had something of great weight to communicate unto me, the relation whereof would conduce more to my health than that unseasonable Repose I then took. It was to acquaint me with a new Adventure with which she had perplexed a French Gentleman called the Chevalier *de la* [illegible], to whom she wrote daily under the name of the *Invisible Lady*, and he also returned her an Answer without any knowledge of her Person.

I hearkned to her with incredible distraction and impatience; and was somewhat the more out of humour, because a little Lap-dog of *Bologna*, which I, not thinking of, had

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ſhut up in the Cloſet with the Earl, did bark at him till he was ready to die, and afforded me ſtrange murthering apprehenſions: not but that the Lady probably would have been rather raviſh'd than ſcandaliz'd to ſee me ſo faithful a Lover, and have envied my Fortune, than have inveigh'd againſt it. But I had always reaſon to dread the uſual Indiſcretion that accompanies Heroick Mindes, having made it my obſervation in the peruſing of Books, that they would always relate the Hiſtory of their Lives and Fortune to the firſt unknown perſons they met with, without the leaſt precaution; and I did apprehend, that among thoſe perſons from whom ſhe could not forbear the relation of mine, there might be found ſome one or other that had been very well acquainted with me.

But in concluſion I avoided the trouble, calling for my Morning-gown, and led this dangerous Marchioneſs into another Cloſet upon a ſpecious pretence, to give *Merinvil* an opportunity to let *Engleſac* out of the Cloſet; which ſhe did accordingly.

But in vain did we take all this trouble upon us, and to no purpoſe did we take our meaſures to hinder the Marquiſs his diſcovery of any thing during the Moneths time that the Steward did reſolve with great obſtinacy to dwell with us. The Sieur *de*—— who had retir'd to *Bruſſels* ſince the diſgrace of Monſieur

Fouquet Superintendent of the Exchequer, who came to dine (the greater our misfortune) at the Marquiss his Table, with several other Frenchmen: and as *de* —— was a person of great Merit, and excellent Company, who knew all persons of Quality whatsoever in *France*, and besides had been particularly intimate with *Englesac*, in a Journey they took together from *Bourdeaux* to *Paris*; he no sooner saw him come into the Hall, to order the Service at Dinner, but, taking him for one of the Guests, he cried out aloud, *Ah Monsieur le Comte* d'Englesac, *you are then in this Country, are you? Ah! what good fortune is conferred upon me by one of my best friends?* and with these words he ran to embrace him.

I was not then there, and 'twas well it so hapned; for it had been far worse if I had taken notice of the Earl in that equipage. He gently disengaged himself from the Arms of *de* —— yet with a blush, and pretending he believ'd that he put this trick of Gallantry upon him onely to divert himself: He minded the covering of the Table, as if he had been nothing less than the person that *de* —— took him for. *De* —— himself could not sufficiently admire at this mystery, or at the extraordinary resemblance of this Steward and the Earl of *Englesac*; for this action began to make him dubious. The whole Conversation

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at the Table was onely upon this during Dinner-time, insomuch that several Questions were propos'd to the Steward: I my self, who had had time to be pre-acquainted with this accident, and to be composed before I came to seat my self at Table, did like the rest; so that all seem'd well in appearance, and we did believe that nothing more vexatious would befal us.

But it was no easie matter to put a trick upon a *Spaniard*, who had too often heard the story of my Life repeated, and been pre-possess'd with the Earl of *Englesac*'s love to me. *Menezа* politickly disguis'd his Sentiments till all people were withdrawn; and when he saw himself single, reproached and menaced me a thousand times; told me I was unworthy the honour of Alliance with one of his Birth and Quality, and a hundred other things more piquant, which gave me to understand, that he intended not to stop there. I did not onely finde my self in a fearful condition as to my own particular, but also for this unhappy Gentleman, who for fear of discovering all, would now absent himself less than ever, and of whom I knew very well they would be cruelly reveng'd, if they could be certain that he was *Englesac*.

He denied it constantly with extraordinary obstinacy; he profer'd the Justification of it by his Parentage, and did so, and pressed even

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the Marquiſs that he would ſatisfie himſelf: He added, that it was the Artifice of —— to baniſh him his ſervice: in fine, he made ſuch ado about it, that one might well believe 'twas truth that he ſaid; ſo induſtrious is this fond Love to preſerve the Reputation of the party beloved.

But however, 'twas impoſſible that my Reputation ſhould ever recover of that mortal blow receiv'd upon this occaſion: and though the Earl a few days after left *Bruſſels* with all ſpeed, without acknowledging any thing; the bad uſage that I received daily from my Husband from that time, made me believe that it was not without ſome ground. The Railleries in private of —— who took a pique againſt *Engleſac* becauſe he did not confide in him, did contribute to farther perſwaſions; and the curioſity of ſome, who came into the world onely to diſturb it, and who diſcovered the Earl's Lodging when he arrived, did ſpoil all at laſt.

From this Source, Madam, it is, that ſo many cruel Impoſtures flowed, whereby they deſign'd ever ſince to obſcure the clearneſs of my Innocence, and the purity of my Actions. It was not to be imagined, that I ſhould not have a ſhare in the deſigne of an incenſed Lover, who had run the riſque of all to gratifie his Jealouſie and Deſpite. Upon this conſideration, the world hath taken occaſion

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to misjudge of what ſo grand a Misfortune did oblige me to undergo: to avoid what might enſue thereupon, they would alſo draw theſe conſequences as to what is paſs'd; and ſay, that 'twas not without reaſon that the Counteſs of *Engleſac* had ſo perſecuted me. To conclude, my Name was become the execration of good people, and the Fable of all the Courts in *Europe*, even to the publiſhing of it in Print, and compoſing Romances of my Life, which contain'd not one word of truth. But let us wave the Apology, and return to the Rehearſal.

Engleſac then made ſo great a noiſe, that *Meneza* was almoſt over-perſwaded, or at leaſt feign'd to be ſo, for his Honours ſake; but he entertain'd him no longer in his Service, and commanded him not onely to quit his Houſe, but to depart the City: which he did rather in reſpect to me, than that Jealous-pated Don; and after that went into *Holland*, as I have already inform'd you. I received nothing but evil Treatments from my Husband, and liv'd under that Tyranny till the moneth of *January* in the year 1664, at which time being aſcertain'd of his ill will toward me, and that he would carry me by force to one of his Houſes, and cloyſter me up, I reſolved not to wait till that violence ſhould be offered. The Froſt had made the way very paſſable; I took all my Jewels, which were worth al-

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moſt a hundred thouſand Crowns, and went out of *Bruſſels* to meet with *Merinvil* about five Leagues off, being both habited in Mens Apparel: beſides, the night approaching, which was clear enough, we rode Poſt, and arriv'd at *Nancy* through *Luxemburg*.

Aſſoon as I was departed, there were ſeveral rumours of my flight; and they were a long time in queſt of me, where I was not to be found, becauſe our Diſguiſe, together with the aſſiſtance of the Night, did hinder them from diſcovering the way that we travelled: Nay, they were alſo of opinion that this Part was not acted without the Contributory aſſiſtance of *Engleſac*; and they went as far as the *Hague* to upbraid him with opprobrious Speeches and Menaces, although he had been above eight moneths in a languiſhing condition by a Quartan Ague, and not in a capacity to dream of ſuch an Enterprize; and that as much time was almoſt elapſed ſince the poor Gentleman had heard any news of me. But I will acquaint you with the effect which that produced, in its proper place.

When we were arriv'd at *Lorrain*, I did not think it convenient to ſhew my ſelf too quickly, becauſe I was not unknown to his Highneſs. Beſides, we, at leaſt *Merinvil*, could not ſo well perſonate thoſe perſons we repreſented, but that ſuch a Prince as he, who did

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make it his buſineſs, might eaſily dive into ſome of our ſecrets. I was content to continue for ſome time *Incognita*, and at Board at *Cavigny*'s, a man of I know not what humour, who for our Money entertain'd us for what we ſeem'd to be; and we play'd ſometimes with a handſome Girl that he had, who, if I miſtake not, was taught to love a man, by my good Complexion.

After all this, and when we were perſwaded that the heat of *Meneza*'s diligent ſearch was over, we reſolv'd to enter *France* by *Champagne*. I went under the Name of a Young *German* who came to ſee the Magnificence of this Kingdom; and *Merinvil* under the name of a French-man, whom I had entertained in my Service. Nothing was more facile, than for us thus to blinde the whole World: I was Miſtriſs of the *High-Dutch* from my very youth, and did infinitely affect a kinde of broken *French* when I could not avoid ſpeaking it. No one queſtioned but that I was the young Prince *de Salmes*, whoſe Name I at laſt aſſum'd, knowing that there was one of that name which paſſed all over *Europe*; and being arriv'd at Court, I was not fearful to ſalute their Majeſties in that Quality, as well as all the Ladies, and the major part of the Lords alſo.

In a ſhort time I had gain'd my ſelf I know not what ſtrange Reputation of a very gal-

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lant *German*, and a dangerous Gentleman among the fair Sex. It would be too laborious a work to enlarge my ſelf hereupon, becauſe the report ſpread abroad concerning my Talents and Abilities, did expoſe me to great and weighty buſineſs, and I do alſo intend to divert your Highneſs therewith; but I muſt firſt of all give you an account of ſome other particulars, which follow ſucceſſively in the Series of my Story.

The firſt Rencounter worthy our cognizance, which we made one day at *Champagne* very early in the morning, was an Adventure at leaſt as extraordinary as any that ever befel me. We had ſcarce walked two Leagues at the going out of *Troye*, coaſting about the Holy Sepulchre, a ſtately Fabrick belonging to *Vilacert*, but we diſcovered afar off a Cavalier upon an Aſcent: he ſeem'd at firſt to manage his Horſe; and in a minutes time after we perceiv'd that he had turn'd ſhort to make towards us with full ſpeed. Have a care, Madam, ſaid *Merinvil* preſently, 'tis a Robber; and an argument of it is this, that he poſts it croſs the Fields, that he may the ſooner overtake us. I had reaſon to be fearful of my Jewels; and I aver, that though I ſeem'd to bear it out pretty courageouſly, and thought that one man durſt not attaque two, as we ſeem'd to be, yet I was in a great deal of trouble. My Conſternation was redoubled

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when *Merinvil* ſhew'd me the way which we muſt gallop to reach the Houſe of *Vilacert*. I perceiv'd the Gentleman did ſtill purſue us. The poor Girl was ready to drop down dead, and thought I was robb'd in earneſt, eſpecially, when to adde to our unhappineſs, a little River which oppoſed our paſſage, gave him, that we fear'd, time to overtake us.

And who do you think, Madam, in the interim, was this redoubted Knight? A Woman in Man's apparel, like our ſelves; but in a greater confuſion than we, begging our excuſe and pardon when ſhe did approach us; and the Horſe threw her out of the Saddle aſſoon as he ſtopped behinde ours. When ſhe ſeem'd to us to manage her Horſe, ſhe had then much ado to rule him; and when he took his courſe croſs the Fields, 'twas becauſe this wonderful Brute had diſcovered our Horſes; and being accuſtomed to travel always in Company, champed on the Bitt, and made haſte to joyn with them, and not break ſo good a cuſtome.

Merinvil and I looked upon one another; and after that an obliging charity had ſucceeded all our fears, we did relate ſmilingly to one another ſome follies upon the account of this adventure which ended ſo comically. In fine, we came off pleaſantly enough, but that *Merinvil*, out of Inadvertency, call'd me Madam; and that drew upon me one thing far

more

more vexatious. It had been better for us that this new Adventuress had been, what we really thought her to be.

'Twas Jealousie, as we soon after understood, that had disguis'd this Woman, and conducted her with some designe on the Borders of the Land of the Holy Sepulchre. In all probability those that she waited for did not live very remote. Assoon as she understood my Sex, her distracted Fancy made her forget the hurt she had by her fall, and was employ'd without doubt to represent me as her Rival that disturbed her Repose and Fortune; and changing her behaviour, all of a sudden, she said with a Countenance paler and paler; *I was well assured before, that my false-hearted Lover had deserted me for another.* And it appears that she had rather the Face of a Man than a Woman. I did apprehend I could not discover the mystery soon enough; but the Hazard has out-done all my Cares; and it is not probable that he proffers me so fair an opportunity without designe.

Come, said she, raising up her self in a fury, and drawing her Sword aukwardly, *you must have my Life with Monsieur such a one, or else I must enjoy both.* She named this *Monsieur such a one* distinctly enough by his Name; but I was so attentive to the remainder of the Story, that I could not remember

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Whether I was ſurprized or no, Madam, I leave your Highneſs to judge: but however, I ſtood more in admiration, than fear of the Adventure; and ruminating on it in my mind with a kinde of Raillery, I deſir'd even then the ſociety of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil* to be a Witneſs of this laſt Miracle; for in the end I found my ſelf innocent, and did not queſtion but I ſhould ſpeedily perſwade this enraged Lady, that ſhe did miſtake me for another, continuing to ſpeak my *High-Dutch*, and bad *French*; but for one reaſon that I will tell you, it was that which made her believe ſhe was not deceived in the perſon. In fine, I was compell'd to ſtand upon my defence to ſave my Life, which ſhe had no intention to ſpare; and this was the occaſion of that news that in thoſe days run throughout the Court, that two Ladies fought a Duel in mourning for their Lover. The thing was true, and the world was cheated onely in Circumſtance. But we muſt put a period to the recital of the Combat.

Well then, we deſign'd to hurt one another; *Merinvil*, inſtead of helping me to diſarm her, which was the eaſieſt thing in the world to do, thought it beſt to cry out, though 'twas to ill purpoſe: Theſe Cries drew a Compa- ny of People together. *La Roche*, Gentle- man of the Horſe to Monſieur *d[illegible]acert*, was on the other ſide of the Water mounted

who posted thither; seeing that, he call'd (though to no purpose) to *Merinvil* to separate us, and she had not the courage to draw near; he gallop'd to finde the Key of the Haven of the River: Some Gentlemen overtook him and followed him. It was requisite that I should make a quick dispatch, to avoid the mischievous discovery that might otherwise happen: This Necessity re-doubled my Courage; and passing at my Adversary who was retreating, I gave her an Estocade in the middle of the Body, which made her fall to the Earth; but yet I have since understood she did not die of the Wound. After this I remounted, and that soon enough to be a sufficient distance off before these Gentlemen could pass the River.

All that I could learn of the Subject of this Rencounter, but a long time after, and by accident, was, that this Gentlewoman was the Daughter of a very honest man, who had sometime been Governour of the *Bassée*, her Mother carrying her and one of her Sisters to Court, where their Beauty had attracted the greatest Gallants there. This person was not ingrateful to a most accomplisht Cavalier for his Services; she was informed that he made his Amours to a Woman of *Holland* newly arrived in *France*, and that he lived with her in some of his Rural Retirements, and kept her in Man's Apparel. The violence

violence of her Jealousie did counsel her to surprize them in the same disguise; the Wife of an Officer of *Troye* was assistant, and furnish'd her with her Equipage. I have told you the rest; and my *High-Dutch*, which she understood not, did perswade her the more that I was the *Holland*-Rivaless.

In pursuance of that, we came about ten or twelve Leagues off of *Paris*, where *Merinvil* had a God-father nam'd St. *Canal*, and did endeavour to engage him to follow us in the quality of my Governour. 'Twas an old Souldier, ill furnish'd with the Goods of Fortune, and sufficiently unfurnish'd in his person. *Merinvil* had the length of his Foot so exactly, that he condescended to all we desir'd; and eight days afterward we brought him to *Paris*; There, as he was wise enough, he provided Lodgings for us forthwith at a Citizen's house where he was known, that we might as well have leasure to take better Measures which we were to keep for the future, as to be the less expos'd to meeting with troublesome people, which would be almost impossible to avoid in Great Houses.

But 'tis in vain to imagine that Prudence can bear up against Destiny: the first person that I met with, as I was going to Supper, was the Lady-Abbess, Sister to the Countess of *Englesac*, with whom I had so fre-

quently heretofore made ſport about the Letters of the Marquiſs *de Biragne*. A very importunate Affair which ſhe was to ſollicite at Court, had for ſome time withdrawn her from her Cloiſter; and her good Character or Repute made her lodge at the ſame (being a very civil) houſe, which we had taken up part of, upon other Conſiderations. Yet ſhe did not know me, although the antient Sympathy of her good will towards me, under this my *German* habit, continued me as great as ever; and perhaps it had been no great difficulty for me to permit her to return without her divining my Diſguiſe, if I had not been ſo fooliſh as to divert my ſelf with her Imbecility and the Eſteem ſhe had for me. For, Madam, I was belov'd, and that with an exceſſive Paſſion; and ſhould I give you a relation of all the paſſages between us for ſome time, it would not be any ways offenſive to you. But, why ſhould I not acquaint you with them? poſſibly your Highneſs will be pleaſed with the diverſion, and that will do no great injury to the Lady-Abbeſs.

At firſt ſight indeed I was much aſtoniſhed to ſee her, and was put to the bluſh; but the Lady, who was well accompliſh'd, did me the favour to fancy ſomewhat more pleaſant in that change of colour than the cauſe there-of; and looking with a brisk Eye, and a

ſufficiently

ſufficiently handſome Mouth, ſhe ſaid, to encourage me a little, *Ah! the Comely Gentleman! Come Sir, come, I look upon Madam* de Madane *to be the moſt happy Woman in the World, who entertains ſuch a Gueſt as your ſelf.* Then ſhe came and took me by the Hand to ſeat me at the Table, and from thence forward did daily embolden me as much as was poſſible. On my part, I had the curioſity to underſtand to what exceſs of Eſteem and Amity my good Complexion could lead a perſon of her profeſſion, and the day after I made advantage of her kindneſſes. I did pay her ſeveral Viſits, and ſhe proffer'd to teach me the *French* Tongue exactly; to which purpoſe ſhe did every morning oblige me to anſwer a little Love-letter which ſhe ſent me from her own Chamber to mine. There was nothing more courtly than thoſe Notes; yet mine, though clothed in a meaner Garb, in her opinion were pregnant with Senſe. In fine, Madam, we became ſo charm'd with each other's Converſation, that I know not what obliged her one Night to cry out that I read the Comedy of *des Facheux* with her. *Ah, dear Sir!* ſaid the Lady-Abbeſs, *the moſt vexatious of all vexations, is a third perſon which diſturbs two good Friends, when they would never deſire to be more than two in Company.* And another time, diſcourſing of other matters, ſhe told me, That multiplici-

of Laws was never made for persons of Wit and Spirit; that there was need but of one Secret to violate them undetected; and that then there was no more punishment for us, but that all the difficulty lay in putting this Secret in practise.

As to the rest, I do not relate these particulars, but as a Specimen of her shrewdness, without pretending to draw from thence any dangerous Consequences: for I my self, being willing to make this slight inference, needed onely to press her a little to finde out several other of her Weaknesses; I found the quite contrary, that there was nothing more solidly vertuous. She did indeed well to indulge her self that becoming Liberty of talking and loving whatever she fancied; which is, as it were, permitted to Ladies when they are over-witty: but she was a mortal Enemy to all dangerous Consequences; and for pretending one time that I would serve my self in spite of her, of those occasions which she in my apprehension offered me designedly, I had almost lost all her esteem. I was forced, like a Fool, to betake my self to Laughter, and make her sensible I was but a Woman, to obtain a Pardon for that Insolence.

To say that she wish'd me no great hurt hitherto, I being the cause that so long a remonstrance, and so great vertue, had edified but

one

one Woman, that thing I durſt not put forward; for ſhe appeared too much out of order after I had told her my name; but at laſt ſhe recall'd her gentile humour, to anſwer my Raillery with other more witty reparties. We renewed our antient Friendſhip; I gave her a particular of what had befallen me ſince I was depriv'd of the honour of ſeeing her; ſhe bewail'd my condition, promiſed me concealment of all that was to be kept ſilent; and as ſhe was ever Generous, profer'd me once more a Retirement in her Abby, till I had reconciled my ſelf to my Husband; but I durſt not recommit my ſelf a ſecond time to the Influences of the Air of her Countrey, which did ſo diſagree with me in my younger years; beſides, I always dreaded every thing that might cauſe my re-approach near the Counteſs of *Engleſac*.

Thus you have the whole Hiſtory of what hapned to me in this Citizen's houſe, where I yet for ſome time aſſociated my ſelf with her, without any new accident upon my account. I ſaid the Relation ſhould not be troubleſome, nor do I believe that it hath offended your Highneſs.

In concluſion, the Abbeſs returned, and finding my ſelf well pleaſed with my manly habit, which deceived the very Hearts of Ladies, and in which I had alſo affronted

ſome of my Husband's Emiſſaries, I deſired no other Aſylum; I thought my ſelf more ſecure in the very heart of *Paris*, than if I ſhould take upon me to ſeek for refuge elſewhere in an Equipage proper to my Sex; and from that time forward I reſolved to paſs for the Prince *de Salmes*.

St. *Canal*'s Hair ſtood an end, Good man! when I made this Reſolution known to him, and that he underſtood I had already communicated this Impoſtor to my Hoſteſs and her Daughter upon a miſtaken preſumption. *You will deſtroy us all*, ſaid he, *being altogether diſmay'd, and do not imagine that this will prove a new Labyrinth of Perplexities and Adventures, from which you will never be able to diſintrigue your ſelf; that which hath proceeded from the Mouths of two, three, or ſix particular perſons, will not be approved of by thoſe in the wide World that you muſt converſe with. And beſides, what will become of you if the true Prince ſhould arrive when you are here alſo?* He oppoſed my deſigne with a thouſand other reaſons, which his fears ſuggeſted to him, as well as my own Intereſt; but it was to no purpoſe for him to be diſturbed at it, and to adde Threats withal, that he would run and leave me if I proceeded any farther. I was raviſhed with the hopes of being more cloſely concealed, whatever he could ſay; and that which did farther prevail

vail with me, was, that I ſhould by this means divert my ſelf very pleaſantly.

I appeaſed him, and made him take up a reſolution to run the riſque with me. He hired me a Houſe, which I furniſhed; he choſe me Lacqueys, and that carried ſomewhat of Splendor with it. I viſited, and was viſited: I behaved my ſelf in all places like a perſon of great Fortune, in imitation of an infinite number of young inconſiderate Courtiers, who are often nothing leſs than what they pretend to. I went alſo to the Court, and was well received: I learn'd at the Marquiſs of *Sevil*'s enough of the Houſe I would be of, to prevent all Mockeries whatever.

But I ſoon ſmarted for the delight I had taken in all theſe kinde of Confidences, by the troubles which St. *Ganal* had predicted. The firſt whereof was onely perplexing, becauſe it was too Gallant, and deſerves to be related to you with all its circumſtances, ſince it was Love of my own creation occaſioned it, and that I have promiſed your Highneſs to expatiate upon that Subject.

The King, reſolving to Regale the Queens and Ladies at Court, with the pleaſure of ſome Feſtivals worthy his Magnificence and Gallantry, invited them to his Enchanted Palace at *Verſailles*. He commanded the Spiritual Duke of Saint *Agnan*, who officiated then as Chief Gentleman of his Chamber,

to contrive the Plot of a Ball, or rather of all thoſe Feſtivals together: And this Lord had taken for his Subject the Palace of *Alcinous*, which gave occaſion to its Name, as the Pleaſures of the Enchanted Iſland. I was invited as a Forrain Prince, and beſides as a young perſon, and a Gallant.

The Paſtime began with the Courſe at the Ring, and I would willingly give a curſary deſcription thereof. They adorn'd a Round with four grand Green Porches, and a thouſand other Rarities, to which four ſpacious Alleys were adjoyning between very lofty Paliſadoes; never any thing ſeem'd to the Eye more Proud and Magnificent. After all the Courtiers were ſeated, the King, repreſenting *Roger* in *Arioſto*, appeared about ſix of the clock in the Evening, followed by the Gentlemen that were to run at the Ring. His Armor was after the *Grecian* manner; his Cuiraſs made of thin Plates of Silver, imboſſed with an Embroidery of Gold and Diamonds; his Caſque cover'd all over with Feathers of a flame-colour; and thus he mounted one of the ſtateſieſt Steeds that ever Eye beheld, whoſe Harneſs alſo did ſhine with Gold and pretious Stones. Monſieur the Duke, who perſonated *Rowland*, came afterward alone. After that, there was ſeen an Angelo in a Chariot not to be deſcribed, having the four Ages at his Feet. *Time*, as it

is

is usually portraicted, was the Charioteer; and four Horses that were of a pale Gold-colour, of admirable shape, covered besides with large Foot-clothes powdered with golden Suns, and harnassed all over the Forehead, drew this Machine. A long Train follow'd him; then came the Gentlemens Pages with Lances and Devises: after them a company of Shepherds charged with several pieces of the Barriers, which were to be set up for the Course: They run at the sport till night approached.

The Night being come, a prodigious number of Flambeaux of white Wax, with above 4000 small Candles enlightned the place; There was heard a most pleasant Concert; and whilst the four Seasons of the Year were charging the delicious Messes that were to be served up at their Majesties Table, the whole Retinue of the Sun danced within the Round an excellent Ball. Then came the *Spring*, and it was poor Madam *du Pare* that represented it; she mounted, with a Horseman's dexterity and grace, a *Spanish* Gennet. The *Summer* on an Elephant. *Autumn* on a Camel: And *Winter* on a Bear came after, with a Train of an infinite number of persons, who carried on their Heads large Basons for the Collation. The first, covered with Flowers, and made interwoven like Baskets, were carried by Gardiners; the others by

Mowers;

Mowers; those of Autumn by Vintagers; and the last were pieces of Ice covered with others, born by Old Men all frozen, to cool the Liquors. *Pan* and *Diana*, at the noise of another Concert of Flutes and small Bag-pipes, besides, brought all sorts of exquisite Viands, some being the fruits of her own Housewifery, and the other of her Hunting; and all that upon so surprizing a Machine in the form of a Rock, shadowed with variety of Trees, that one would believe it to be an absolute Enchantment: for you might see it carried up into the Air, without understanding the art which caused its motion. The Controlers General, who went under the Names of *Abundance*, *Joy*, *Property*, and *Good Chear*, did as suddenly cover the Table of a new invention with all these things; and all this done by the hands of *Pleasure*, *Sport*, *Laughter*, and *Delight*, which were so many disguised Officers. Was not this truely Royal, Madam? and is not your Highness delighted with the rehearsal thereof? But this is not all; for I must tell you how these noble Spectacles did afford me matter of perplexity.

That which I have given you a description of, was but the Divertisement of one day, and they continued the Festival Solemnities all along more gallant the one than the other, from the Seventh of *May* to the Thirteenth

teenth day: judge you, Madam, what this muſt needs be; ſometimes Muſick of all ſorts, new Feaſts, Lotteries, other Courſes at the Ring, artificial Fire-works; all this was there ſeen, without forgetting the Great Ballet of the demoliſhing of *Alcinous* his Palace, which was performed in the Floating Iſlands on the little Round; and was to my fancy the curiouſeſt thing, and an Enterprize moſt worthy ſo Great a Monarch.

The ſecond day, as they were acting the Comedy of the Princes *d'Elide*, I was ſeated between two fair Ladies; one very Proper, Moroſe, and Coy; the other Frollickiſh, or rather Wanton, which diſcourſed a thouſand fooliſh things to me, and oblig'd me to tell her ſome alſo. I could adde that I would do it, if I were not aſham'd of ſuch filthineſs; but yet I am engag'd, and theſe things are too conſiderable a part of my Hiſtory to ſuppreſs them; your Highneſs will accept of them as they ought to be taken, and I will, if I can, write them ſo likewiſe.

After I had ſufficiently cajol'd, and demanded ſuch favours which I thought would never be granted, that fooliſh Girl took me by the hand when the Play was over, and whiſpering in my ear, *Go*, ſaid ſhe, *come and lead me back, you are too comely to be denied any thing.* This happineſs, which would have charmed any other, put me into a fit of trembling,

bling, and I made her a very untoward anſwer, and how could I do otherwiſe? I did not put by this Paſs, but quitted her aſſoon as ſhe ſpake, as if I had believed ſhe would have play'd the Droll with me, withal telling her, that though I was an abſolute *German*, I could ſee when they intended to make me ridiculous, and that I ſhould finde more ſincere fair ones in other places.

The Lady to revenge her ſelf upon me for this coldneſs, in a true kinde of Mockery conſulted the day following to cauſe the groſſeſt untrue contradictions in the world to be ſung of me, which however were not ſo taken by others; for they made me paſs for the moſt redoubted Gallant of the Court. Next day there was a great Challenge of running at the Ring, which the Duke *de* St. *Agnan* won againſt Monſieur *de*—— and on the which he had compoſed certain Verſes dedicated to the Ladies; hereupon a drolling Wit ſaid, That this Duke had done nothing in being Conquerour of the Great—— if he were not mine alſo, and all this with its Alluſions and Myſteries. In ſhort, in few days I was accounted ſo dangerous a Cavalier, and ſo expert in Courtſhip, (but in the mean while let us ſay withal, Madam, that if all thoſe that have the ſame Repute have not a more juſt Title to it, 'tis a thouſand pities) and they had contracted ſo good an opinion of me,

that

that beſides the bruit which reached the ears of the true Prince's Parents, I had another Task, to anſwer to a thouſand fair Curioſa's, of whom my neceſſary Ingratitude made ſo many troubleſome Enemies.

But the neweſt and moſt terrible Adventure was, that the other of theſe two Ladies, which I told you looked ſo grave and ſcornful, had not a Heart leſs ſenſible; and after ſeveral tender converſations that we had together at the Queen's, ſhe endeavoured more obſtinately than any of the reſt to diſcover whether what was reported of my Gallantry were not a falſe rumour. She gave me to underſtand the eſteem ſhe had for me; at firſt, by proffers of her Service upon all occaſions offered; then by her amorous Notes, that the moſt Phlegmatick *German* of that Nation might have apprehended them; and finally, by word of Mouth by one of her Women, which took away all pretence of pleading Ignorance.

I muſt not Romance; I thought my ſelf undone, ſhe was not a Lady to be treated by me as I had done ſeveral wealthy Goſſips: There was ſome danger after all this her forwardneſs, not to anſwer directly and readily to her deſires; and her She-confident had endeavour'd as much as lay in her power to make me ſenſible of it beforehand. Nor beſides durſt I diſcover unto her my Sex; there

there had been no prudence at all in that, my Secret might have been committed to ill-diſpoſed perſons; and the very vexation which the Lady her ſelf might have conceiv'd, to ſee one of great importance to her ſelf made known to me, would poſſibly have made uſe of it to do me an injury.

Another circumſtance did alſo greatly alarm me, which is, that ſhe underſtood, I know not by what means, that I was not the real Prince *de Salmes*, and that ſhe did not thereby onely diſcover the ſole reaſon of her Love. To what reſolution was I driven at laſt? to feign a kinde acceptance of the great Honour ſhe conferr'd upon me, and to be impatient till I came to the fruition thereof, and then to leave the Kingdom with all poſſible ſpeed, before the expiration of thoſe three days which ſhe allowed me for preparation, though I know not for what reaſon. I conſulted St. *Canal*, who was more aſtoniſhed than I aſſoon as he heard it: He told me I muſt not waver, but be, and I was, in a readineſs next day to execute this reſolution, if the unexpected meeting with the Earl of *Engleſac*, who had at length obtain'd his pardon, and was arriv'd at *Paris* that very night, had not given me occaſion to alter all my Meaſures. We muſt acquaint you with the things that hapned in this Rencounter, as well as the reſt of the paſſages.

I

I us'd to ſteer my courſe every morning to a Gentlewomans houſe, where they reported that the fair Madam *de Luidre* attracted me: others were perſwaded that it was the moſt charming Lady Mademoiſelle *de Fiennes*; but that is little material to my preſent Relation.

As I was going thither the very evening that I had received the Meſſage, for fear they ſhould finde me out to tell it me, I met at the very firſt the young Earl of *Engleſac*, with the Chevalier *de Lorrain*, the Marquiſs *de Villeroy*, the Prince of *Monaco*, the Gallant *Benſerade* which your Highneſs ſo much admires, and ſome other perſons of Quality, very much altered in truth from what he was at *Bruſſels*; for he did Laugh, Sing, was no longer in Love, or if he were amorous, it ſeem'd at leaſt that it was not at all of me.

And although he was not oblig'd to kill himſelf with Melancholy in my abſence any more than hitherto I had done in his, and that perhaps alſo he thought he might to no purpoſe have tormented himſelf in continuing faithful to me: I was however infinitely ſurprized to finde him ſo diſengag'd, and this aſtoniſhment was the reaſon that I did not accoſt the Ladies with my uſual good Addreſs. *Engleſac*, who was newly arriv'd, covered all over with Duſt, to ſee this Man that was of ſo great Reputation, was not leſs ſupriz'd

when

when he caſt his Eyes upon me, and had like to have ſpoil'd all in framing ridiculous Imaginations within himſelf: for he confeſs'd to me ſince, that he fancied they had diſguiſed me on purpoſe, as a piece of Court-Gallantry, knowing how much he was enamoured with me; but what a ſhew might that have made as to outward appearance, and eſpecially in that place where we were at that time?

But that which perplexed him far more was, that he boaſted he was particularly acquainted with the young *de Salmes* in *Germany*, which was certainly true; and having condeſcended, as I may ſo ſay, to come thither this evening upon no other account, but onely to complement him upon the fame of his valour, he intended to make his addreſs to him onely. The Adventure was pleaſant; he expoſed me, if he believ'd 'twas I, in not pretending to know me for the Prince *de Salmes*; and I, on my own part, had betray'd my ſelf, if my confuſion at the ſight of him ſhould continue; yet we departed both in good time to our advantage, doing both of us our Devoir. Methinks I ſtill hear that fooliſh Complement he beſtowed on me, embracing me as if I had been the Prince; which he intermixed with ſuch and ſo many Tranſports, that, to prevent the miſchief which was ready to fall upon us, I was conſtrained

to

to make greater protestations than otherwise I intended, and to give him to understand in one or two words, of what Importance it would prove for him to act well this disguis'd humour.

When we came from thence, he went into my Coach, to re-conduct me to my apartment; and your Highness I presume will dispense with the Relation of all that this transported Lover did say through excessive Joy, who was not so disengaged from my Bonds as I believed him to be. I never in all my life saw a man more pleas'd and Amorous; the Tears, Sighs; the Alasses, the Exclamations of Joy, the Deviations and Hesitances in discourse; and all this to prevent my doubting that there could arrive a greater felicity to him, than to see me once again: he had continued the prosecution of his Follies till next morning, if I would have permitted him.

But yet this did not root out of my minde the Resolution I had made to quit *Paris* assoon as possible, to avoid the misfortunes that threatned me; and I did interrupt him, to make him my Confident herein. *What think you of it*, said I, *and what would you advise me to do? I am very much turmoil'd*, said he, *and I foresee much trouble in flying, as well as residing here. If you depart, this Marchioness knows that you are not the Prince de*

Salmes;

Salmes; *she is stor'd with secret Intrigues, and wants but a will to procure your prejudice from some other hand, not onely before you depart the Kingdom, but where-ever you shall arrive. Also if you stay, I do verily believe that you will be exposed to many great perils. She is taken for a Virtuosa, and they, when they have once run a risque, so as to communicate their Secrets to one that may discover them, leave no Stone unturn'd to put them quite out of danger. The least thing you can do, is to discover your Sex to her, to prevent those private Ambushes; and when once discovered, one of these two things will happen; either good use will be made of it, or it will be divulged. If it become divulged,* Meneza *will assoon be acquainted with it, and send to have you carried away by force, without a possibility of justifying your self against the apparent reasons of his Complaints. If the Lady makes good use of it, I shall not be a jot the less depriv'd of the enjoyment of your Society here as frequently as my desires will prompt me to it, and the opportunity that proffers it me. The Reasons of Decency and Conveniency will plague us to Hell.* (You may judge by this, Madam, what pretension the Earl made.) In fine, this Fondling added (whose fresh Joy did obstruct his Affliction for my Perplexities) *All this is very cruel indeed; and if I were not afraid of being guilty of Infidelity to you, I should rather go and disengage your Honour, by satisfying the Lady*

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under your name, and in your place, till we ſhould be at leiſure to take other Meaſures.

This fancie of his created laughter in me, becauſe that in truth 'twas the beſt expedient; and that he ſhould ſay, if he were not fearful of his breach of Faith to me; which I think, in effect, had been to do ſo, if a perſon more ſubject to Jealouſie than my ſelf had been Judge of it, and would have laid the whole burthen upon his Shoulders. It may be as to the remainder, they will accuſe me of too little Nicety; but to ſpeak freely, I never could admit of certain Jealouſies, which in my opinion ſeem to be too deeply engaged in the Senſes: the aſſurance of an undivided Heart hath hitherto, and ſhall ever ſatisfie me. Every one has his method of Love, and I believe I am more dainty than the daintieſt of them all, by loving in this manner. *An Infidelity!* I replied very nimbly, *really, Sir, I pretend not that 'tis poſſible for you to be guilty of whilſt I am wedded to a Husband: I deſire nothing of you, and you are free to beſtow all you have upon whom you pleaſe.* We preſs'd this Converſation even to extravagance; and as long as we found an humour or occaſion of Raillery. Then at laſt the concluſion was, that maugre all the Remonſtrances and Proteſtations of St. *Canal*, who out of mere fear was returned home, I ſhould conſent to this obliging Cheat to be put on the Marchioneſs,

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and without diſſimulation, Madam, now that I am grown ſomewhat wiſer than I was, I admire at my temerity in that particular.

The Earl was a comely perſon about my pitch, and might paſs for me in a buſineſs with a Lady that had the precaution to admit of no Lights during the exerciſe of their Pleaſures, and which had not ſo much time at command as ſhe would willingly have to gratifie her Lovers. I informed him with every particular of the moſt minute Circumſtances of all that befel me ſince I appeared at Court, that he might not commit any ridiculous miſtake. When he returned, he gave me an account of the Tranſactions between them. (O how confident am I to relate all theſe things to your Highneſs!) Theſe mutual Inſtructions of Nocturnal and Diurnal Secrets continued for ſome time. In fine, the Intrigue laſted till the Ladies Husband, having, I know not by what means, intercepted ſome of her Letters with the Anſwers, written in my own hand, grew extreamly Jealous, and put Spies over us. Now, Madam, we come to the unravelling of ſo many Comedies as I have acted.

After this Jealouſie had continued fifteen days, the Marquiſs as yet not believing that he had ſufficient reaſon to convince his Wife of unchaſtity, the King had an ambition to beſtow a new Regalo on the Ladies, whom he

he led unvail'd to the Plain of *Trevers*, cloth'd like *Amazons*. My Marchioneſs, that fancied not ſplendid Pleaſures, returned to *Paris*, and imagining that Monſieur her Husband would not leave the King as he had ſaid, ſhe wrote to me ſhe was alone, and deſired my Company to play with her. I went thither trembling all the way, not for fear of what befel me upon the account of her Husband; (for I did not foreſee that) but leſt ſhe ſhould ask me to play at ſome Game, which I was unacquainted with; nor was this without reaſon: I had had a ſhrewd task to undergo, if the Husband had not entred the Chamber juſt as the Lady was urging me with earneſtneſs to make the beſt uſe of our Solitude; and I could bring none but very weak reaſons to defend my ſelf. I know not whether the ſurprize of his arrival did poſſeſs me with more pleaſure than fear.

He had hid himſelf, by the Inſtruction of one of his Domeſticks, in a place where he might hear all; and having been too palpably convinced of our converſation by our entertainments, void of all patience, he was coming to ſacrifice us both to his Honour. The Marchioneſs, who heard him firſt, as he came through the Hall, cried out aloud, and running full ſpeed into the Garden, one Door whereof anſwered to her Appartment, ſhut it upon her ſelf, and left me ſolely expoſed to

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the fury of her Husband. In the interim ſhe ſecured her ſelf in a Nunnery, which was oppolite to another Door of the ſame Garden. As to my own particular, I thought my laſt hour was come; for this man being the more enraged by his Wife's eſcape, came to me with Sword mounted, ſaying, his Eyes ſparkling with indignation, *Ah! Traytor, thou muſt dye.* All that I could do, was to put by his Paſs as well as I could, till he changed his reſolution to kill me on the place, for another of ſuffering a more lingring and cruel death. He diſarmed me; and calling his Servants one by one to treat me the more rudely, commanded them to diſrobe me; it was perhaps to flea me alive, for the Cook was there alſo among them.

Judge you, Madam, what a ſhame it was for me, when notwithſtanding all my reſiſtance, my Tears, and Proteſtations, to make this Jealous-pate ſenſible that I was never capable of doing him that injury which he imagined I was already guilty of, theſe butcherly Fellows began to tear off my Clothes; till my Neck appeared bare to them: but in fine, there was no more to be done, and I was alſo very happy in that they did perceive I was but a Woman.

The Marquiſs could never appear in a greater confuſion than he was in at that preſent; and changing ſuddenly his Choler into pro-

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found Sorrow, that he ſhould offer to treat me (as he ſaid) ſo fair a Creature ſo roughly. *Ah!* ſaid he with a loud Voice, *Madam! What was your intention? and why have you compell'd me to be Conſcious of ſo hainous a Crime?* He beg'd my Pardon on his Knees, ſent back all his Servants, came and cloſed my Hands with a gentle ſqueeze, beſeeching me to forgive him what he had ſo lately done; he kiſſed them a thouſand times: and yet I my ſelf, during all theſe paſſages, did ſcarce know where I was, ſo much terrour and confuſion had ſeized me. To conclude, Madam, he added many ſpecious Proteſtations, to give reparation for my diſcontent occaſioned by him, if I would but inform him who I was; and told me, that he believed himſelf a Lord great enough to perform that; and, in a word, he grew ſo milde, that in any danger of my Life, where I ſhould have thought to have found my ſelf a minute ſooner (I muſt tell your Highneſs this piece of foolery alſo) the greateſt hazard that I ran that day, was not that of being kill'd onely.

But the beſt part of the Adventure was, that when the Marquiſs was hereby convinced of the fidelity of his Wife, he thought himſelf obliged to go and ask her Pardon alſo, and to laugh with her at this his Extravagance. The poor Lady did not know what Interpretation to make of the Story he told

hes, and thought he had invented it, to shelter his Honour from the noise that he had newly made to no purpose: Yet in short, she knew very well it was not a Female that had charmed her every night. The Oaths wherewith the Marquiss endeavoured to perswade the Religious woman that he spake truth, seem'd to her but as so many Snares which he spread to entrap her; but when several of the menial Servants testified the matter in hand, and reported what they had seen with their own Eyes, she look'd like one drop'd out of the Clowds. The Husband for his part knew not what to think of the obstinacy and terrours of his Wife, and they were both of them just at their Wits end.

But now I must bid adieu to my Secret from that very moment. What Promises soever the Marquiss had made me to be mute and never discourse it, too many people knew it, so that it could not be longer concealed. The Rumour was spread all over the Court, which gave way to much Raillery, and great Astonishment; especially among those Ladies that thought otherwise of me. Now I was forc'd to take upon me again the Equipage of my own Sex; for I had not Confidence enough to continue any longer in Man's Apparel after this. I stood at last in need of all the subtlety imaginable, to invent Romances that might satisfie the Inquisitive, and hinder

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the knowledge of my true History. I gave it out, that I was the fair Marchioness *de Castelanne*, which had not long since so Tragical an end; and that I was willing thus to fly the persecution of my Husband's Brethren, who were in quest of me, designing nothing but my Assassination.

But all my Contrivances could not long shrowd me from the last blows that Fortune intended me; for every one recollecting himself by degrees what search my Husband had caused to be made for his Wife in *France* the precedent Moneth of *January*, did immediately thereupon conjecture, that I was rather the Marchioness of *Meneza* than of *Castellanne*, which many people could not discern in the Symmetry and Proportion of my Face.

The Count of *Englesac*'s fixing of himself near me, the remembrance of what pass'd between us, when we met with one another at the Royal Palace with the young Ladies, and what they had learn'd of his Love and Duel, all this contributed very much to the Suspition: and in fine, many other Circumstances carried the report of those Accidents which had befallen me, even to the knowledge of the Aged *Meneza*, who lay languishing through Grief and Distempers at *Brussels*; and assoon as he understood it, wrote to the Queen-Mother, to supplicate her Majesty to send me back into *Flanders*.

The Houſe of the Duke *de Guiſe* was then my Sanctuary; and the Earl of *Engleſac*, thinking that I could not be ſafe enough in any Cloiſter, did rather chuſe to truſt me to the Generoſity of the Duke, who knew me, and had proffer'd me both Silence and Protection. 'Tis true alſo that he gave me great cauſe to commend him for his Treatment; and if he intermixed ſome Efforts to perſwade me to return him thanks ſome other way than barely by words, yet he left me wholly at liberty to do it, or not. I was infinitely ſurpriz'd when I ſaw this Prince, earlier than uſual, enter my Appartment, and ſay unto me with Tears in his Eyes; *'Tis death to me, Madam, to come here to diſturb your Repoſe; but a plenary Power commands me to ſee you take Coach, and to commit you to the Cuſtody of three Ladies, who are appointed to conduct you to the Queen-Mother, who will ſee you. You muſt not flatter your ſelf, Madam,* continued he, *ſeeing that I received this News with a kinde of indifferent Indignation, as if I had divin'd the principal thing which they conceal'd from me; I believe it is to carry you back to your Husband at* Bruſſels. *I wiſh to God that the Traytors that diſcovered the place of your Reſidence had been in the center of the bottomleſs Abyſs, or that I my ſelf had been dead before the detection of this Treachery.* He Crowned all theſe melting Expreſſions with Tears, which this

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Noble Prince, if I miſtake not, could command at pleaſure. And I replied, *Your Highneſs jeſts with me, and I am better fortified than your ſelf; I merit not the Affliction which you take upon you for a thing which is indifferent to me. I have endeavoured to avoid my Misfortune, but could not effect it; my Deſtiny has more Stratagems than I have Policy. Well, Sir,* I added, *we muſt ſatisfie the Queen, and expect my better Fortune. She is not the moſt conſtant thing in the world as to my Concerns; and though ſhe never beſtow on me durable Kindneſſes, yet ſhe never permits my Miſchances to be long-liv'd.*

He lent me his Hand to the Coach, which I ſaw guarded by twenty *Flemiſh* Troopers; and I thought the deſpicable Earl of *Engleſac* was ready to implunge himſelf into deſpair in the Hall where he was, whence he durſt not follow me but with his Eyes: yet whether I had in truth ſome grandeur of Spirit extraordinary, or ſome ſecret Precognition or Foreknowledge that this Diſgrace would not be of any long continuance; I ſeem'd to have no farther commotions; I took my leave of all thoſe who were preſent when I entred the Coach, with a ſmile; and placing my ſelf with my *Merinvil*, who proved faithful to me all along, they made me travel the Road to *Flanders*; but we were not far beyond *Peronne*, before I ſpi'd on both

ſides great probability that I ſhould ſoon be freed from that trouble which I foreknew; on the one hand, becauſe *Engleſac*, being reſolved either to ruinate himſelf, or ſet me again at liberty, having gathered together a great number of young Gentlemen maſked, he like a Lion, powring in upon the Troopers that guarded me, compelled them to free me, which they did very happily. This poor Earl, having taken me behinde him, to ſeparate me from my Enemies with the greater ſpeed, conducted me to a Caſtle belonging to one of his Gentlemen. On the other, having ſince that privately ſojourned fifteen days in that Caſtle, I perceived, in the very ſame Road, looking out of the Window, a Retinue, whoſe Livery I thought I muſt needs know; and in truth it was that of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, who came Poſt to *Paris* to ſeek after me, and to acquaint me that the Marquiſs *de Mancia* was deceaſed; this laſt news of my recovered Freedom having acceſſerated his Death.

The Earl took Horſe to meet her; and I cannot expreſs to your Highneſs the Joy that ravifhed him, when he underſtood the occaſion of ſo precipitate a Journey: he had ſcarce the patience to advertiſe her that I was ſafe in that Caſtle, and to conduct her thither, for haſte to come and acquaint me with what they had told him. He was wholly tranſported,

ted, making ſignes to me by waving his Hat, running full ſpeed, and crying out as loud as he could, *Chear up, Madam, chear up, your Misfortunes are drawn to a period; for the Jealous Gentleman is dead.* The Marchioneſs of *Sevil* arrived a little after, who confirm'd it to me; and from that very day the Earl of *Engleſac* embracing the Knees of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*; *Ah! Madam*, ſaid he, *aſſiſt me, I beſeech you, in the regaining of my deareſt Miſtreſs, that ſo many Misfortunes have deprived me of for ſo conſiderable a time.* This Tranſport could not be more advantageouſly managed; for it touched the Marchioneſs home, and aſſaulted her Weakneſs. She wept, we all wept; and the concluſion was, that after the time of mourning was over, ſhe would bequeath to me a great part of her Eſtate, that the Counteſs of *Engleſac* might the better approve of her Son's Marriage with me.

Here, Madam, you have one part of the Hiſtory which you earneſtly deſir'd me to inſtruct you in. The fear that I have to fatigue your Highneſs by too prolix a Reading, forces me to refer the recital of what even'd to me after my Eſpouſals with the young Earl, to another opportunity.

In the mean time, I moſt humbly ſupplicate your Highneſs to believe that I have related nothing to you but Truth: That I ſhall be ever ready to diſcloſe to you

my moſt private Errours, and what injurious conſtruction ſoever my Adverſaries would put upon them. Appearance, which often deceives, has been all the Crime in my Conduct.

Your Highneſs

moſt Humble

and

moſt Obedient Servant,

H. S. D. M.

THE

THE ADVENTURES AND MEMOIRES OF *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere.*

PART the III.

IT might well be judged, Madam, that we were in a ſtate of Tranquillity and Repoſe, after we had taſted of the Generoſity of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*; and with theſe perſwations, I avow to your Highneſs, that we reliſhed already the moſt raviſhing Tranſports of Joy, when they ſucceed the moſt tedious Griefs. Our thoughts were wholly employed about the Conſummation of that happy Marriage, even before the expiration of the accuſtomed time of Mourning; we delay'd the time, as if all things had depended ſolely upon our ſelves.

But we reckoned without Fortune, who was none of our Friends. She had made a vow that the Earl of *Engleſac*'s Adventures ſhould deſervedly run parallel with mine before he ſhould be happy; and in her opinion he had not as yet met with ſufficient Croſſes. She would make him deſerve by an infinity of other Troubles to be my Heroe, and that that ſhould make me fall into new Extravagances. I am perſwaded the relation will divert your Highneſs no leſs than what you have already peruſed; my Fate having hitherto taken care to have me ill, but pleaſantly treated.

And firſt, Madam, at the ſame time that we projected ſuch fine things, there muſt needs be a ſeparation between us of 200 Leagues diſtance and better; nor was this the moſt terrible Adventure that could happen to Lovers.

The Earl's friends affirm'd, that 'twas neceſſary he ſhould go to *Languedoc*, to amuſe Madam his Mother, who had not ſeen him ſince his return to *France*; whilſt I ſhould travel to *Bruſſels* with the Marchioneſs of *Se-*, to demand my Dower, and juſtifie my former Conduct as well as I could. There were alſo ſome other reaſons that required it; for 'twas not the way to make the beſt advantage of the death of a Jealous Husband (who ſeem'd to leave this world on purpoſe

to

to withdraw us from a nice buſineſs) to be convinced that he could carry me away by force, if he ſhould continue near me without ſucceſs. He took leave of me drowned with Tears; and that very day we travelled one from the other by different ways, where we begin the Third part of this Romance.

For my own part, I had not ſo much trouble as I thought, to obtain the favour of thoſe of *Bruſſels*. They remembred my frollickiſh humour without malitious Reflections. They had well weighed with what Innocence I could be able to endure this counterfeit Steward in my Husband's houſe, who entred not by my conſent or approbation. Beſides, they did imagine to my greater advantage, what an Aged *Spaniard*, who thought himſelf convinced of the infidelity of a Wife from ſixteen to ſeventeen years of age, could poſſibly reſolve againſt her; and no body thought it ſtrange that I endeavoured to avoid a tedious puniſhment.

In a word, my Diſguiſe in the habit of a Man, was attributed to the neceſſity of abſconding my ſelf from a Husband, who was a potent Lord, and had long Arms: and as for my Adventures, 'twas ſaid that I did not ſeek them; nor did they look upon it as a thing inconſiderable, that I, ſporting with Fortune, who plai'd the wag with me, ſhould extricate my ſelf, chargeable with ſo few ſuſpitions;

ſpitions; and I ſay ſo few, Madam, becauſe they imagined, and that not without cauſe, that the abſolute neceſſity of concealing my ſelf, had engaged me to be prudent, as well as my innate vertue; and permitted me at the moſt onely to make other women to miſcarry.

Beſides, the major part of the *Flemiſh* Ladies, I ſay the moſt rigid, did not look upon me with a more evil Eye: They did not ſo much as open their Mouth, but onely to bemoan my Misfortunes. Nay, I am apt to believe, that to plead my Juſtification throughly, I put ſome of them in the way to juſtifie my former proceedings; for the Counteſs *de Cardonnoy* did as much five or ſix days after my arrival, and fled in Man's Apparel from her Husband's houſe, who Treated her too inhumanely. You may poſſibly have heard all the particulars of that Story, for the Lady took Sanctuary in your Highneſſes Coun-

Yet I did not procure my Dower without a Suit at Law with my Husband's Heir, who was his Nephew, and called *Meneza* alſo: Beſides, it had proved an intricate buſineſs when he grew Amorous, and which would have continued a long time e're I could have accompliſhed it, if a Brother of this *Meneza*, who was Governour of ſeveral places in *the East Indies*, under the King of *Spain*, had not been.

been ſo audacious as to declare himſelf King. This News coming luckily to the Marquiſs of *Caſtel-Rodrigo*, with Orders to ſecure all the Relations of this new Monarque, the good Gentleman was taken into cuſtody; which tended ſomewhat to the advantage, or, at leaſt, expedition of this curious Enterprize: and this was all that I met with in this Country.

As for the Earl of *Engleſac*, he was not ſo happy in *Languedoc*. The Marquiſs *de Biragne*, who was reſolved not to loſe his pretentions, was very induſtrious, from time to time, to inform himſelf of all News. He was not ignorant of my good or bad Fortune: He knew that I was taken away by violence, and ſuſpected the Author of it. He underſtood that my Husband was dead: and, I know not by what means, he had diſcovered that the Earl and I had promiſed Marriage (probably 'twas by his friend Monſieur *de la Frette*, who was told it at *Bruſſels*.) But at length, to break the neck of all our deſignes, he ſaw him no ſooner arrived, but he put it in the head of Madam his Mother, to marry him with a She-Couſin of his, *Biragne* by name.

The perſon was Illuſtrious, and the name of *Biragne* correſpondent: Her Eſtate great, for ſhe was an Heireſs; and the Wit and Beauty of the Lady was much greater, which rendred her not onely worthy of the Alliance

of

of the Countess of *Englesae*, but of a Prince himself; so that I had no mean Rivalesse.

The Earl soon understood the Stratagem, which was the more intricate, because the Marquiss did revenge himself on him by all the apparent tokens of highest esteem, and that in effect that Marriage had proved a kinde of Fortune to him, if without the enjoyment of me there could be any for that faithful Lover.

Besides, as passionate as he was for me, he wanted not good Conduct; he rais'd this storm onely feignedly. He was not so great an Heretick as some are, who make it an Article of their Creed, that when a Man is amorous of a Woman, he is prohibited to play the Counterfeit gentilely with others, and that he must grossly offend them all, to make trial of his Fidelity. Besides, he was not a man that could do a publick injury to a young and fair person by a denial. And on the other hand, he could not do it without extreamly provoking his Mother, who was a severe Lady. What was his last resolution, think you? To love his new Mistriss, and to make his Amours to her: he behaved himself herein, as many tame-hearted men do, who judge it no great crime to dissemble with Ladies, what risque soever he runs, by that means falling in love with them; and all this in expectation of an opportunity to break off with them handsomely.

ſomely. He believing alſo, that it was not neceſſary for him to afflict me, by giving me to underſtand that he was obliged to have recourſe to his diſſimulation, he wrote nothing to me about it; which occaſioned a great confuſion.

Biragne, the moſt experienc'd Lover in the world, and the moſt perplexing Rival, two qualities inherent in him, which are no more to be diſputed, than that of a brave and accompliſh'd Gentleman: For in truth, he is ſuch as I Characterize him to be, he has a Nobler Spirit than all the Heroes in Hiſtory, put them together: He is one of the moſt Complaiſant Gentlemen in the whole Univerſe, when he is not unfortunate in his Love; and truely I ſhall not be diſturb'd if he ſhould hear that I do him this Juſtice, to publiſh his rare Qualities, to the end that he may the better excuſe the Complaints that I ſhall make of him in this inſuing Story. *Biragne*, I ſay, who knew that *de la Frette* at *Bruſſels* held a general Correſpondence of Intelligence by Letters with the Ladies of *Montpellier*, and with ſome others of his Neighbours, did not fail to make them write to this Gentleman about the Marriage which was in agitation.

La Frette, who frequently viſited the Marchioneſs of *Serii*, who had the goodneſs to flatter her ſelf that it was upon her own account,

account, acquainted him with this Novel; then he communicated it to me very cunningly, and with a deſigne the more malicious, becauſe he thought that would diſturb me, and revenge himſelf of me for my cruelties. I ſpeak thus, Madam, becauſe he was as yet one in the Catalogue of my Lovers, and that my Malevolent Stars had ſuch an Influence as to perſwade him, as well as many others, that I muſt not be ſeen without being beloved, or at leaſt, without being told ſo.

You may pretty well gueſs what I did then divine, underſtanding this news, which I did not ſuſpect the Ladies of *Montpellier* to have a hand in: beſides that it was not barely invented; yet for all that, 'twas ſomewhat irkſome to me at firſt to perſwade my ſelf that it was ſo; but at laſt my Capricio joyning with my Misfortune, I was ſo offended with the Earl, that without any farther examination of matters, I deſiſted altogether from writing to him. The Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, who was ſo fond as to diſcloſe all her Secrets to her dearly beloved Monſieur *de la Feuille*, went alſo, to compleat my Misfortune, and made him her Confident of this effect of my Choler; and he looked upon it as an happy occaſion, to ſupply the Earl's place in my Affection, if he could redouble the cauſes of my Defiance of him. He intercepted and ſuppreſſed ſome Letters he ſent to me,

me, which probably might have undeceiv'd me; and wherein he acquainted me, that my Silence was death to him: and I really believing that he did not care for writing to me any longer, fell into a grievous diſorder, and was made a Prey to that Paſſion which I concealed not without difficulty. In fine, I would needs go to reproach this perfidious Man with whatever came into my minde, before the face of his new Miſtriſs. All the reaſons that the Marchioneſs and *Merinvil* could alledge to diſſwade me from it, did, much ado, defer my departure for ſome days.

I had but one pretence to make, that I might take this Journey the more plauſibly; and having found it out, I parted with him and all my anger at once; or if you had rather have it ſo worded, with all my Jealouſie; for I really think it was ſo: but I muſt tell you what this pretence was.

I have diſcourſed to you elſewhere of the goodneſs of the Noble Duke *de Candale*; and I have acquainted you, that entreating the Sieur *de Moliere*, one of the Receivers in the Exchequer-Office, to adopt me, he had inſpir'd ſtrange paternal tenderneſs in this Man by vertue of his Money; the pretence took original from thence.

I always looked upon that Money as loſt, and thought it a very raſh thing to demand Reſtitution of his Heirs, not dreaming in the leaſt

least that the Duke had the pre-caution to take ſecurity for it. But the Marchioneſs, who was always a meet help to me in my exigencies, recollected her Memory as to this particular buſineſs, and informed me, that there was formerly ſome Writing ſeal'd, which ſhe did not well remember, about this Myſtery. She told me farther, that the Duke himſelf had depoſited it in the hands of a Frier belonging to the *Chartreux* of *Villeneuſe*, Procurator of the houſe at that very time; and that this *Chartreux* had made a promiſe to return me the Money if it ſhould happen that my Father the Exchequer-Officer ſhould not make the beſt advantage of it.

This Diſcovery rejoyced me beyond imagination; not ſo much for the benefits that might accrew to me thereby, as that this would be my true Paſs-port to *Languedoc*; and return'd the Marchioneſs Thanks with many repeated Embraces: and to the end I might teſtifie my acknowledgement of ſo great kindneſs, I did not amuſe my ſelf to diſpoſe her with Queſtions, by what Inte- ſhe was ſo well inform'd heretofore of all paſſages; nor what was the reaſon ſhe told me a ſyllable of it, from the time we met together at *Bourdeaux*. After took my intended Journey, accompa- all along with my faithful Servant *Me-* and an antient Man, who was my Gen-

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tleman-Usher. And what are we, Madam, when we are overtaken with any Passion? I never came soon enough to any of my Stages; I would have had a Coach that should have been some flying-Chariot, or I my self Wings, to be at *Montpellier* with the greater speed, where my Desires were lodg'd before my arrival.

However, at last I reach'd the place, and could have rested satisfied with my diligence, if it had not prov'd unsuccessful: for I was soon assured when I came thither, that the Earl of *Englesac* was not in that Country.

The anxiety of my Minde for not receiving any more Letters, and the rumour that *Biragus* had purposely spread abroad of some new Passion that I entertained; his Jealousie, Spight, and Anger, which were as vehement on his part as my own; All these together had forced him to leave his Mother and Mistris rudely, without bidding them adieu. He took Post for *Flanders*, to come and upbraid me there, at the very same time when I came with the like intent to *Languedoc*, and had left no other hint with his Servants of the cause of his departure, but some suspition of a new Duel, which had already forced tears from all persons interessed.

How great, Madam, think you, was my Amazement when I arrived! not when I understood

derſtood all theſe circumſtances; for I was not acquainted with them, till the Earl had inſtructed me with them at his return; but when I heard it reported that they knew not what was become of him!

And to heighten my diſcontent, the Marquiſs *de Biragne* met me that very day at *Montpellier*, and coming to ſee me, he put it into my head, that the pretence of this Duel was taken from the bruit of my coming, that he might not be engag'd to apologize for the Marriage. The Impoſture took, and I believe'd it; although if I had made but ſome ſlight Reflections upon it, I had ſoon found his Story impoſſible. My Affliction was extraordinary; but I omit diſcourſing of it, to turn my thoughts again upon the malice of the Marquiſs *de Biragne*. When I reflect, Madam, upon the means that he us'd to perſwade me what he pleas'd, I could not forbear crying out, It is the greateſt miſchief that can oppreſs a Lady, to have ſuch a burthen as a ſecond Lover like him, and not to be able to love two men at one and the ſame time.

Yet his expectation was fruſtrated, in thinking to tranſport me to the extremity of anger againſt *Engleſac*, which tended onely to increaſe my adverſion againſt himſelf, whom I accus'd as the Author of all my Diſengements.

I was forced to exclaim bitterly, maugre

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the reſolution I had taken to feign that I came not thither to ſee the Earl: O how I am abſolutely deſtin'd to conſtant Sufferings! Then looking on the Marquiſs, with a menacing Eye, and full of Tears; *Be gone, Sir*, ſaid I, *and ſecure your ſelf from my preſence; your onely Treaſons, your Remiſneſs ſolely have made me loſe Monſieur* Engleſac, *if it be true that I have loſt him; and you are too audacious to come notwithſtanding this, and inſult over me with your Viſits, after that you have been the cauſe of all the miſeries of my Life, after you have rendred me the Fable of the whole World.*

He was very much aſtoniſhed, and did not expect this roughneſs from me. He bluſhed, and looked pale at ſome other paſſages in my diſcourſe: He knew not how to anſwer me, he was ſo diſtracted; for which I ask his Pardon, now that nothing more does engage me to be his Enemy.

I came again to my ſelf a little after I had been thus violently tranſported; which fell out ſo luckily, that it appear'd onely to him, and ſo was not divulged: he would not be too impetuous with me, having not as yet loſt the hope of reducing me one day to a Compliance with his deſires; and the day following I departed to go to the *Chartreux* and demand my Writing; which I found, and had, and returned back with it to put it into the hands of thoſe that belong to the Palace, to com-

commence a Suit about it; which did amaze abundance of people, who dream'd of nothing leſs. I was viſited, fawn'd upon, and menaced by the parties intereſted. They propoſed an accommodation, which was begun, broken off, and renewed; and at laſt I was ſatisfied by my Debtors in proceſs of time. But that is too forrain to my Subject, and therefore I leave it.

I charged my old Gentleman-Uſher with the care of theſe ſlight Intereſts; and my anguiſh rendring my ſojourning in the City grievous, I left it, in order to my going into the Abbeſs of *Engleſac*'s Covent. I was too happy in finding her ſtill to eſpouſe my intereſt vigorouſly, and that I perceived by her I might diſcourſe with her ſometimes about my unfortunate Amours; for ſhe was my Confident, and I her's, and ſhe never could blame her Nephew for the Love he bore me.

Yet for all this, I was there the three or four firſt days, without being capable of any conſolation upon the account of the Infidelity which I thought was offered me. Nay farther, I had the diſpleaſure to ſee my Rivaleſs come thither, to feel a ſtrange palpitation of the Heart at the ſight of her, and to finde her in my opinion very worthy of Love. She had taken an occaſion to viſit the Abbeſs with Madam *de Engleſac*, whoſe Siſter ſhe was; poſſibly out of more curioſity to try

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if I were as beautiful as I was repreſented, and ſo out of Envy to Triumph over me.

'Tis true, I had reaſon to believe that, at leaſt, I had put her in as great a fear; for ſhe ſeemed not leſs perplexed than my ſelf. She never opened her Mouth to anſwer what the Lady Abbeſs ſaid, but 'twas a trouble to her. And we did nothing but examine one the other very diſdainfully, and by turns, from the very Head to the Foot; at ſuch diſtance were we; and ſo Jealous had the reciprocal anger of each other rendred us, when we found there was cauſe of Fear on both ſides.

I ſhall hardly ever forget this Interview, which alone was a ſufficient Recompenſation for all the Vexations that I had already undergone; and if I may ſo ſpeak, the Damſel did very well to die of the Small Pox preſently after, to eſcape the Revenge which I might have had of her; for I could not reſolve to pardon her, being ſo beautiful as to be capable to balance my Lover.

But beſides, Madam, the death of my Rivaleſs was a Rencounter worthy of my ſelf; ſhe found her ſelf ſeiz'd with the Small Pox a little after her Viſit, and bore the affliction of that diſgraceful Diſtemper, the terrour of all fair Ladies, very impatiently. She had been ſick nine days without any great danger; and they might eaſily have made it a Cure: but

but calling for her Looking-glaſs, and perceiving ſhe was deformed and pitted; *What ſhall I do*, ſaid ſhe, *in this world, ſince I have loſt all my Beauty?* She would take no farther courſe to ſave her Life; reſolved abſolutely to die; and departed ſome few days after, like a true Heroina. Yet ſhe did not gratifie my humour herein, without a vexatious purchaſe thereof. For, whilſt ſhe was alive, I learned that the Earl of *Engleſac* was returned, being heated with the report of her Diſtemper, and reſolved to marry her with all ſpeed. If your Highneſs be aſtoniſhed at this ſudden alteration, I will unriddle you the Ænigma, and diſcloſe the reaſons that he thought he had to return in this manner.

The officious Marquiſs *de Biragne* was the firſt that brought me this news; for he was the Meſſenger of all my Misfortunes; I was ready to die at the relation of it: After that, it was confirm'd to me by a man that I ſent purpoſely, who return'd me this anſwer: That the Earl, underſtanding he belong'd to me, would not ſo much as vouchſafe to ſee him. I was then within a ſmall matter quite out of my Senſes; I went out of the Cloiſter in ſpite of all the Remonſtrances of the Lady-Abbeſs, to go and meet this perfidious man in perſon. I entred, to the amazement of all that were there preſent, the Houſe, nay, the very Chamber where this ſick Lady lay,

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and was guilty of all the actions that could ſpeak me fondly fooliſh. And, to tell you the truth, this did not contribute any thing to the regaining of my Reputation; for this is not the way to eſtabliſh one's ſelf in the mindes of others: and 'tis ſometimes doing worſe, provided that one knows not how to counterfeit the prudent Woman diſcreetly.

O! how I was afflicted, Madam, to ſay no more, when I ſaw him there on both his Knees by the Bed-ſide acting the part of a dying man with my Rivaleſs: When I ſaw him take her by the Hands, lying on the Clothes, and kiſs them, praying for her Life with warm Tears, which he ſhed the more, and with the greater delight, becauſe he ſaw me there preſent; and heard him ſwear, that if the Small Pox ſhould make her the moſt deform'd perſon in the world, he ſhould love her ſtill more than the greateſt Beauty; I believe I had killed them both, if I had had Ability ſuitable to my Will, and that from my very entrance I had not been outraged, upon the firſt aſſault that was offered.

The ſick Lady, who ſoon perceiv'd the miſerable condition that I was in (and 'tis probable pitied me) ey'd me very earneſtly, as if ſhe had ſomewhat to impart to me; and ſeeing that I looked upon her with a fixed aſpect, elevated her voice as high as ſhe could

to ſpeak to me. *Shake off your trouble*, ſaid ſhe to me; *I deliver up to you with all my heart what my Life and Parents had almoſt deprived you of.* Then putting by gently the Earl of *Engleſac* with her Hand, and moving him a little toward my ſide, as if ſhe would oblige him to turn about; *Go, Sir, go*, ſaid ſhe, *'tis too great Diſſimulation, too great Cruelty toward a perſon that is ſo deeply in love with you: Marry her, and permit me to die quietly.*

The Lady *d' Engleſac* was very highly offended at theſe her laſt words, *Marry her*; and without any farther conſideration, her ſon led her preſently away, not ſo much as affording me a Look, to let her ſee at what a rate he contemned me, I know not what ſhe might have anſwered. He went out of the Caſtle, and I after him, led back at a ſufficient diſtance by the Marquiſs, who never wanted an occaſion to perſecute me, but diſcourſed to me at that time, though I heard him not.

I ſay nothing of my Actions ſince that day to the time of my Reconciliation with the Earl, which did not happen till above eight days after the death of Madam *de Birague*; for that was onely a time dedicated to Mourning. But this is the ground of that horrid Tranſportation, which made him take this courſe, to puniſh me in eſpouſing this Kinſwoman of the Marquiſs's.

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He rode Poſt to *Bruſſels* to accriminate me; and ſtaying one night at *Paris* to reſt himſelf, he heard by accident, that the young and true Prince *de Salmes*, lately arrived in *France*, was lodg'd at the Apartment of *Briſſac*, whence he newly came. It was this Prince whoſe Name I aſſumed the year before, and the ſame whom *Engleſac* thought to Compliment when they brought him to the Gentlewomans Daughters in the Palace Royal: for, as I have ſaid elſewhere, they knew one another in *Germany*.

They muſt needs renew their acquaintance and ſup together that night; and among the Meſſes that were ſerved up, we Ladies, who are diſcourſed of every where, made up one for their entertainment, during their Repaſt. The young *German* had ſtudied the humour and temper of the Court-Detractors, thinking them to be the greateſt Gallants. Nor was he of opinion that he had made ſufficient advantage of his Travels, if he had not taken delight to diſcourſe, upon all occaſions, of ſome good Fortune that had befallen him, and made them believe that he was intimate with all Ladies who were of a tickliſh Reputation: He heard me mentioned, to my misfortune, among thoſe that made up the Chronicle. They told him at *Paris* what had paſſed under his Name, and at *Bruſſels* alſo all that was known of me; as the Iſſue and

Circumſtances of my Proceedings at Law, my departure for *Languedoc*, where I went to manage a Suit at Law, and ſome other little Secrets, which might induce him to ſuſpect that he had particular converſation with me; and as he remembred, that the Earl was concern'd in the Intrigue, I was the firſt with whom he thought himſelf oblig'd to entertain him, for his better confirmation. He told him with a ſmile, that he had known me as well as himſelf, and that I had made him a moſt gentile acknowledgement for the good Offices which were done me by the uſurpation of his Name during my Diſguiſe.

What a ſtrange Adventure is this, Madam! What ſtrange News was this, for a Jealous and Tired Gentleman, who ſtaid at *Paris* onely that night to take a little Reſt? Do you not alſo admire at the madneſs of moſt young Men, who uſually rend our Reputation thus in pieces, when they know not ſo much as of what Complexion we are? for I vow to you, Madam, that this Prince *de Salmes* had never ſet eye on me, and that I never knew him for above fifteen Moneths afterward, and that by an Adventure at *la Place Royale*.

The Earl was not as yet in a capacity to ſuſpect me of Remiſneſs: But hearing a Story well managed, (for they did make it one) related by a young *German* Prince, the moſt faithful

faithful, ſincere, and true-hearted Nation in the whole World; and calling alſo to minde the report of my Gallantries, which reach'd to *Languedoc*, he was ſatisfied that I was criminal; and the indifference that he believed I ſhew'd for his Letters, to many of which I never returned an anſwer, did contribute to this his perſwaſion.

He counterfeited the diſpleaſure that he took at this news; and when the time came that they muſt take leave, he went to bed, where he remain'd till morning furiouſly enrag'd both with me and the *German*. He hath proteſted to me ſince, that he was tempted above a hundred times to go and poignard this indiſcreet Man in his own Chamber, and ſo to ſave the Marquiſs *de Trechateau* the labour of killing him two or three years after, as he did at *Nancy*.

I wept bitterly when I had from his own Mouth this grievous Manifeſtation, whereby I underſtood all theſe things; and I made an Oath never to forgive him the outrage he had done me in ſuſpecting of me. But what cannot a Lover do that is belov'd and penitent, and accompliſh'd, as the Earl of *Engleſac* was?

He came often to the Abby to beg my pardon, at leaſt to be ſo well adviſ'd as to prevent ſuch miſchiefs for the future; and what ſhall I ſay? in ſhort, he knew ſo cunningly

how to regain me, that in ſpite of Fortune, to whom I reſolved to afford, if there were occaſion, a new Subject of Diſcourſe, both concerning her and my ſelf. The Curate of *Nice* ſtood our friend in this Rencounter; and the next day in the morning I took my leave of the Abbeſs, to attend my Bridegroom at *Paris*, where we intended to be privately married by the Arch-Prieſt *de la Magdelaine*. And our Deſigne, Madam, had taken effect, if that the Demon *Biragne* had not met with us, whoſe Company was not at all deſired. He underſtood, I know not by what means, that the Curate of *Nice* had betroathed a young Gentleman and an indifferent handſome Lady. He advertis'd the Counteſs of *Engleſac*, that her Son endeavoured ſtill to amuſe her with diſſembled contempts of me, expecting to heat from me in order to our Matrimonial Conjunction. The Lady, according to her cuſtom, did fly out into great Paſſion, threatning to break off all; and I, who was too vain-glorious to diſpatch the Marriage till all was agreed upon, would not permit the Earl to proceed any farther, though he came Poſt to finde me out with that intent: and I was content to make trial of the credit of my Enemies, by the ſole chance of what they would do againſt the Eſpouſals. 'Tis here that I promiſe my ſelf Adventures, and that your Highneſs will blame me, and poſſibly laugh too in blaming of me. The

The Countess of *Inglesac* lost no time in going to *Paris*, where she arrived almost distracted, and threatning all the Curates with Death that should have the impudence to think of our Intermarriage. It were endless to endeavour to acquaint you with the Circumstances, all the Transports of this turbulent Woman, and all the tricks that she put upon me; 'tis sufficient to tell you, that her chief care was to spread abroad everywhere the Romances which I acquainted you withal in the Second Part of those Memoires that they had writ of my Life; and that immediately made them think ill of me, who possibly otherwise might have been gained to be of my Faction, if not prevented hereby. It was somewhat worse too, if possible, than that infamous Satyr, where the too-fair Lady *d'Olone* is unworthily decried by fabulous Stories, to have pleased, without doubt, some person which did not at all please her. To my first Misfortunes, and my innocent Intrigues, which they did traduce me for, the Lord knows how, they added farther, that Monsieur the Earl of *Soissons*, Messieurs *d'Armagnac*, *de Sault*, and *de Louvigny* were Heroes concern'd therein: However, I call them to witness whether they ever knew me or no. Monsieur the Duke *de Beaufort*, and he of *Nevers*, did walk with me by turns, the one at *Bouteux* in *la Ville l'Evesque*, and

the other, I know not where: Nay, Fortune her ſelf, where I never ſet foot, did complain of my Prophanations; and, having learned who I was, would not permit me to remain three days among thoſe Holy Penſionaries. What a horrid Reproach was this? In fine, Madam, all was full of ſuch kinde of Lies, or Praiſes, Peſts at beſt, and the reading thereof did ſo much the more injure my Reputation, by how much thoſe things ordinarily pleaſe and inſinuate, and that what was true, ſeem'd to vindicate all the reſt.

After all this the old Complaints to the Queen-Mother were renewed, who was at laſt tired to hear of nothing but my over-forward pranks for almoſt ſix years continuance; ſhe immediately fell into a great Paſſion of Anger againſt me, at leaſt as great as ſo good a Princeſs as ſhe was capable of, which never happned but upon the account of Vertue; and from thence proceeded the private Orders to diſcover my Retreat. For the Earl and I were at firſt conceal'd, to finde out what courſe they would take in this affair. This alſo was the reaſon that he, to ſecure himſelf of me, would lead me into I know not what place, if they had forced me out: and finally, the very detaining of the Earl, who (being informed of this ſcandalous Report, and not able to with-hold himſelf from ſhewing his Grief even at the feet of the Queen her ſelf,

where

where he indiſcreetly pretended to juſtifie me) found that the Order was alſo to ſecure himſelf.

He was detain'd, and, together with the news which was almoſt aſſoon brought me as done, I had the misfortune to fear that it was not for that onely that they had ſecured him, becauſe there were ſeveral other Rumours about it at the ſame time. But what did I do, Madam, think you, when this was told me again?

I perciev'd certainly that they ſought nothing more than my ruine, and that I had no more to do but to confine my ſelf to my retirement, which was ſafe, to avoid falling into the hands of my Enemies. They did not think of coming to finde me out in that place, which I will forbear naming with your Highneſſes permiſſion; for I have promiſed ſo to do, and you could never divine it. 'Tis enough to tell you 'twas a Monaſtery of Men, and that I was in a decent habit. Nay, I might have taken alſo Meaſures for many other things, there being no want of idle perſons, who were ready to ſerve me in any thing.

But it was unworthy a perſon of my Character to think of her own ſafety, when her Lover was ſo perſecuted, whereas that ſhould have turned to the advantage of both. An ordinary Spirited perſon, a Woman that had

not begun her Life as I have done, and which would not be ſo much as ſuſpected to have any relation to the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, might have buckled to ſuch a baſe Condeſcention: But I, Madam, ſcorn'd any reſt till I was aſſured of that of my dear *Engleſac*. I reſolved to go and preſent my ſelf at the *Louvre*, now it was my turn, to deſtroy my ſelf with him, or to ſave him; and I went to ſeek out the Queen-Mother even at the very *Val-de-Grace* ('tis true, that it was well I did commit that piece of folly) to demand the Death or Liberty of my Lover, and to acquaint her with many other melting and urgent particulars.

Madam, ſaid I, throwing my ſelf haſtily at her Feet, all bedew'd with Tears, and calling my ſelf by my Name, to the great ſatisfaction of ſome curious perſons, who were there preſent, *I do not appear here to ſupplicate your Majeſties better opinion of me. I can at another time better juſtifie my Innocence, which I have hitherto preſerved, notwithſtanding all my Miſfortunes: if your Majeſty would give me leave, I would bring in my defence the example of thoſe of your Court, whom bare Appearances, or Reaſon it ſelf, have deſtroyed; and the number of them are but too many. I could ſay, that it is ſufficient for the moſt part, to have ſome extraordinary qualities, but unſucceſsful; and that will be occaſion enough for Impudence thus to injure*

us in her Repute without any ſcruple, and that in this corrupt Age Detraction ſpares no body. That ſome of Madam Engleſac's *Friends, who dare not here eſpouſe my Quarrel before your Majeſty, cannot but know what they ſay of her Ladyſhip, who when ſhe flatters her ſelf with the opinion of being reputed a Vertuoſa by every one, a raſh Stranger that knows her onely by Name, (and I have had this Misfortune in my Life-time more than once) hath, it may be, made her his ſcandalous Heroina two hundred Leagues off, comprehends her in the recital of his Phantaſtick Intrigues. To conclude, Madam, I could not want Reaſons enough, but ſomething elſe inſpir'd me with the boldneſs of preſenting my ſelf to the ſight of an incenſed Queen. They torment, and violently force away the Earl of* Engleſac: *All the fault in this unfortunate Gentleman is, that he could never ſo much as bring my Vertue in queſtion, and that he was more clear-ſighted than other people. I come to offer my ſelf to all you can deſire of me, and to ſacrifice my Liberty for his; for doubtleſs he was onely deprived of it becauſe I was at Liberty. I come, if it muſt be ſo, to renounce him for ever, and confeſs the Calumny by rendring my ſelf Priſoner. I beſeech your Majeſty onely to have pity of him, and that you would give your Commands that he may live undiſturbed.*

I accompanied this noble Tranſport with many other Ornaments which I do not mention:

tion; and it ſeem'd novel, and prov'd ſucceſsful: for the Queen was hereby diverted. She ſaid, ſmiling to all her Retinue, that this was the Act of a tender and faithful Shelover. This did embolden ſome of her young Ladies to ſpeak ſomething in my behalf, and created at length a good inclination in her Majeſty to be kinde to me. She did aver, ſhe did not wonder that a perſon ſo accompliſh'd as my ſelf could be Innocent: and ſaid, ſhe could not reſtore my Lover to his Liberty; but that ſhe would grant me my own to defend my ſelf: and added farther, with a moſt obliging caſt of the Head, a kinde of Prayer, that I would vindicate my ſelf if poſſible.

God knows the vexation that this News brought to the Counteſs of *Engleſac*, who thought her ſelf freed from making any farther purſuit in order to my Deſtruction. She was almoſt deſperate; and would willingly have made more trouble, but all her malice ſignified nothing; and beſides, ſomething, I don't know what to call it, which ſpeaks for me in my Phyſiognomy, had already almoſt gain'd the Queen-Mother, becauſe the good and Vertuous Lady—— was ſtill of my ſide: ſhe loved, ſaid ſhe, paſſionately beautiful Women; and the envy ſhe had for the Vermilion of my Lips made her become one of my Friends, that ſhe might at ſome time have her

fill

fill of kiſſing me. What will your Highneſs think of this Effort of my Beauty? This Entry, I ſay, having gain'd on my ſide ſo conſiderable a perſon as ſhe was, 'twas impoſſible for the Counteſs of *Engleſac* to ſucceed any farther in her firſt Deſignes, and ſhe muſt deal with me the uſual way, that is, go to Law, which ſhe did.

Then, Madam, there began between us a great and long Litigious Conteſt; but leſs dangerous by far than the evil Offices that I received by ſecret Calumny, for I was forced at the leaſt to tell my reaſons. I was preſently appointed to appear before I know not what Judges: then the Parliament took notice of the buſineſs; the Council knew of it too in their turn; and in one of them I had a Counſellor that was in love with me, of whom I have ſomewhat to ſay.

The Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, who came to *Paris* from the firſt beginning of the Storm, defended me like her ſelf. The Counteſs *de Boſſu*, who ſtaid there in her return from *Rome*, joyn'd alſo the Credit which her deſert and noble Adventures could gain her in *France*, to other powerful Recommendations; and at laſt every Party made a Cabal. The Ladies *de Ville-Savin*, *de Berry*, and *D'Eſtrees*; two others who were Preſidenteſſes, and a great number of Vertuoſa's of all Qualities, with whom Scandal had loſt me, were for the

Counteſs

Countess of *Englesac*, at least I was told so. I had for me all the Ladies that pitied me in their Relation to them, and who would willingly have made it apparent in my Justification, that whatsoever had been said of themselves, might prove as false as what they had said of me. The fair Mareschales, among others, did do me greater service than any other person.

I had come to my ends with my Enemy, Madam, my fair Sollicitress having ever had a great ascendent upon theirs, if what they did for me had not prov'd unfortunate by my own fault, or rather that of my common Destiny.

At this time when all went very well, that they began to murmur against the *Vertuosa's*, and that they said they took too much delight in persecuting the Innocent; nay farther, when I was almost half Justified for want of proof against me, this evil Destiny did procure me some ridiculous Adventures, which increased the Informations, and had like to spoil all. The Counsellor, as I said, who assisted me, had part in some; and Monsieur the Lord *de*------ in others. I will relate them to you in course, and in few words, that I may come the more readily to the rest. I begin with my Lawyer.

He was a man of a Brown Complexion, about 34 or 35 years of age, handsome enough;

nough; and who believed also that Nature had not made him to divert himself onely with *French* Ladies. He was one of the Judges whose inclination or temper perswades them, that it is not a crime against the duty of their Charge, to make the Ladies purchase, not Justice, (for that were execrable) but the expedition of their Business, by some kinde of Favours.

This being suppos'd, I was not to be one of the Fortunate in Suits at Law, of whom he would take no Fee; and indeed it was not his intention, he onely trusted me. This foolish Fop, whose Extravagances would fill a Volume, had this among the most pleasant of them. He thought I should never love him sufficiently, if I were not satisfied that he was a brave fellow; and in this humour, one Evening when we were to run a Course, he had appointed three men to attaque our Chariot, and to fly assoon as he should be upon the Defensive part. The Bravery had succeeded well, and even beyond his expectation; for before these pre-appointed Robbers came to exercise their Courage on him, three others, who had made no promise to fly, had robbed us in good earnest, and he fell upon them with all the courage of a man that despis'd his Life: it was in truth the way to be beaten, and that in a pitiful manner, as it happen'd; but no matter, at least

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his Valour, which I ſuppoſed to be real, had deceived me; and this good effect was a reward for the blows he received. But here, Madam, was the cruel Return of all, and which in the end deſtroyed the great Hopes and Reputation, both of the one and the other.

As I had taken this Advocate for a perfect *Amadis de Gaul* hid under a long Robe, ſeeing him ſtill in the hands of others whom he ſoon put to flight; the Watch which was then ſet throughout the City of *Paris*, ſeized on theſe pretended Robbers. They took them for the very Thieves indeed they look'd for, and that came juſt then from ſtopping the Coach of the Daughter of the *Holland* Embaſſador, the now Wife of the Compleat Marquiſs *de Raſſan*. They drag'd them to Priſon, and the miſerable men were forced to own the whole Stratagem in their own defence, and my Misfortune did contribute to the truth of it without the leaſt ſcruple; and the Satyrical Wits drew from thence as ſoon what circumſtances were thought fit, which was of bad conſequence both to my Cauſe and Judge.

In fine, Madam, this gave occaſion to Madam *d'Engleſon*, firſt, to refuſe it, then, to make good uſe of the Adventure, to re-inforce and give ſome countenance to thoſe Scandals which they began not to hearken many longer. Did your Highneſs ever hear, of

of a thing more worthy of Laughter? In the interim 'twas a great miſchief to me.

But the Affair that the Count *de*—— had intermedled with, had ſomething in it that was more cruel and fantaſtical; and I know not indeed whether it will ſeem probable to you, though there was never any thing more real.

Two fair Ladies, whom I will not name, or rather, which I am going to name, for your greater diverſion, ſince your Highneſs has heard of them heretofore by other means. It was the Lady Baroneſs *de Saint Frere*, and the Lady *de Feronne*. Theſe two Fair ones were tired with that Man's continued Diſgrace, of whom you deſired to hear ſomewhat in your laſt Letter, whether it were Acknowledgment or mere Humane Weakneſs that intereſted them in his Misfortune, they reſolved to make it their buſineſs to put an end to it: To put up their firſt Addreſſes to Heaven; (and I think that does always prove the neareſt way) and if that did not avail them, to ſteer a quite contrary Courſe, to fly to the ſtrength of Charms; and thoſe not the Charms of their own Beauty, as you might poſſibly interpret it, I ſay, Madam, thoſe of the Black Art.

I would not hazard the ſafety of any perſon by diſcovering the ſecret of theſe admirable Magicianeſſes: It was to take I know not

what,

what; which they were made believe the young Foal brought into the world with it, when first cast upon it's Forehead; to prepare it with certain Ceremonies; and this as they fancied would prove an admirable and unavoidable Philtre, which was cunningly to be given to Souldiers and to the Captain himself, if required; and the Captain and Souldiers would assoon as they had received it run about the Streets, and offer themselves to do all whatsoever one could desire them. The Towers seem'd (pardon the expression) to fall, and the Gates too off of their Hinges of their own accord, to set those at Liberty the Ladies had a minde should be discharged. I will not amuse my self to desire you to compassionate them for this simplicity, nor to tell you that however these Women pass'd for Wits, for fear of enervating my Narrative too much.

There was required also towards this a Mare, and here it is that the young Count de——— begins to have a part in this mysterious business: That which they made use of was his; one of his Grooms for the lucre of ten or twenty Pistols had turned him out of the Stables, and thought he should be acquitted if he pretended to finde him again a few days after.

The Scene where this Comedy was acted, was in the Stable of a Carman of the Port, in

in a little Street that joyns to *Pont-Marie*. The two fair Ladies had privately convey'd themſelves thither one night, without Attendants; and they had drawn me in alſo treacherouſly, by hiding from me their real Deſigne. We had already ſpent the Night in ſetting ridiculous Watches about the Mare; which did frighten me, and made me ſuſpect that my Friends were grown fooliſh. We were to continue this extravagant Ceremony till the time of the Birth of that pretious Animal, and for what reaſon I have quite forgot. They inclined me alſo to believe I ſhould ſee other things more Novel; when at laſt, I know not by what miſchance, to our coſt, the Earl of------ was advertiſed that his Mare, whoſe loſs he bore very impatiently, was carried to the Carter's. He came thither all in a rage, accompanied with the Marquiſs *de Phimartin*, and the Count *de Signac*, who out of their friendſhip to him were not much leſs heated with anger than himſelf. ('Tis true, that that Choler could not withſtand the new Paſſions raiſed in them by the Rencounter of three ſuch accompliſh'd Ladies as we were.) He ſurprized us at this fine Exerciſe, which appeared to him and his friends to be a true Incantation upon all accounts, and that in the end had all the Conſequences 'twas capable of. The noiſe ſpread it ſelf abroad, if it were not by the indiſcretion of theſe young

Lords,

Lords, who were become our Lovers (and this I muſt not forget, the Count of—— loved ever after the Baroneſs of *Saint Frere*; the Marquiſs of *Plumartin*, the Lady *Feronne*; and I my ſelf had a ſhare in the Earl of *Signac*, who will have a part when it comes to his turn in the enlargement of this Story: I ſhall be at the leaſt as much importun'd by him as the Marquiſs *de Biragne*.) If, I ſay, it happen'd not by the indiſcretion of theſe young Lords, it was by that of their Retinue who followed them. And at the ſame time, though I had the leaſt hand in it, yet they did not forbear to charge me freely with the whole, and to adde to the reſt of my fam'd Qualities, that of an Honeſt Sorcereſs; pardon me for this groſs and unpleaſant Word, which I could not here paſs over.

You may judge, Madam, the farther Injury that that might do me above all, being it was raiſed by the Counteſs of *Engleſac*; for ſhe was not ſcrupulous of Sacrificing the Honour of both the other Ladies with mine, to obtain her end. If one would believe the Flouriſhes ſhe added to the Adventure, they might accuſe me of ſomewhat elſe than Magick, and Monſieur the Earl of—— and his two Friends, had been revenged upon the place for the Innocent Felony which we had cauſed to be made of the Mare, by other effects, which Gallantry terms alſo Innocent

Felony.

Felony. Theſe Gentlemen, who had always the Repute of the moſt Honeſt and Wiſe Courtiers, ceaſed to be ſo for our ſakes onely. And our Faces, that uſually command Reſpect at the very time when they inſpire men with Deſires, did us no ſervice at all in a Stable. Nay, ſhe ſaid what was worſe than all this, which I dare not acquaint you with; but this miſchance had been inconſiderable, in that it onely had like to have loſt my buſineſs at *Paris*, if it had not tended to embroil me with my Lover in the cruelleſt manner in the World, as I am going to give you to underſtand immediately.

And though the Counteſs of *Engleſac* had a ſtrict Eye over him in that place, which was his *Baſtile* or Priſon; yet he was truely informed of all paſſages. Beſides, his Mother did not fail to ſend him this diſtracting news; he had them confirm'd to him by the ſame perſons that inſtructed him from time to time what he had a minde to learn. Thoſe of his Acquaintance, who were not ſuſpected by the Lady *d'Engleſac*, and viſited him ſometimes, did turn the matter probably another way very proper to perſwade him: and that hapned, which I conjectured would never happen more, after the clearing of the laſt Artifices of *Birague*, and the vanity of the Prince *de Salmes*.

In ſhort, the Earl at leaſt ſuſpected my Conduct,

Conduct, or way of Living. What do I say? My Miſchief was ſo great upon this ſad and diſmal occaſion, and Jealouſie muſt needs produce ſuch ſtrange changes in the minde of this poor Earl, that he took it for granted his Love had ever hitherto blinded him: and in the Indignation which this bred in his Heart, and which the Lady *d'Engleſac* did at length believe, he did and ſigned all that ſhe deſired without, contradiction. He beg'd of her to ſet him at Liberty, to fly from me, to ſeparate himſelf from me, with the ſame earneſtneſs he would have ſought me out, if I had been guiltleſs. He obtained it. There was at that very time a War between *England* and *Holland*, and many Illuſtrious Cavaliers had made a party in the *Dutch* Army, and he went among them. I was told of it the very day; and through my exceſſive grief, it had like to have proved the laſt day of my Life.

What Diſcontents had I! what Spleen againſt the gentile Advocates; who would counterfeit brave Gallants! What Hatred for the fair Baroneſs of *Sainte Fere*, and Madam *Feronne!* What Imprecation againſt their impertinent Magick! What Fury againſt the Maſter of the Mare and both his Friends! I would acquaint you with all theſe effects, if I had not greater Curioſities to impart to you. For, Madam, this Scandal came not unaccompanied; and to compleat all my ill Fortune,

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the Marchioneſs of *Sevil* bethought her ſelf of turning Amorous, in her old age, of a youth between ſeventeen and eighteen years old, and to deſire him in Marriage of his Parents. I told her indeed, to little or no purpoſe, that if ſhe could not avoid being paſſionate in Love, ſhe might make choice of other remedies, and that ſhe ſhould remember that God pardons all, and men nothing at all. (This, to ſpeak truth, was a little idle; but how could I expreſs my ſelf otherwiſe to ſuch a fond Fool?) 'Twas to no purpoſe to repreſent unto her the intereſt of a decent Decorum of her carriage, both upon mine and her own account, that ſhe was about to commit an unpardonable crime. I could not at all prevail with her. 'Twas not her fault that it was not effected. And all the means that I uſed to withdraw her from it, did onely ſerve to embroil my ſelf again with her, who was my ſole ſupport; and ſuch a confuſion too, that may be would have prov'd irreconcilable, if there had not been between us, as I always thought, a ſtronger Tye than that of Sympathy and Friendſhip.

But what think you, Madam, of theſe laſt Capricio's of my Misfortune? Being Intrigu'd with almoſt all my Acquaintance that could ſerve me; with my Advocate; with the Ladies that ſollicited for me; with *Biragne*, a long time ago; with *Signac*, almoſt aſſoon

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and knew him; for he had not the patience to wait till he was beloved, and I had given him his farewel with the hazard of creating a great Enemy to my self. In fine, evil treated also by the Lover beloved; and abandoned, if I may say so, by a Mother, since 'twas by the Marchioness of *Seuil*: Could I since stand in fear of any new Disgrace, at least, if it were not my Death? True, and I soon had the terrible trial of it.

I sent a Messenger with Letters to the Earl of *Englesac*, to plead my justification in all things pass'd; who returned, and told me there had been a bloody Battle between the *English* and *Dutch*, and that this my deareſt Love was swallowed up by the Waves. That Battle was fought in *June* 1666. He went aboard the same Vessel the Prince of *Monaco* and the Count *de Guiche* did. And after dreadful Exploits performed, (for that is a proper name for them) and that he had like a Lion seconded these two Illustrious Voluntaries, who possibly fought as he did, stir'd up by Honour, composed of somewhat more than ordinary, and performed Exploits beyond men; in short, he perished, endeavouring to save the life of the former.

This Prince being surprized by the burning of a Fire-ship, whereunto the heat of the Battle had thrust him forward too vigorously, he threw himself into the Sea, thinking to make

make a Shallop, and ſo was drown'd among broken Maſts and Cordages that hindred his ſwimming. The Earl of *Engleſac*, who was ever an admirer of the Prince *de Monaco* for his Valour, as well as the Count *de Gaiche*, leap'd from another Veſſel into a Shallop to help him, and did ſo too; for by this means the Servants of the Prince had an opportunity to lay hold of their Maſter, and pluck him out of the Sea (and may be this paſſage would ſurprize grateful Spirits, who never knew well who they were engaged to for the beſt part of ſo great ſervice.) To conclude, he had honourably Crown'd his former by this laſt Action: But the Shallop he was in ſplit at the ſame time, and ſunk to the bottom with him; and freſh Ships coming, and riding in the place where he was ſhipwrack'd, 'twas not queſtioned but that he was irrecoverably loſt.

But 'twas no ſuch thing as yet; nay, it would be unjuſt, and unprecedentable, that the chief Heroe in a Hiſtory, who ought to reſemble a curious Fable, ſhould be really dead before he had finiſhed his Adventures. We will raiſe him again if you pleaſe, when time ſhall ſerve, and finde that the Waves did but waft him up and down many places of the Sea, till by the mercy of Romantick Deſtiny, that ſported with him, as well as my ſelf, he was taken up by one of the *Engliſh* Frigats.

In the mean time, Madam, what diſmal news was this for me, when they informed me that he was dead after this manner? Your Highneſs cannot imagine the grief that ſeized on me, unleſs you have ſome time or other been as paſſionately in love with ſome one man, as I was with the Earl *d'Engleſac*; and you are too prudent to be ſo overborn with Love. Yet I would deſire you to think of one part of my regret upon the ſincere averment that I make you; that as this unfortunate Gentleman had been always dear to me, ſo I did then adore him, maugre the injuſtice he had done me; and that accident only made me more fond and deſirous of a Reconciliation. I grew furious; this onely Expreſſion diſcovers exactly the condition I was in. I was almoſt in the minde to go and revenge the Son upon the Mother, and do my utmoſt endeavour to diſcompoſe her. 'Tis true, 'tis reported, that ſhe her ſelf was afflicted ſo far, as to be almoſt in the ſame deſpondent condition with my ſelf: In fine, this miſchance, inſtead of choaking up all the Seeds ſown by the diſintereſſed in the perſon that cauſed them, did onely ſerve to animate us to a Proſecution at Law. The Counteſs of *Engleſac* pretended to bring full proof of the Actions of my ſcandalous Life, and to ſeek her Revenge in my Puniſhment: I would have mine in a publick way of Reparation. We ſtuck cloſe

close to this Design, which could not otherwise prejudice us. We were obstinate for all our Presidents, who judged this would prove ineffectual, and who endeavoured to dissuade us from it seriously and in earnest. (They were the same persons, *Jurandon* and *Grasset*, which your Highness made choice of since that, to take care of your Concerns in *France*, and with whose management I believe you will be well pleased.) In fine, the whole Court wondred at our Contests, and it was an unmatchable Suit at Law.

But here possibly I have made too great a stay upon a passage not diverting; and to do that, I must return to the pleasant Adventures which frequently hapned afterward. The thought and apprehension of the certainty of the Earl of *Englesac*'s Death, was a new original cause of it. It gain'd me new Courtiers, and recall'd my old ones. The Marquiss *de Biragué*, and the young Count *de Signac*, among others, began to renew their Pretences more vigorously than ever; nay, my very Counsellor came and found me out, to tell me, that though I had quite lost my Reputation in the Eye of the World, he would not for all that shake off his Passion, but prosecute it so far as to espouse me in private, if I approv'd of it.

I thanked him, as you may believe, with such civility as I thought suitable to so passio-

nate a Compliment. I told him, I did in that the more applaud his rare Prudence, that if by chance I could be in a capacity to love him, after the loſs of the deareſt thing in the whole Univerſe, I ſhould not reſolve to be married to him, but in private; the Adventure of the counterfeit-Thieves having defamed him as much for a man, as it had me for a woman; And you may judge, Madam, whether this was over-pleaſing to him. The poor man returned with ſuch a confuſed and paſſionate Tranſport of Anger, that I doubt not but he deſir'd with all his heart once more to be my Judge, to make me loſe my Cauſe.

But this was nothing in compariſon of what befel me by the Jealouſie that *Biragne* had of young *Signac*; which in my judgement was a trick of a man of Spirit, and a ſecond Comedy. 'Tis ſaid, 'twas the effect of what he had gain'd by the reading of *Aſtrea*, where there is juſt ſuch another piece of malice; but whence ſoever he had his deſigne, it was a thing well contriv'd, and very pleaſant.

I confeſs that I did live with the Count *de Signac* ſomewhat more familiarly than with the Marquiſs. Whether he had more Merit; (but that I do not pretend to decide) or whether he was more Sportive, Comely, or Young; and this laſt Qualification

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tion does many times go very far. In fine, whether he had not given me such causes of Aversion for him as Monsieur *de Biragne*; or that I stood less in awe of him, I freely permitted him to visit me: His little mutinous Passions did not displease me, and seem'd to be of no consequence: And in that melancholick humour, which an irreparable loss had imprunged me, I was not angry with him for coming to me from time to time, and stealing away some hours from my cruel Amusements.

Biragne was fearful that his Familiarity, and my Complaisance, would be seconded by my Marriage, which he intended for himself. Now, Madam, knowing well that it would be impossible to conquer me by any other way, he did in conclusion resolve to love me for his Oath's sake, and you will see a great proof of it by and by. He had not as yet desired the Communication of the Secret, as Monsieur the President did, and I could have been willing to satisfie him in; yet if what I tell you in this particular does astonish you, because the Lady Marchioness his Wife was still living, I must acquaint you that she had laboured a long time with a chronique Distemper, which she could not possibly be recovered of: This poor Marquiss reckoned, that I could no sooner resolve to marry him, but that he should be a Widower at the very same instant.

Biragne, I ſay, who would have been deſperate if Monſieur *Signac* ſhould win me from him, who had endured all that can be for the ſpace of ſix years and better in not being beloved, did ranſack Heaven and Earth to ſupplant this dangerous Rival. And underſtanding at length, by one of his Spies, placed by him about me, that I was to go with this young Count to a Conjuring-woman or Aſtrologeſs, what you pleaſe to call her, a cunning Woman, as they ſay, call'd by the name of the Dame *Voiſin*, and to whom all the unfortunate Fair ones of the Court, and many Lovers beſides, (for all the whole world is guilty of this weakneſs, and well may, for I my ſelf have been guilty of it) to whom, I ſay, all the fair Court-Ladies in Love (for the itch of underſtanding what things are paſt, and the future, has not much Influence upon any, but ſuch as are in Love) made no ſcruple of going to ask her ſome conſolation; and now he fancied that he had found out the true Secret of obtaining his deſignes.

He was with that Woman a day before us, whom he perſwaded that ſhe would do no injury to her Profeſſion, if ſhe did conſult him onely for the anſwer ſhe was to give me. He deſcribed me to her very exactly, that ſhe might commit no ridiculous miſtake. He told her what was paſs'd, and inſtructed her what to ſay and predict of me; and among other

things,

things, That I muſt diſengage my ſelf of *Signac*, and bid him defiance; That I muſt marry a Widower, whom I ſhould know by certain ſignes: you may imagine to what all this tended; and it was in effect what that woman told me, when we were with her, after (according to her cuſtome) ſhe had examined me in her Cloſet, which ſhe calls the Cloſet of Oracles.

I confeſs, Madam, that the cheat was well contrived; and he might have certainly put a trick upon me, if the memory of the Earl *d'Engleſac*, to which I would continue faithful, had permitted me to think of Matrimony ſince his death: For I gave credit to theſe Predictions with ſo much imbecility, that I bluſh for it now: I began from that minute to defie the Count *de Signac*, as they had wiſh'd me, to live no longer with him as I did formerly, to lay hold of all occaſions to baniſh him my company; and I did accompliſh it effectually ſoon after, to his great regret, becauſe he had already brought himſelf to a pleaſant habit of loving me in earneſt.

But the beſt of the contrivance was, that one of the principul Marks whereby I ſhould know him I was to be wedded to was, that he ſhould ſhelter himſelf at my Houſe from the fury of ſeveral Aſſaſſinates. It did not a little amaze me when I found that 'twas

Birague had this Adventure a few days after. He took upon him to fulfil the Propheſies, and did not miſs of his aim; nay poſſibly he remembred ſomewhat of the Adventure of my Preſident or Counſellor at Law, the deſigne of the perſons hired to ſtand at a certain place and be ready at his Summons: what a ſlight was this, now when I think of it, which I never ſo much as queſtion'd before!

I remember, when they began to draw their Swords upon this malicious Marquiſs, I was ſtanding at my Window, at one corner whereof I was, buſied in contemplating upon the amiable Lady Madam *de Caſtelnau*, whoſe Coach ſtopped juſt over againſt my Door; and thus ſatisfied an ancient curioſity that I had to ſee this Lady, who was always very advantageouſly Characteris'd as a moſt accompliſh'd perſon. *Merinvil* was alſo in my Chamber, who was buſie about ſomething or other. *O Heaven!* ſaid I, ſhrieking out aloud at the ſight of the drawn Swords, and turning all at once to *Merinvil*, *my buſineſs done, and I am undone: This is the effect of what the Propheteſs foretold me; and to heighten my ill luck, 'tis Birague, that I hate not, whom they did juſt now attaque, and is coming hither to ſecure himſelf; and ſhall I be ſo far unfortunate as one day to become the Wife of* Birague? *Miſerable wretches,* cri'd I to all my Lacqueys at once, who were in the Street, *have a care that you let no*

body enter my Houſe, let them rather kill one another there!

And judge you, Madam, what the Paſſengers could think, to hear me pronounce thoſe cruel Words in ſo great a Diſcompoſure. This had been enough to perſwade them that I was one of the Complices in the Aſſaſſination, if there had been really any ſuch thing. *Merinvil* came and withdrew me from the Window, and demanded, in a greater confuſion than I was in my ſelf, the reaſon of that extravagant expreſſion; and if I was not in a Dream, to believe that *Biragne*, who to my knowledge was a married Man, was the Widower mentioned by the Divineress; which did a little recompoſe me, and made me at length yield that he ſhould ſave himſelf in my Houſe; but 'twas too late: I had done enough already to bring my Reputation deeply in queſtion, and to afford my Scandalizers large matter to work upon, and my Enemies to make a ſad end of my Portrait.

'Tis true, I was in ſome meaſure excuſable, becauſe of the ſtrong averſion I had then for the Marquiſs; though now I proteſt he did not deſerve it at my Hands, and that it was the effect of an evil cuſtome, and a ſtrange kinde of unknown Capricio, rather than any reaſon that I had for it. But, Mad this is not yet the whole Hiſtory; I mr gin where I left off, at what this da

man said to me after he was got into my Appartment, and what I said to him my self: he informed me among other things that his Wife lay a dying, if she were not dead already; which was nothing but truth. *What!* said I, in a foolish tone, (which I thought would prove much to his diversion, if he had not been both Amorous and ill treated; but an unfortunate Lover cannot laugh) *What!* said I, *that might well be, that you might have been, or should be, a Widower now! Go, Sir,* I added farther, *and assoon as you can possible deliver me from your sight. Fly from hence, and if you can be grateful, think no more of me.* I thought also to have told him, that I repented I had been instrumental to the saving of his Life.

But I ought perhaps to conceal these last circumstances, which do me no great credit, and will not appear in themselves very probable; because it is a thing unheard-of almost, that the folly of a Woman, at least one that has not hitherto been judged unworthy of a Noble Family, should hurry her self to such extremities. However, I have told you nothing but what hapned, and my Stars were the cause of it. I will adde farther boldly, that I did not rest here; and in time I might possibly have committed many greater Extravagancies, if the Earl *d'Englesac*, whom I had bewail'd as dead for above ten Moneths, had

not

not at last returned on purpose to put a stop to the whimsical effects of two different Passions. I must inform you, Madam, of what pass'd particularly at this his unexpected Return.

First, It was *de Signae*, who, though he was the Earl's absolute Rival, brought him back more Amorous than before; and having greater estimation of my Vertue than ever, he himself had taken pains to undeceive him. Could there be any thing done more honest? They met with one another upon the Avenues of *Champlastreux*, where one was walking when the other was travelling for *Paris*.

Secondly, The way of bringing him to me was altogether new, in that to surprize me the more pleasantly, (or to say truth more dangerously; for it had almost been the death of me) this young Gentleman was resolved to make me suddenly change my Anger into Joy; and to effect it, in lieu of submissive and modest complaints which he us'd in writing to me since his Exile, told me, Gentleman-like, that he was weary of his Banishment; and that I should prepare my self to receive him in my Chamber at midnight; that he had found out a secret to render me Amorous, and have thanks for his own visit; and if I would not accept of the party, I should dearly repent of it.

Wha

What could I think of such expressions, which seem'd so insolent, to one that did not apprehend them, as I was far enough from understanding them? yet this was nothing to what follows; I was astonished when I found my Gentleman fail'd not to wait upon me at the hour appointed, and advancing as far as the Door of my Chamber without any opposition, or consideration: ('Tis true, he was most certain of his excuse, because accompanied with the Earl of *Englesac.*) I was, I say, amazed when I heard him say, *Open the Door, Madam, order the Door to be opened: I come to bring you both Joy, Love, and Repose that will be far more acceptable than that which I now interrupt.*

I cannot express how highly he incensed me by this proceeding, so void of Respect, and so far estranged from the civility wherewith he ever treated me. *Merinvil* was not yet in bed, and I commanded her to tell that indiscreet person through the Key-hole, that he should retreat, and that I was cruelly offended at the liberty he had taken. But he made answer, he would not depart till they had opened the Door; and that he would force it open, rather than pass over that night without making his Peace with me, as he desired. He added many other things, which were able to put me into a Passion, though he pronounced them in a milde tone that spake

ſpake his good Intentions; ſo I reſolved at laſt to open the Door, but it was after I had ſeiz'd on a Sword, in order to his Reception, as I believed ſuch an Inſolent perſon deſerved. *O!* ſaid I then aloud; *open him the Door, and let's ſee what he aims at.* I believe truely I had not ſpared him in that angry fit at that time. Alas, Madam, how my Weapon dropt preſently out of my hand at the ſight of the Earl of *Engleſac*, who gave way to this cheating Surprize. I made a great out-cry, and that was all; for I immediately fell into a Swoon, and was too happy that the various Joys which were aſſembled together in my Heart all at once, did not kill me upon the ſpot; for they ſay Women do die thus ſometimes. When I was come again to my ſelf, my Tears onely ſpake for me; and running to embrace this my dear Object, I found it true, that *Signac* had brought me both Joy and Love.

As for the Earl of *Engleſac*, he being prepar'd to ſee me before brought to me, he might not probably undergo ſuch violent Paſſions as I ſuffered, though in ſtanding mute and making uſe of no other Language but that of his Tears as well as I, he ſufficiently diſcovered the bottom of his Heart. Almoſt an hour was ſpent in this manner; after which, having returned many thanks to the generous *Signac*, and my Lover and I having

clear'd

clear'd one another, and made a promiſe never more to queſtion our fidelity; we took leave, in order to our meeting the next day at a certain place. For the Counteſs of *Engleſac* was as yet ignorant that her Son was alive, or returned; and he would not preſent himſelf to her, till he had taken ſome Meaſures to marry me at laſt, maugre all oppoſition whatſoever, or at leaſt be aſſured of this Contentment before he would re-commit himſelf to the diſcretion of Fortune, which was ſo averſe to us both.

Here, Madam, you have the Third Part of my Rehearſal: In the Fourth I will give your Highneſs an account of what we were forced yet to rub over, before this Marriage was happily compleated; and this may prove as great a Curioſity as any of the reſt. I will alſo tell you in what part of the World my dear Earl had been ſo rigorouſly detain'd, or rather in what place ſo remote he had ſpent all the time wherein he was ſuppos'd to be dead, and could not write to any perſon. In the mean time I beſeech you to honour me ſo far, as to believe it is in obedience to your commands that I continue the Relation of ſuch things, which poſſibly might be more properly omitted: And that I am

Your Highneſs's moſt Humble
and moſt Obedient Servant,

H. S. D. M.

THE ADVENTURES AND MEMOIRES OF *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere.*

PART the IV.

I Am at length, Madam, arriv'd to that Part of my Life so long expected, and so fervently desired. The Earl of *Englesac* gave me a Narrative of all that had befallen him since the time that his Jealousie had snatch'd him away from me; I found nothing in this Relation unworthy a Gentleman, and my Lover. We made those Protestations and Reproaches one to the other which are usual in such Rencounters; and by the diligence of some Friends, whom we were compell'd to acquaint with the Secret, we were married unknown to the Countess of *Englesac*, and without Ceremony. What

What Joy, Madam, was this, if it could have lasted but one day entire? But that had been too great a Happiness; and when this poor Lover thought himself the most contented of men in his Choice, when he believed he had cheated that Fortune, which had so often deceived him, he found he was falling into the most horrid Misfortune, in his opinion, that could happen. I am at a loss how to express my self in this place; that is to say, Madam, that he found himself married to no purpose, and that some of our Enemies had laid a cruel Charm upon us.

How foolish is Mankinde to think themselves therefore contemptible, because they despise themselves! 'Twas to no purpose to swear to the Earl of *Englesac* that this Mischance did not move me, and it was truth. 'Twas to no purpose to tell him a thousand things, which if I should repeat, would create a good opinion of my Wisdom in those persons, who would honour me so far as to take me at my word. My discourse did not at all perswade him, he had such inward regret, that I could not pity him; yet I could not sometimes forbear breaking out into loud Laughter; and he, surmising that his Mother had contributed to his Misfortune, went and acquainted her with the Marriage, which we had so carefully conceal'd from her, not without some Exprobation.

You may well guess, Madam, the rage of this

this Woman, when ſhe ſaw her Son rais'd from the dead to afflict her with ſo great a diſpleaſure: ſhe upbraided him with many injurious expreſſions, threatned him a thouſand times; and not ſatisfied with Words onely, had recourſe to Law, as ſhe was accuſtomed to do. This new Suit reſtored me again my Counſellor. He thought this juncture to be a very proper time to enhance my eſtimation of him, and had not forgot my Charms any more than the reſt of my Lovers, this accident of the Earl of *Engleſac*'s having rouzed up all their Hopes: For the Lady *d'Engleſac* imprudently told it to all the world, and ſaid it was an Effect of Divine Juſtice.

The Marquiſs *de Biragne* was one of the firſt that came to diſturb me: his Wife was at the laſt gaſp, he was in expectation of marrying me very ſpeedily, and took no diſtaſte either at my Slights or Adventures. He left no Stone unturn'd to gain my conſent to the diſſolution of the Marriage; he ſtill kept in credit with the Lady *d'Engleſac*: He adviſed them to tempt me with Money; and old *Gabrieres*, who came from the fartheſt part of *Languedoc* to adde to my perſecution, proffer'd me, on the behalf of the Counteſs, thirty thouſand Livres, if I would by conſent put a ſtop to all proceedings.

There was not one perſon, nay not ſo much

much as Madam *de Seville*, but what entred into this League againſt me; who ſent to inform me, that ſhe would revoke all the Donations ſhe had made me, if I would obſtinately reſolve to continue the Wife of the Earl of *Engleſac*. I underſtand well enough what made her diſcourſe me at this rate; ſhe was then the fond Miſtriſs of the Marquiſs *de Sainte-Fere*, and I was informed that he was of my Enemies Faction.

But all this was nothing in compariſon to what I am going to diſcloſe. The Earl of *Engleſac* was ſenſible of the Menaces of the Lady *de Seville*, and adviſed me to do whatever ſhe deſired, provided ſhe continued the grant of the Eſtate ſhe had given me. I am apt to believe that my Intereſt onely put him upon this, as he confeſſed afterward; but I did not acquaint him that I thought this was the motive to his Advice. I accus'd him of coldneſs in Affection: We were Intrigued one with the other, and met together often in the ſame place, without ſo much as looking upon one another. *Signac* took great notice of it: He had not proſper'd in the deſigne of being onely in the number of my Friends, and yet became more Amorous than ever to eſſay what advantage he could make of my Divorce. The Marquiſs *de Biragne* dreaded this Rival, and was extreamly jealous at his return.

I will acquaint your Highneſs with a pleaſant effect thereof. *Biragne* was one day wearied with the company of *de Signac* more than ordinary: He gave him the Lye in my Chamber upon a very indifferent thing, as *de Signac* thought, which he himſelf had newly related: *Signac* would not charge me with this Injury, and ſhew'd in that particular his great reverence of me; for it was not want of courage in him. I advertiſed herewith Mareſchal *d'Eſtre*, who lodged near me, and he put a Guard upon them. The Marquiſs *de Biragne* could never tell the reaſon why he gave him the Lye; and I am of opinion, that if *Signac* had ſaid I had been Beautiful, that *Biragne* would have told him he ly'd.

The Lady *d'Engleſac* heard of this Quarrel, and made uſe of it as new matter to ſcandalize me with. But I had the comfort to be diſengaged, at leaſt for ſome time, of theſe two importunate Inamorato's: For *Biragne* was ſent for three Moneths to Fort-*L'Eveſque*, and I ſent for *Signac*, and prohibited his viſiting of me any more, that I might not be expos'd to the Obloquy of the old Counteſs.

This poor Youth fell ſick through Diſcontent, and I could not deny him a Viſit, which was worſe than his coming to ſee me. I think that this Demon *Biragne* had ſome malignant Spirit at his beck; for he underſtood in

Priſon

Prion that I had visited this sick Gentleman, and acquainted the Countess of *Englesac* therewith.

Jealousie is a great help against the remissness of Lovers: the Earl of *Englesac* wrote to me to be reconciled, and beg'd my pardon so often in his Epistle, that I could not for my Heart deny it.

But I pretended the contrary; I had a mind to break him of that custom of quarrelling with me; and seem'd to be hardly drawn to it, to make him the wiser hereafter. He took this Counterfeit, for an effect of the progress that *de Signac* had made in my Affection, and became Jealous to that extremity, that he almost lost his Reason. He procured persons unknown to look after me; he gain'd my Lacqueys on his side; and caused me at length to be so closely watch'd, that he surprized me in my private Conversation with *de Signac* in the Labyrinth that is in the Garden of Simples.

Now, Madam, I had a very high esteem for *Signac*, and took pity of him, because he flattered himself with vain hopes. I condescended to this Rendezvouze on purpose to conjure him once for all, to shake off this Passion. *No*, Signac, said I, *I cannot accept of your Courtship, endeavour to overcome it, it makes you unhappy; and you are not so indifferent to me, as that I can be sensible of your prejudice*

without

without ſome diſcontent. Nay, what would you have me do more? I love the Earl of Engleſac: *Our little Controverſies are almoſt at an end; and when they ceaſe, our mutual Love will be greater than ever.* But *Signac* interrupted me with theſe words: *Madam, this Earl cannot be happy; and the Reconciliation that you diſcourſe of, which would perfect another man's Felicity, will but increaſe the Deſpair of your Husband. Have you never looked earneſtly in the Face of an enraged Inamorato, who has his Miſtriſs in his power, who is affectionately beloved, who might lawfully enjoy her, and yet does not poſſeſs her?* That which *Signac* ſaid, ſtrook me with ſuch compaſſion for the Earl of *Engleſac*, that I could not forbear weeping: and *Signac*, turning this to his advantage, fell at my Feet, and gave me ſuch convincing arguments, that I knew not how I could poſſibly oppoſe them. *Permit your ſelf, my lovely Counteſs,* ſaid he, *to be moved with my Sighs; amd murder not a miſerable man, whoſe Love, and Perſeverance in that Paſſion, merits a kinder Deſtiny. If the Earl of* Engleſac *could make advantage of your Conſtancy, I would die before I'de contend againſt it; and you are not ignorant that I once brought him back to you. But, Madam, your Fidelity is fatal to him: And whilſt you thus ſuffer me to periſh, to preſerve your ſelf for him, you put him to a kinde of death no leſs cruel than that which I daily experiment. Have pity upon us and your-*

ſelf

ſelf; you are not ſenſible what a dreadful miſ-hap 'tis for a beautiful Woman to have a Huſband, who has juſt cauſe to have an ill opinion of him. You are going to make your ſelf the moſt unfortunate of Women, and that drives me into deſpair. I repli'd, with Tears in my Eyes; *No matter, I cannot ſuffer too much, in acknowledging the Love that poor Earl hath ever ſhewn me. I will love him as long as I breathe, come what will on't; and I ſhould be too happy to ſpend my days with him, in any condition whatſoever that can befal us.* The Earl of *Engleſac*, who through a Paliſado heard the whole Diſcourſe, was ſo moved at it, that he had not power to conceal himſelf any longer. He came and threw himſelf at my Feet, and ſurpriz'd us ſo ſtrangely with his ſight, that *Signac* cried out, and I was ready to fall into a Swoon. *Be not diſmay'd*, ſaid the Earl to his Rival, *I come not to upbraid thee with thy endeavours to ſeduce her, thou deſerveſt her better than I; I am a miſerable wretch that have nothing to do but to die*: And he had almoſt died indeed at the uttering of theſe laſt words; yet caſting his Eyes upon me with a moſt pitiful look; *No, my dear* Sylvia, ſaid he, for ſo he always called me, *I will not abuſe thy Conſtancy, that would render thee unhappy. Marry* Signac, *I freely conſent to it; nay, I do more than barely give my aſſent, I beg of thee to do it.* And after this with he departed half deſperate; went out of the Gar-

den,

den, and rode Poſt to *Flanders*, whither the Army then began to march.

Signac hoped to ſucceed by this his departure, and the conſent he gave in favour of him; but he came far ſhort of his expectation. I upbraided him a thouſand times as the cauſe that my Husband forſook me, and accus'd him only for this my Misfortune: I vow'd that I would hate him worſe than death it ſelf, if he did not reſtore me the Earl of *Engleſac*. Conſider, Madam, if you pleaſe, what Character his Love to me deſerv'd. He followed the Earl the ſame Road, and I have been certainly informed ſince, that he did his utmoſt endeavour to procure his Return. But I have been too long ſerious, I muſt, to diverſifie this Hiſtory, and to refreſh you in ſome meaſure, ſince that I have in all probability afflicted you, give your Highneſs a relation of my Counſellors Deportment to ingratiate himſelf into my favour.

He was my daily Viſitant; I was obliged to be ſomewhat Complaiſant; for if theſe Gentlemen be courſely uſed, 'tis in vain to go to Law. He came one day to tell me, that he knew an excellent way to overthrow my Adverſaries, and enrage the Counteſs of *Engleſac*. I did really believe that he had found out ſome trick in Law to my advantage. But excuſe me, Madam, that was not the buſineſs, he onely endeavoured to perſwade

ſwade me, that a brisk ſubtile Woman never dies without an Heir: What do you think of ſuch advice in Law? I durſt not be offended at it; for that had been to take it in earneſt; beſides, I had other buſineſſes of concernment to conſider of.

This cunning Woman the Lady *d'Engleſac* had diſengaged me from a young Gentleman whoſe Name was the Marquiſs *de Vilars*, whoſe Mother, as I was inform'd, ſhe was intimately acquainted with, and he was one of the handſomeſt Court-Gallants. They intreated him to court me, hoping, as I conceive, that he might win my Heart; and after he had wrought upon me ſo far as to diſcloſe the Marriage, then he ſhould deſert me, when Husbandleſs, and expoſe me thereby to the Scoffs of all the World. But it fell out otherwiſe. This amiable young Gentleman fell in Love with me in earneſt, and diſclos'd all the deſignes of the Lady *d'Engleſac*, which ſtill make me tremble at the very thoughts of them. Poor Youth, this freedom of his, one would think, ſhould have ſav'd him from that Muſquet-ſhot that gave him his mortal Wound at *Dandremonde*. Then they would by force have put me again into the Convent at *Avignon*, where I formerly ſecured my ſelf. Madam *de Vandoſme*, whoſe goodneſs they had prevaricated by their fram'd diſcourſes of me, was to countenance this deſigne before

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the Cardinal *de Vandosme*; and probably had done it, if she could have found me out; for the zeal of all good souls is impetuous. I was never more disquieted and disturbed to know how I should dispose of my self: every thing I heard I fancied to be a Coach to take me away by force; and I was in a House where I often met with such kinde of frights; for 'twas in the Dutch House. Monsieur the Abbot of *Villeserin* lodged over against me, and the Assembly *des beaux Esprits*, or of the Virtuosi (which conven'd afterward at his Appartment) was then designing. I saw none but men of a morose aspect stand at his Door, and pass by the Street I lodged in; and I took them for so many Messengers from the Lady Divota's or Nuns.

Not daring to venture my self any longer at *Paris*, I committed the care and management of my Law-business to an able Practitioner, and without any other Attendant but *Merinvil*, I went in quest of the Earl of *Englesac*, that he might protect me from his Mothers Attempts. But, Madam, to what dangers do we not expose our selves, when we thus ramble in the wide world? passing through the Forrest *de Senlis*, the Hackney-Sedan, which I had hired at *Blavet*, broke, and I was left sitting at the root of a Tree, till they went to a Village neer at hand to fetch some Workmen to mend it: they tar-

ried so long, that I grew very impatient, and sent *Merinvil* to meet them and hasten their return: I was no sooner left alone, but a Cavalier passing by at a small distance from me, after some loud exclamations dismounted, and accosted me. He was, as far as I could learn by his discourse, one that declared himself to be the natural Son of the King of *Portugal*, commonly known by the name of the *Portugal* Prince, and who under that name had seen all the Courts in *Europe*.

He pretended that the very self-same Prophetess *Voisin*, who before that made me fear my Marriage with *Biragne*, had shew'd him in a Glass of Water a person that resembled me, and had foretold many great mischiefs that should befal him if he did not gain her Affection. I laugh'd heartily, whilst he discoursed me at this rate, and did also tell him many horrid Predictions; but this was no repulse to him; for he said they were mark'd out by *La Voisin*. I was forced to answer him as I did, and for the same reason he ought to attempt his Enterprizes in places more remote; which he had done, if the Marquis *de Sainte-Fere*, who went to joyn with the Army, had not by accident taken this Road. He did not think he did me so great a kindness as in truth he did: nay, on the contrary, seeing that I was somewhat moved, and finding me alone in a Forest with a person

ſon tolerably handſome, he thought he had done an ill office by this his interruption, and excuſed himſelf very maliciouſly. I could not perſwade him he laboured under a Miſtake; but a Coach came running by, wherein I ſpied the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*: She called to the Coachman to bid him hold; and leaping down out of the Coach, gave the Marquiſs *de Sainte-Fere* many Amorous Reproofs: he returned her a nimble and civil Anſwer; But finding the more he attempted to ſatisfie the Marchioneſs with Reaſon, the more ſhe was irritated, he betook himſelf to flight, and the Lady *de Seville* with very grief remained in my Arms almoſt ſenſeleſs.

According to what I could obſerve by their Diſcourſe, *Sainte-Fere* did onely pretend Love to the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, during the interval of his falling out with another Miſtriſs. But this Quarrel was over, as there are few durable between perſons whoſe Affections are rtal; and the Lady *de Seville*, finding her ſelf deprived of a Lover, purſued him every where to blame him for his Infidelity. I adminiſtred the beſt Comforts I could to her, and ſhe knew them to be ſo cordial, that ſhe forgot all the Differences which had formerly been between us, and promiſed not to abandon me till ſhe had once more put me into the hands of the Earl of *Engleſac*.

As for our *Portugueze*, I knew not what

became of him, I suppose he fear'd some punishment would be inflicted upon him for his Boldness, when he saw that he was taken notice of by a Cavalier in appearance, and a Lady with a splendid Equipage. I diverted the Marchioness from her sorrow, by the relating of this Adventure; and when *Merinvil* was come to us, we went together in the way to *Mesnes*. The Queen was there at that time, and the King came to visit her with a Retinue of several Volunteers, persons of Quality; among whom I discovered *Signac* immediately. He was ready to dye, being extasied with Joy at the sight of me; and do you but judge whether 'twas without reason? He lov'd me still, and brought with him a Letter from the Earl of *Englesac*; by the Contents thereof he was so far from coming to see me, as *Signac* assured me he did intreat him to do, that he re-conjured me *de novo* to marry his Rival.

Compleat the happiness of that person whom I love above all the World, (these were the words of his Letter, speaking to me) *and permit me to contribute to his good Fortune by my assent, since I cannot do it otherwise. I desire this your compliance as the last proof of your Love.*

This poor Earl did greatly comply with me, when he wrote to me in these terms: But

no person is prudent whilst a Lover; I did not construe his Letter in that sense: I cannot express how much his obstinate refusal to yield to me did enrage me. The King returned at the head of his Troops; and 'tis pity that this ensuing Relation is not penn'd by a Souldier that understands Military Affairs; then your Highness would meet with many brave examples of Valour, and deserved Elogies of our August Monarque. We followed the Queen, who came to be an Eye-witness of his Conquests; and I gain'd a Lover who did divertise us extreamly by his way of Courtship. I had hitherto met with none but submissive Courtiers: and I used frequently to say in the height of my Gayety, that for the rarity of the thing, I would willingly, once in my Life-time, meet with a proud and scornful Lover.

He, that I am now speaking of, was the onely man fit to give me this satisfaction. You would have said that he was going to the Slaughter when he came into my Chamber: he had nothing but terms of War in his mouth, and would discover his designes with such an opinionative conceit of his own desert, that I was ready to die with laughing. He seem'd to be displeased once or twice at my extraordinary Mirth; but I told him 'twas my natural Temper, and he must take it patiently.

The mean while *Signac* continued his urgent Sollicitations. *Dunkerk* was then beſieged, and there the Marchioneſs of *Sevil* loſt her *Sainte-Fere*, which ſhe mourned for exceſſively, though without reaſon. *Signac* did Wonders at this Siege, and yet could not forbear ſtealing away from time to time to viſit me at *Tournay*, where we were, and where he courted me with the greateſt tenderneſs of Affection. The Marchioneſs was moved with it; and if I may declare all my thoughts to you, Madam, I was alſo very much concerned. Adde to this, that I heard not a word of the Earl of *Engleſac*; he left the Camp as ſoon as he catch'd the news of my Arrival, not having the courage, as I am apt to believe, to come into my preſence, for he always thought he had rendred me a moſt unhappy woman, notwithſtanding my Oaths that I made to him to the contrary. The Marchioneſs did continually round me in the Ear, that the Earl of *Engleſac* did fly me, and that *Signac* held me dearer than his Life. In fine, Madam, I know not what had been the Iſſue of it, if the Earl had not returned abſolutely tranſported, to tell me that the Charm had no more power over him.

He reſolved to withdraw himſelf near your Highneſs; and in his way thither he met with a Jew, who undertook to cure him, and was as good as his word. I did never give

credit

credit to these Superstitions; but Experience is a great Mistriss.

This return of *Englesac*'s Health and person gave a mortal Wound to poor *Signac*; I never saw him afterward, and I doubt not but his despair did precipitate him into those perils and dangers that occasioned his Fall at the Siege of the Island.

I wept very tenderly for this generous Youth; it was the least I could do in acknowledgement of the great Love and Respect he had for me. But my Brave or Gallant did not forbear comforting of me: he proffered himself, according to his usual custome, to supply alone the place of all my Lovers. I was not in the humour to listen to his prating, nor to laugh at him as I did at first. I told him seriously, I desired he would leave me at rest, and perceiv'd that now was the time come wherein I should make a rude trial of his Gallantry. He did honour me no longer with his daily Visits; and his stomachfulness freed me from him, as the end of the Campaigne did from following the Army. And, Madam, I could not force the Earl of *Englesac* from it; for he would assist at the Rout of General *Marcin* before I could engage him to come to *Paris*. The Marchioness led us back thither, and I shall bring with me some visible marks that the Jew had unCharmed him.

This circumstance of my Return had almost killed the Countess of *Englesac* with Rage. She did her most dreadful Efforts to perswade her Son that the Child I went with was not his. She had heard of my Rencounter with the *Portugal* Prince; She told it again to her Son, as *Sainte-Fere* apprehended it, and questionless had so published it. I am of opinion that she made this Free-booter follow me to the Army, where possibly he never had been before in all his life; and I know not also if they did not make me disannoy some of the principal persons in *Bionac*.

I must give this testimony of the Marquiss *de Binague*, that he did not second the Countess of *Englesac* in her designes of ruining me, as he did in that of vacating my Marriage. For he defended my Vertue against all that assaulted it: but he laboured in vain, for Detraction had taken its course.

I know not whether these false Rumours did cool his Affection, or whether the Marriage onely caused this change; but he took disgust, as 'tis customary; and since that I was grown less acceptable to him, he was much taken with many other Women.

The Marchioness of *Sevil* was the first that took notice of it, and to make me observe it too. She was a woman always wanted some Intrigues or other, to busie her self withal, and it may be by chance, finding her heart

deſtitute of any of her own; ſhe employed her ſelf to diſentangle the Earl of *Engleſac*.

He gave me not ſo much as a Viſit, but ſhe knew it; he intended no deſigne of Gallantry, but ſhe was advertiſed thereof, and of which ſhe gave me an account. I made a pleaſant uſe of her advice; and if I durſt acquaint your Highneſs with it, you would finde it full of divertiſement, but at the ſame time you would count me very fooliſh. No matter, I muſt leave you to gueſs what I have not the Confidence to tell you.

One day I diſappointed the Earl of *Engleſac* of his deſigne, more out of ſport, to try whether he would know me again, than for any other reaſon. He had ſo little knowledge of me, that he preſented me with a Bodkin ſtudded with Diamonds, thinking that I had been his Miſtriſs; and the next day I wore it. Poor man! he never underſtood ſo much before, that he was not the onely Husband of his Wife; for he had promiſed one of his Friends a ſhare in his good Fortune: and it was the greateſt happineſs in the world, that this Gentleman never found me after where the Earl of *Engleſac* ſent him: For he might probably deceive me, having the Watch-word, and it was Night-time. Good God! when I think of it, how diſquieted was my Husband, and what pleaſure did his Friend

do him, when by accuſing him that he had broke his word with him, he told him that the Influence was turned quite another way? Do not you ſtand in admiration to think of the Phrenſie of Husbands that are Jealous of what they ſo highly deſpiſe?

But this was not all; the Marchioneſs of *Sevil* gave me to underſtand of a Meeting appointed by the Earl of *Engleſac* at *la Place Royale*, with a Lady, whoſe Merit and courſe of Life I was not unacquainted with. She was one of the high Court-Ladies, who, without receiving any thing conſiderable, ruinate a Lover in down-right Expences. I was told that one day, ſhe having acquainted one of her Lovers that ſhe had a fancy for ſome Flame-colour'd Ribbon, to appear with at a Maſquerade at the *Louvre*; He was ſo great a Fop as to ſend to *London* for ſome to pleaſe her. She would not by any means accept of it without returning him the Money it coſt: but it coſt the Gentleman twenty Piſtols to procure it; and this was ſo inconſiderable a thing, that ſhe ſcorned to take notice of it.

This Conſideration, or, if you pleaſe, ſmall Jealouſie (for I was not free from it) made me endeavour to diſcover this Meeting. I made uſe of a Stratagem to detain the Earl of *Engleſac* longer than he intended at the houſe where he ſupp'd: And coming to the Ren-

dezvouze

dezvouze at the hour appointed, I gave them the Signal which I knew he was to make, and ſo the Door was opened to me. The old man St. *Canal*, who went along with me by my order, did me good ſervice herein: The ſhape of a Man deceived the Chamber-maid that was to let in the Earl; and when St. *Canal* was got within the Door, he laid faſt hold of it, and ſo I had the opportunity to enter. But, Madam, you may here finde a moſt pleaſant Circumſtance in this Story. The Chamber-maid had received no orders from her Miſtriſs to do what ſhe did. The Earl of *Engleſac* was permitted to have admittance, and perhaps ſtood ſomewhat in her favour; but he was not as yet in a capacity of obtaining a grant for a Night-meeting. He was introduced without a Paſs-port; and he had ſome hope, upon the account of his Merit and Love, when he ſhould come to be in private with the Lady, that he ſhould not onely make his own, but the Maid's peace alſo.

This produced two pleaſant Effects. The firſt, That the waiting Gentlewoman was ſo poſſeſſed with fear, that I came to her Miſtriſs's Bed-ſide before ſhe could cry out.

The ſecond, That underſtanding the Lady's Innocence and my own Errour, I found my Rival ſo handſome, that we ever after linked our ſelves in a moſt perfect Tye of Friendſhip. I told her, with a ſmile, that I

forgave

forgave the Earl of *Engleſac*'s Infidelity which ſhe was the cauſe of. She replied with much Gallantry, that ſhe would not pardon him. What ſhall I ſay, Madam? we had the moſt rare and agreeable Converſation imaginable.

I was not the onely Night-walker at that time; for I found under the Porch of *la Place Royale* a man, who without doubt waited upon ſome good ſucceſs in his Amours; and it was, as I gathered by his Diſcourſe, the young Prince *de Salmes*, whoſe Name I had formerly taken upon me, and who had ſince that, by his vanity, diſturbed the Earl of *Engleſac* and my ſelf. He knew me, aſſoon as I ſpake, not to be the perſon he expected; but however I ſeemed handſome enough to ſupply her place. He deſired me to take a turn or two with him in the Gallery; to which I conſented. I had had a longing deſire, for ſome time paſt, to meet with this Prince, and to upbraid him with what he had ſaid of me. And this Adventure I ordered to my purpoſe; and without diſcovering my ſelf, I demanded the particulars of him: I did expect at leaſt that he would be at a loſs, and ſeek for an Anſwer. But, Madam, to what do poor Females expoſed? my *German* Prince told me ſuch Circumſtances of my Intrigue with him, which had almoſt wrought upon me to believe them, they carried ſo much

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probability along with them. I was like to have been very loud with him, and had been ſo, beyond diſpute, if the Duke *de Richelieu*, who came from the Mareſchal *d'Albret*, had not interrupted us; and his Servants carrying Flambeaux before him, the Prince *de Salmes* durſt not, as I preſume, be ſeen thus without any Retinue; and I ſhould not have been much pleaſed to be found alone with him, ſo we departed haſtily without Ceremony.

I know not whether what I had told him of my ſelf had made him remember my Name, or that he onely came to my Houſe by mere accident: but he did come ſome few days after with the Earl of *Engleſac* to dine with me; they met together at the Grand Prior's houſe, and the Earl of *Engleſac* loved dearly to treat his Friends nobly. He did not know me again to be the Lady which he entertained in diſcourſe at the *Place Royale*. I gave him the relation as if I had received it from other hands, and asked what he thought of it. I put him in a great perplexity; and he had diverted me a long time, if the Earl of *Engleſac*, who was almoſt grown deſperate for the trick I had put upon him, had not told the Prince that I my ſelf was the perſon I diſcourſed of. The Prince *de Salmes* without doubt remembred ſome other things he had diſcourſed to me; I found he bluſh'd,

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and I apprehended him by the confuſion he was in, to be more baſhful than ſcrupulous. This had been a ſufficient Intrigue with him, if Fortune would have committed the Management of it to me; but ſhe did not at all adviſe with me thereupon. I believe this Prince would endeavour to ſpeak truth, if he ſhould boaſt of any Intrigue with me, for the future. From that day his Diſcourſes were very paſſionate; and ſome others afterward, finding me in a Balcony of Madam *de Montauſier* at St. *Germains*, where I was placed to ſee the *Ruſſian* Embaſſador go by; and he told me in an Amorous way, that I was the moſt Beautiful Lady of all the Court. He did amplifie his Diſcourſe with many Circumſtances; nay I muſt needs be very handſome that day; for the Earl of *Engleſac* took notice, and told me of it alſo. Furthermore he ſhew'd me to the Marquiſs *de Caſtelan*, Major of the Regiment of Guards, that was walking with him in the Court; and by this little Tranſport he added to the number of my Importunate Suiters, by whom, as it is regiſtred in Heaven, I ſhall be oppreſſed as long as I live.

For, Madam, this Marquiſs fell in love with me; and to compleat my Anxiety, the Marchioneſs of *Sevil* grew Amorous of him.

And thus I came to learn it: The Marchioneſs's Love was altogether fictitious; and never

never had any other Woman ſo many Intrigues, and ſo few extricated. She ſent every morning either Verſes or Notes to *Caſtelan*, though he knew not from whence theſe Gallantries were. *Caſtelan* did ſomewhat depend upon the ſucceſs of his Amours; but ſome Ladies had baulk'd him upon that account. He let one of his Notes fall in my Chamber, and did what in him lay to perſwade me, after his way, that it was a Favour received from ſome conſiderable Lady. I knew the Hand upon ſight, and laugh'd heartily at the vanity of this Cavalier. The Marchioneſs came in while I was laughing, and underſtood the occaſion of my Raillery, though much againſt my will.

But this was not the greateſt miſchance that I received by this vanity of his. The Marchioneſs had ordered a rich Scarf to be made, and took her time to ſend it to *Caſtelan*, on a certain day when the King had appointed a general Muſter to be made, for the entertainment of the Prince of *Florence*, who was then at the Court *Incognito*. She employed one of my Servants to carry this Preſent; and though they had diſguiſed him as a Courier that came from remote parts, *Caſtelan* knew him again. He unfolds the Scarf, admires, and ſhews it to all that had a minde to ſee it: There were perſons there who were ſo malicious as to ſay, that he made himſelf

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that Preſent. He endeavoured to prove the contrary, and could not tell how to do it well, but by naming me; I was amazed to finde my ſelf in *Veau-de-ville* with *Caſtelan*. I cannot tell you, Madam, how many troubles this whimſie brought upon me. Two or three Ladies, who deſerved to bear a part herein more than my ſelf, thinking that I was their Rivaleſs, did groſly abuſe me. This came to the Ears of the Earl of *Engleſac*, and he was apt to believe them: his Language was ſharp to me; and if the Lady of *la Place Royale* had not made it her buſineſs to appeaſe him, I had been in danger to loſe him for ever.

But this was not all, he had a private grudge within himſelf, becauſe that I was ſo much in favour with the perſon he loved. Perhaps he thought that our friendſhip would obſtruct the proſecution of his Affairs, and I ſaw that it was time for me to go and intreat that Lady to be more tractable, to make the Earl of *Engleſac* in a better humour.

The Marchioneſs of *Sevil* helped to compleat my Vexation: She thought at that time to have done me a piece of Service, in divulging to the world that 'twas ſhe that ſent the Scarf to *Caſtelan*. He would not believe it, becauſe he thought not the Lady, as I believe, young enough to do him any kindneſs by her Preſent. She made me bear the burden of that Contempt. We wrangled again afreſh,

afresh; and the Earl of *Englesac*, who observing the maxime of distracted Husbands, fell out about every thing, wished me ill, because the Marchioness complained of me.

This Misfortune was attended by another far more grievous, and the Consequences thereof have been more tedious. The Prince *de Salmes* continued his Amours to me, and was wearied to finde no other effect of his Love, but a freedom of visiting me. He unbosom'd himself of this perplexity to I know not what Woman, whose Name I have forgot; and if I should remember it, I know not whether I may be so bold as to acquaint your Highness therewith. This Woman droll'd with him because he had made no farther progress; and assured him that she knew a shorter way for him to the Conquest of my Heart. I know not withal, whether she did not tell him that it was no untrod-Path, and that by his Conduct some Lovers had already followed him. The *German* Prince believed her, and promised her vast sums of Money, if she could seduce me. She pretended to endeavour it very earnestly; and moving me sometimes to Cruelty, and sometimes to Condescention, she made me, in fine, resolve to subscribe to whatever the Prince *de Salmes* could desire. I had engaged my word, and upon my Lady's request, I know not how, I was discharged of that Obligation. Do you

not

not ſtartle, Madam, at this piece of Impudence, or at leaſt to hear it from the Mouth of the perſon to whom this hapned? Can you believe it to be probable?

I know not what courſe they took to deceive the Prince *de Salmes*, whether the darkneſs onely contributed thereunto, or that they applied themſelves to Magique; but he was ſo neatly cheated by a Bracelet which he thought he had beſtowed upon me, that he was alſo perſwaded he had the entire fruition of his Deſires. This Miſtake put him upon the ſpur to be familiar with me; he did make uſe of his Priviledge; and the firſt day he found me alone, he loſt himſelf, in my opinion, by his private Careſſes. I leave it to your Highneſs to think with your ſelf how much I was ſurprized herewith; I who had always found him the moſt reſpective man in the world, and had done nothing to divert him from it.

I asked him if he had dined in the City, and thought I had been favourable in accuſing him onely of taking a Cup too much. He broke out into a great laughter; but obſerve what reaſon he had for it: I had at that time on my Wriſt the ſame Bracelet which he thought he had given me: The perſon that received it had more need of Money than Precious Stones: She gave it to a Woman-Huckſter, who by chance brought

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it to me, and profered it me at so low a rate, that I could not refuse the Purchase. Do but frame to your self in your minde, Madam, the Personages that we represented: the more the Prince *de Salmes* laugh'd, the more I was offended: He looked upon my Anger as counterfeit; hard words passed between us: and without allowing him time to explain himself better, I forbad him my house.

You may judge, that a happy Lover who sees himself thus used, would think he was not obliged to be discreet. The Prince *de Salmes* published the Adventure as he thought convenient; and by this means it came to the Ears of the Earl of *Englesac*: I cannot describe to you, Madam, his great Commotion. He reproached me very outrageously, and without lending an Ear to any Justification, he made a vow never to set eye on me more, and retired to his Mother's. I ran about to seek the Prince *de Salmes*, and said all that a just Resentment could move one to: He knew not what to answer; but at last gave me an account of the false Game they had play'd with us. I undeceived him, and doubted not but the Traytress that had put this vile trick upon me; would her self confess the truth hereof: for the Prince *de Salmes* divulged it with all the signes of true remorse for the Mischiefs he had brought upon me. Yet his Discourse and Penitence was unprofitable:

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the Earl of *Englesac* gave no credit to them; but contrarily, fancied with himself, that I had purchased the Attestation of the Prince *de Salmes* by the grant of some new Favours; and being stir'd up daily more and more against me, he set his Hand to the rupture of the Marriage.

Then they took up the Cause again *de novo*, the Countess of *Englesac*, who depended upon the disgust of her Son, letting the business lie dormant for some time, till there was a better opportunity to prosecute it. The Earl of *Englesac* was not of Age when I was espoused by him; besides, this Marriage was not made with all the Forms and Circumstances requisite thereunto. Is not here a fine Return to so violent a Passion? and are not Women foolish to love in this manner?

I used my utmost endeavour to come to the sight of the Earl of *Englesac*, and to make the last Essay whether my power over him were so great as formerly: but he shun'd me carefully, and that cruelty made me despair.

I walked one day musing, with great Anxiety of minde, in the Garden of *Luxemburg*. A person of Quality, whose Name I will conceal, because his Repentance has purchased that respect since, came and sate down on the Bank where I was reposed.

We did discourse indifferently on the Beauty of young Madam *Stoup*, and Madam *de la Mailleraye*

Mailleraye, formerly Ladies of Honour to Madam the Princess of *Carignan*, who were walking in the same Ally with us. The man I speak of liked my Conversation, and told me after we had had some discourses concerning the various Charms of brown and fair Complexions, that the cause first would be best managed by my Discourse.

I was out of humour to make a return to his Gallantry, but I found that this man did relate to the Law; and in that condition I was then, I had need of the assistance of all persons. We had an entertainment long and Ingenious enough. He begged the freedom of visiting me, and I granted it; for the very same reason that obliged me to enter into discourse with him.

I know not whether my free and jovial way of behaviour gave him such hopes as I never thought of; or whether 'twas his custom rashly to lay hold of them; but he had not often repeated his Visits e're he gave me to understand his fatal Intentions.

I made him so sensible of my Displeasure, that there was no way for him but to renounce his Courtship. Yet this wrought not upon him, and brought his Enterprize to that height as to leave a Purse of Gold upon my Carpet. I sent it to him again, and took such strict order with my Attendants, that let him come when he would, he should never see me more.

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He was transported with anger at this; divulged the circumstances and accident of the Purse, without so much as mentioning the Restitution. This calumny drew upon me two or three other vexatious Propositions, which Madam *d'Engleſac* knew, and ſhe fail'd not to extract malicious Conſequences from them. But let her paſs; I was accuſtomed to her Injuſtice: Her Son began to believe her, and was as much bent upon my ruine as his Mother.

Then the Suit recommenced with a matchleſs heat; the Lady *d'Engleſac* took up again the Informations that ſhe had formerly exhibited againſt me, and pretended to prove thereby, that the Childe I had, but ſince dead, was not the Earl of *Engleſac*'s.

The Marquiſs *de Biragne* did greatly oppoſe this Article: He would willingly have had me unmarried; for his Wife was dead, and he ſtill had an intention to eſpouſe me; but he would have Madam *d'Engleſac* to lay her foundation upon the want of due form in proceedings at Law, and not upon Immoralities. This perſeverance of his to maintain my Reputation, did touch me ſomewhat nearly; and though his Generoſity was Intereſſed, yet we did reconcile our ſelves. The Marchioneſs of *Sevil* came alſo to afford me her aſſiſtance; ſhe was eaſily offended, but of an admirable temper naturally, and propoſed very comfortable

table things to me, if it were my misfortune to be overthrown at Law.

But I reliſhed nothing of all this; The Slights of the Earl of *Engleſac*, which were viſible in his Countenance, and not in his Flight onely, as uſually, did caſt me into Deſpair.

Why do you go to Law with me? ſaid I to him one day before one of our Judges where we met together. *Have you not always been the Maſter of my Deſtiny? Heretofore 'twas your deſire that I ſhould ſpend my days in cohabitating with you; you had my conſent, and not without a ſufficient proof, whether this deſire were ſincere or otherwiſe: but now you will diſſolve this Union: Well, well! I agree to it; I onely deſired your Heart, and ſince I have no ſhare in it now, all the reſt ſignifies nothing to me. But be pleaſed to conſider this difference with my Love. Anſwer me to this particular; I demand of thee the Liberty which the Bonds of Matrimony have deprived me of. Return it me, and I will receive it at thy hands as a token of thy Paſſion. Ingrateful man! upon this conſideration I will ſigne whatever thou canſt deſire. Come, make uſe of thy Authority, and nothing ſhall be impoſſible; but borrow not that of Juſtice; for rather than yield thee up to any other perſon but thy ſelf, I will contend as long as I live.*

The Earl of *Engleſac* returned no other Anſwer to this Diſcourſe but diſdainful looks; and

and thinking to do me a kindneſs by not reproaching me with my Unfaithfulneſs, as he calls it, he did it more cruelly by his Silence, than the moſt contumelious Language.

I know not whether the Lady *d'Engleſac* fear'd that I ſhould ſtir up pity in the Judges or no; for, Madam, my Diſcourſe moved them with a true Compaſſion; or whether ſhe had onely a minde to leave *Paris*: but ſhe inſtigated one of the Heirs of Monſieur *de Moliere* deceas'd, with whom there was as yet ſome Controverſie about the Money of Monſieur *de Candale*, who eſpouſed her Quarrel, and who under the pretext of an Employment that required his preſence at *Tholouſe*, petitioned that he might return to that Parliament.

I oppoſed this deſigne very ſtrenuouſly, and knew that Monſieur the Preſident of——— and many other Preſidents or Advocates in the Parliament of *Tholouſe*, were the Relations of Madam *d'Engleſac*, and made withal ſo lively a repreſentation of the Injury ſhe intended me, being I could not continue at *Paris*, from whence by her Law-quirks ſhe had found means to drive me: I obtained an Evocation, or *Habeas Corpus*, to remove my Cauſe from the Parliament (or Court of Judicature) at *Grenoble*.

My Lover that left the Purſe behinde him, was very ſerviceable to me in this Rencountre; he

he had [illegible] for what was past, and
endeavour'd a reparation to the utmost of
his ability: I can't but believe, that this
Repentance contributed to his submissive Re-
treat a little after; for he was ever difpos'd
to forgive any Reparation.

He wrote Letters of Recommendation
(which he gave me) to Monsieur de Be-
thune chief President of Grenoble, and some o-
ther of his Friends: But before we come to
this City, I must, with your leave, detain your
Highness a little at *Barbaux*, where
after I will stay for any Imperial Grace
hath brought me in so much Ease and Plea-
sure, that I judged it worth my Pains to
make a Visit to this Romish Lady.

Thus far the Count was contriving
my Madam *d'Avaux* and I were
together, Monsieur le Marechal *de la Ferté*,
his Lady, and Madame *de la Troisse*
Floud and Wings, and
and [illegible]
[illegible]

He was called [illegible]
which he sent for his proper Name.
He spake the French tongue
ken his Lodgings at the
choice of.

and diſcovered our Sentiments mutually concerning the diſtempered perſons at *Bourbon*, and devoted our ſelves to innocent Raillery, without any manner of detraction.

I gueſs'd that my Company was acceptable to the Stranger; nor was I alone of that opinion, as your Highneſs ſhall ſoon underſtand.

I was coming back one day from the Priory of St. *George* near *Bourbon*, where I made one of the number that went to hear an excellent Voice; and in the deſcent of a Valley, which bounded upon the Street near the Baths, a Page of *Wakmeſter*'s came to throw himſelf at my Feet; but I betook my ſelf to my heels: for this Youth, though very handſome, did ſeem to me at that time to have an ill-boding look; and Madam *de la Trouſſe*, who was then with me, did with much Intreaty prevail with me, at the importunity of the Page, to give him a hearing.

I never heard any thing ſo perſwaſive as the diſcourſe of this Page: it was a *German*-Gentlewoman of Quality that *Wakmeſter* had deluded, who hid her ſelf under this diſguiſe; and believing that I was become her Rivaleſs, did conjure me, with a thouſand Sighs, to kill her, or permit her to enjoy her Lover.

I did extreamly pity the misfortune of this Girl, and reproved *Wakmeſter* for it very ſeverely; becauſe that he firſt ſnatched her from the Arms of her Parents, and then dealt ingratefully

gratefully with her. He yielded to my Remonſtrances, and did ſincerely reconcile himſelf to his Miſtriſs. O how I envied their Happineſs! and how infinitely ſhould I have been obliged to any perſon that ſhould have done me the like civil office with the Earl of *Engleſac*.

From that time this Page of *Wakmeſter* and I became inſeparable, and *Wakmeſter* from her. This produced two pleaſant Effects. A Lady of *Provence*, whoſe Name I don't remember, fell in Love with the Page, believing him to be what he ſeemed: And an Earl of *Piemont*, whoſe Name may be as well concealed, became my Inamorato. He looked upon *Wakmeſter* as his Rival: and the Page's Sweet-heart believed me her Rivaleſs. The *Piemontoiſe* endeavoured to win the Page to be as a Spy, and watch all our Actions: and the *Provenſal*-Lady ſtrove to gain the Heart of *Wakmeſter*, to make him oſtruct the Intrigue of which ſhe ſuſpected me the Authoreſs.

He did but ſmile at the diſcourſe of this fooliſh Woman; but the hot purſuit of the Page by the *Piemontoiſe* did diſpleaſe him. They quarrelled, and fought; and they honoured me ſo far, as to make Proclamation that it was for my ſake.

This falſe report made me hate *Bourbon*: I took my leave of the Ladies *de Guitault*, *de la Trouſſe*, and ſome other conſiderable perſons,

with whom I had contracted friendship, and so departed, followed quickly by *Merimil* for *Grenoble*, where my Suit at Law required my attendance, and there I found I was put strip by the news of the Duel upon my account.

Madam *d'Englefac* made use thereof, according to her custome, and her Son from hence drew new matter to increase his ill will towards me. We met one another every where at *Grenoble*, *la Saulfaye* at our entrance in to the Court; for there is a greater Opportunity of meeting at *Grenoble*, than at *Paris*. The Earl of *Englefac* carried himself as strangely as if he had never seen my Face. I thought I should immediately dye with grief to finde such a change in him, and I courted him with Language that might have moved a Tyger, if he had understood it. But at last I left off dallying any longer with so stupid a person, and pretended, when it came to my turn, to be absolutely disengaged of my Passion for him. This dissimulation mollified him, we associated our selves with some honest persons, who began to understand one another, and discoursed of our common affairs as of that of a third person. Honour obliged me to maintain my Marriage; and I told him, though for all that it was not true, that he had done me a kindness in endeavouring to annul the Marriage; that his temper and mine were incompatible; and that persons in their wits ought

ought to separate themselves after this manner, when they grow weary of one another.

You would have laugh'd extreamly, Madam, if you had been a Witness of our Entertainment. I did one day betray my self, and the Earl of *Englesac* advised me. Like a person altogether dissembled, that to avoid an Relapse in Love, I should believe my heart to some other person, that he knew I could not easily efface his idea out of my mind without the help of another; and did ingenuously declare who of my Acquaintance he looked upon as the most probable persons to be beloved by me. This Conversation had somewhat in it very singular. I argued with the Earl of *Englesac* about those persons he proposed to me; the one seemed too Lukewarm, the other too Fiery; the one had not the way of pleasing me, and I was afraid of the inconstancy of some others. I was in hope thereby to make him apprehend, that he was the onely man did suit with my Temper; but he would not understand me, or else was deaf to my discourse.

I took upon me again my counterfeit indifference; and gave him advice for advice, though like an enraged Woman he had been surprized with two or three Passions that I was ashamed of, A thousand kinde of Engagements deserve the name of Passion. I told him he must finde me out more illustrious Re-

valeſſes, and he propoſed ſome: To which I replied, *Fix upon Madam——— ſhe is beautiful enough to pleaſe you, a witty Woman; and if ſhe would engage her ſelf in Love, I fancy it would be to exceſs. And this is ſuch a Miſtriſs as you deſire.*

The Earl of *Engleſac* accepted this advice: The Lady I mentioned was of *Grenoble*: he made it his buſineſs to court her; and to the end that my diſdainfulneſs might not continue, the Biſhop of *Valence*'s Nephew, who came to *Grenoble* to diſpatch ſome buſineſs, did undertake to make me blot the Earl of *Engleſac* quite out of my remembrance: He had then done me a very conſiderable kindneſs, if he could have effected it; and I conſented willingly that he ſhould attempt it. I proteſt, that the diſcourſe of this Youth, who was otherwiſe a very deſerving perſon, did prove a relaxation to my grief and trouble. For, Madam, notwithſtanding the Enterviews of the Earl of *Engleſac* and my ſelf, our Suit at Law did not ceaſe; and ſometimes, when we parted from one another civilly, we went to be informed what was done in our buſineſs. I was told that the Abbot *de Montreüil*, who poſſibly had heard of my affairs by my Lover of *Dauphiné*, made fine ſtories of our being thus at Law: And the fair Lady *de la Mothe* was often divertis'd at *Valence* with the Comedy that I acted at *Grenoble*.

She

She began alſo to afford me ſome Diverſion: I had baniſhed Love far enough from me; and there is no Heart ſo conſtant, but that an obſtinate contempt may force it to declare its Paſſion. And to conceal nothing from your Highneſs, the Earl of *Engleſac* was very indifferent to me.

I know not whether he perceived it, and according to the ordinary Maxims of men whether he was ſenſible of my loſs, when he believed it to be certain: But he interrupted me when he found me talking with the Nephew of the Biſhop of *Valence*.

Theſe little rudeneſſes did divertiſe me ſufficiently: The Cavalier, upon whoſe account they were, obſerved them; and telling me with great freedom, that he was reſolved to ſerve me at his own peril, he omitted nothing that might make the Earl of *Engleſac* jealous.

And he proceeded ſucceſsfully; for one day the Earl of *Engleſac* asked me, with a dejected Countenance, if I had made choice of this perſon for my Lover. To which I returned, *I know not, he is deſerving, and does not diſpleaſe me: but I am reſolved for the future to uſe my Lover as I do my Domeſticks; that is, to change them often, till I finde one that pleaſes me.* *Then*, ſaid the Earl of *Engleſac*, *you deſigne to turn a waggiſh Goſſip? Why not*, replied I, *'tis the beſt way of loving for Ladies*

The word *Sylvia* I looked upon as a good Omen, and had hopes to be revenged of him for his slighting of me: For Madam, I durst have sworn at that very instant, that if the Earl of *Englesac* had renewed his Affection, I had rendred him the most unfortunate Man that ever was in love. I had in my whole already several Ideas of Cruelty, yet by this motive I believed that I had still a desire to please him; but, Good Gods! how little do we know ourselves!

These little rudenesses did but whet my Lover's Appetite; the Duke *de Valdiguier* Governour of Dauphine, where there was a great concourse of people for all persons of Quality resorted to that *Provence*, and the Earl of *Englesac* was present also. I shall think of that day as long as I live. I was as gay then as I us'd to be before my Misfortune. I danced, was frolicksome, and talked very agreeably. The Earl of *Englesac* acquainted me and his name with my Pleasantness as a thing unbecoming a person that was deeply in trouble

to whom I replied, *Why should not I be*

Henceforth no longer Captive, Is it

not natural for all persons to rejoice when they

regain their Liberty after a tedious Affliction?

Lov. are then very free, my Sylvia, replied the Earl of *Englefac*, taking me very close by the Hand. I had almost said Yes, and some other disdainful words; but as ill as I would have it, Madam, what a Letter did he write? and how much Love appear in his Lines! that I could not but be somewhat sensible of it. And that perhaps may have been the occasion of his Reserve, and the return of his Letter. He acquainted me therein that he was to be

The persons that were with us were Mother of the Company, and withdrew themselves when they saw us in discourse together. *Ah!* said the Earl of *Englefac*, *if I should desire you to be otherwise, would you be what I desire you?* I made no answer but with Tears. The Earl of *Englefac* was also ready to weep; and had it not been for that troublesome Lady Madam *d'Englefac*, who with the Marchioness *de Farene* and some other Ladies came to walk in that Garden, we had probably linked our selves again for ever.

The Earl of *Englefac* left me when he saw this company approach. He seem'd afraid to be found with me alone, nor was it without reason; for after he had done what he did to ruinate me, with what brow could he think to be friends with me by an Accommodation who had so intangled himself upon such slight occasions?

I think this Reflection made him quit Gre-

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One day I was in the Garden of Monsieur the Duke *de Lesdiguieres*, Governour of Dauphiny, where there was a great confluence of people, for all persons of Quality were welcome to that *Fryer*; and the Earl of *Englesac* was present also. I shall think of that day as long as I live. I was as any thing I us'd to be before my Misfortune. I laugh'd, was frolicksome, and talked very merrily. The Earl of *Englesac* accosted me, and his meeting with my Pleasantness, as a thing becoming a person that was deeply in trouble

To whom I replied, *Why should not I be*

You are then very free, my Sylvia replied, for the Earl of *Englefac*, taking me very close by the Hand, I had almost said Yes, and some other disdainful words; but as ill fortune would have it, I cast my Eyes upon the Earl, and saw so much Love appear in his looks, that I could not but be somewhat troubled, if I was troubled, and made him no other answer than this, that I was as he would have me to be.

The persons that were with us were Mother of the Lime, and withdrew themselves when they saw us in discourse together. *Ah!* said the Earl, *Englefac, if I should desire you to be otherwise, would you be what I desire you?* I made no answer but with Tears. The Earl of *Englefac* was also ready to weep; and had it not been for that troublesome Lady Madam *d'Englefac*, who, with the Marchioness *de Farene* and some other Ladies came to walk in that Garden, we had probably linked our selves together for ever.

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I think this Reflection made him quit Gre-

noble; for he departed without taking leave of any body; and onely by one Letter he assured me of his Repentance, and the return of his Passion.

Ah! Madam, what a Letter did he write? What expressions of Love did the Contents discover? And that person must have been very hard-hearted that could peruse it without relenting.

He acquainted me therein that he wrote one to his Mother of the same Import, to conjure her to let me live undisturbed. I had a desire to see if the Countess was as much moved with her Letter as I was with mine, and I ran to her all in Tears.

She was then with Monsieur *de*---- a Relation of hers, and her very good friend; a very vertuous man, who is at present retired into the *Chartreuse*, and who, since our arrival at *Grenoble*, did use his Efforts in order to an Accommodation. The Countess had in her hands at that time the Letter he sent her. *Ah! cruel Woman*, said she assoon as she spied me, *Is it possible that you should again deprive me of my Son? you have ruined him in his Estate, Reputation, and Minde; your Flattery, Infidelity, & the shame of being made the sport of the one and the other, hath ravished him four times from my Bosom. Unhappy Woman, what have I done to you? Is this the recompence I deserve for steaving you from the ill resentments of Madam* de

Moliere,

houſe near *Marſeilles*. The ſame *Caſtelan*, who had formerly done me ſome kindneſs in *Paris* as I have informed your Highneſs, and thought to do me no leſs here in *Provence*, came with a reſolution to ſhip himſelf for *Candia*; and hearing I was in that Country, came to ſee me.

He ſaid nothing to me but what Severity it ſelf would approve of, he being a perſon that did not love to be impoſed upon, and who was naturally a great Courtier: I admired at his reſpectful carriage to my old Aunt.

But, Madam, if he had preached Repentance to me, or the Auſtereſt Virtue, this Woman would always pick out ſomewhat in his Diſcourſe to finde fault with. *Why*, ſaid ſhe, *does he come to viſit you? Why ſhould married women entertain ſuch Viſitants? What an Age do we live in? what Manners and Cuſtomes have we? In my time they lived not at this rate.* And I ſaw in fine, it was come to this, that *Caſtelan* muſt be thruſt out of doors by the ſhoulders.

Judge you, Madam, what reaſon ſhe had for it: I did load him with expreſſions of my tenderneſs and love to the Earl of *Engleſac*; and conjured him, with Tears in my Eyes, to ſend him back to me, or to prevail with him that I might come to him. *Caſtelan* ſmiled, when I gave him this Commiſſion, and asked

me

whether I had forgot that he once courted me, and that he could do so still. I also, in my turn, could not forbear smiling at this remarque; and we had discoursed very pleasantly upon this subject, if the old Woman's murmuring had not obliged me to take leave of him.

This visit was not the onely thing that the Earl of *Englesac*'s Aunt thought he had cause to be discontented at. My Lover at *Grenoble* was not pleased with me, he had been instrumental in making the Earl of *Englesac* jealous. This Jealousie was advantageous to me, and I departed from *Grenoble* without vouchsafing to return him thanks. He made his complaint to me thereof in writing, which was rather an ingenious Missive than an Amorous Letter.

But our old Woman was jealous of every thing. This Letter came unluckily to her hands; and whatever I did offer in my excuse she made so many tedious Remonstrances, and ill-grounded Reproofs, that I could not endure them any longer. I departed, upon pretence of my business still depending in the Court at *Grenoble*, which called me away to that City.

The old Woman would never forgive me for my deserting her; and, Madam, She was such a person as her Character here sets her forth to be: She was weary of her life, because

She

course,

courſe, that he could not be too much commended for it. We did not as yet underſtand them; beſides, we did believe on the contrary, that the young Marquiſs did make uſe of his opportunity. All the Family of this young Gentlewoman was alarm'd hereat; and I was intreated by one of her Relations, who was my friend, to repreſent unto her the injury that ſhe did her ſelf.

I was never more eloquent; for I had more Irons in the fire than one. I ſerved the Relation that employed me, and I promoted the Affairs of the Biſhop of *Valence*'s Nephew. I thought I could have accompliſhed my deſires; the Gentlewoman ſeemed to yield to my diſcourſe, and deſired to do the ſame to the Marquiſs *de*-------. I undertook this task voluntarily, being altogether ignorant, as I ſaid before, that the Marquiſs wanted any Remonſtrances; but I deſired a Letter of Credence, that is, a little Note to teſtifie that what I ſaid was not of my own head. But, Madam, can you imagine what Letter I carried? 'twas a freſh Proteſtation of tenderneſs of Affection, and a deſire withal that he would credit no report to the contrary.

I my ſelf dictated the Letter which I intended to carry; I ſaw it written and folded up; but the Gentlewoman had another in her pocket ready, which ſhe had prepared to ſend the next opportunity: She put the change upon

upon me; and whilſt I was lighting a Wax-candle, and that ſhe ſeemed to look for ſome ſilk to binde it up, ſhe put the cheat upon me ſo dexteroúſly, that I carried a Love-letter, thinking it had been a Letter of Licenſe.

Do you not, Madam, ſtand in admiration to think what Love is capable of? The perſon I ſpeak of was but eighteen; ſhe had never been at Court, where they are uſually more cloſe and cunning in the manage of their Gallantries than in the Country. I am no Fool, and ſince it has ſo pleaſed my Deſtiny, I have but too much experience. In the mean time I was the perſon that played the cheat for the young Gentlewoman of *Dauphiné*.

The Marquiſs *de*----- began to laugh when I read this Letter, and that he apprehended by my diſcourſe, it was ſo contrary to my commiſſion.

Now this little ſtory is not onely recited by the by for your divertiſement, but it has ſome relation to mine, as your Highneſs ſhall underſtand. The Gentlewoman whom I reproached ſeverely with this Artifice; for I ſuſpected it immediately; and the Marquiſs who is a very diſcreet and prudent perſon could not but avow it. This Gentlewoman I ſay, being aſhamed to finde her Stratagem diſcovered, and offended, as I am apt to believe, that it had ſuch ill ſucceſs, reported

all over Grenoble that I was in love with the Marquis, and that out of Jealouſie I did take upon me to advise her.

This Phaney was carried from *Dauphine* to *Provence*, where the old Aunt did ſtill reſide, and by her tranſlated to *Languedoc*. They that expected to gain by my fall, gave way to this Scandal, and made it come to the ears of the Earl of *Engleſat*.

One would have thought he ſhould by this time have been cur'd of his facility of receiving impreſſions of Jealouſie, but natural defects are ſeldom corrected. He added the news of my Intrigue with the Marquis *de* to the ſtory that his Aunt had ſent him: for ſhe did not paſs by this Revenge. He was grieved, and fought my injury more than ever: and being inſtigated by the ſame Jealouſie which had been ſo fatal to us both, he ſent a Procuration or Letter of Attorney to his Relations to vacate my Marriage by Proxie. What a Wound was this to a poor Innocent, who had flattered her ſelf with this opinion, that ſhe had wearied all her Detractors; and knowing in her Conſcience that ſhe had not merited it, onely waited for the return of the Earl of *Engleſat* to enjoy that Repoſe which ſhe had purchaſed with ſo many ſufferings.

I was ſo overwhelm'd with Grief and Anger, that I had almoſt loſt my Reaſon. There were

were ſeveral Ships that ſet ſail from *Thoulon* daily, to carry Recruits to the *French* in *Candia*: I reſolved to go aboard of one of them, and without conſideration of the danger whereunto I expoſed my ſelf, had gone in perſon to upbraid the Earl of *Engleſac* with his Levity, but that I was obſtructed by new Adventures.

I will relate them to your Highneſs in their order, and you will finde them as ſingular as thoſe I have recited already.

But, Madam, I muſt afford you ſome reſpit, you cannot but be tired out with ſo much Reading, as I am alſo with Writing. I deſire your Highneſs would pleaſe to give me leave to conſider a while upon the remainder of my Relation, and conjure you to look upon my obedience to your Command as no ſmall matter in this Declaration of my follies: And as it is your Highneſs onely, of all perſons in the world, that could draw this Confeſſion from my own mouth, ſo there is no perſon to whom I am with ſo much Zeal and Reſpect,

The moſt humble

and moſt ſubmiſſive Servant,

H. S. D. M.

THE ADVENTURES AND MEMOIRES OF *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere*.

PART the V.

YOu muſt needs look upon me as a very indiſcreet perſon in the Fourth Part of this my Relation; and I was ſo indeed: For I did not onely deſire to go to *Candia*, as I have avowed it to your Highneſs; but when I underſtood by ſome perſons returned from thence, that the Earl of *Engleſac* was dead, I bewailed his loſs as if he had been the moſt faithful of men.

I had quite forgot all his Ingratitude, and rminated onely on our former Love; and I leave it to your conſideration, Madam, whether I had reaſon to imprint him ſo firmly in my

my remembrance; for he had in that Country been guilty of Infidelity several times.

I will acquaint your Highness with it in time; but I must first give an account how my business was carried on at *Grenoble*.

The Heirs of the Earl of *Englesac* did persecute me cruelly. I had carried away a great deal of the Goods he left them; and they could not agree to put it up without a contest at Law. They sued me without intermission; they drained both my Purse and Patience, and persisted in the ill design of destroying my Reputation and Fortune, who never so heavily oppressed me with the one hand, but that she supported me with the other, and found me out to my happiness a Protector. I will not tell your Highness his Name, because you do not know him; but he was a good man, of great interest in the Court of Judicature, and I may boldly say, that he is the only man that ever knew Esperance Beaumont. What his interest, but another motive but that of Charity. I had hopes, through his means, to overcome my Enemies; but that hope soon vanished; and he will tell you what destroyed it.

The [illegible] called *Monchevreuil* came to *Grenoble*, [illegible] business.

I was acquainted with him at *Paris*, where we were in different good friendship; and since he knew that I was at *Grenoble*, he failed not to

visit

viſit me. He did of his own accord concern himſelf with me; and though he was more in Love with Gaming than Women, he would for his diverſion ſometimes tell me, in a very ill humour, that I became my Widows habit very well.

This Amuſement was never intended as a piece of Gallantry. I told him one day ſmiling, when he had ſpent a whole Afternoon with me, that he was indebted to me for all the money that he had not loſt; and he alſo anſwered me with a ſmile, that he had then made a double gain, and expected a reward for hindring me, during all that time, from thinking upon the Earl of *Engleſac*. I took upon me a ſevere Countenance, and prohibited him with much ſerioufneſs, not to intermingle his diſcourſe with my Husband. He laughed at my ſcrupulouſneſs, and told me I was unwiſe to keep ſuch Meaſures with ſo inconſtant a Husband. He added farther, *You are one of my Friends, I will cure you of this weakneſs, and endeavour to obtain your Love, if it be but to drive the thoughts of that Ingrate out of your minde.*

Conſider, Madam, whether this might be called an Engagement; we made no Secret of it; and we were the firſt that did droll in Company after our own way of Entertainment. But when malicious Spirits go about to poiſon Diſcourſe, they make every thing a Crime.

Your Highneſs may remember that I had ſtollen away the Heart of the Marquiſs *de*----- from a Gentlewoman of *Grenoble*: ſhe ever owed me ill will after that Larceny; and knowing that my Protector was a very vertuous man, ſhe underſtood ſo well how to work upon him, that he was perſwaded the Viſits of the Chevalier *de Montchevreüil* were more culpable than they appeared to be, inſomuch that he would not concern himſelf with my buſineſs any longer.

I know not how ſo wiſe a man was ſo eaſily ſeduced; nor how thoſe innocent Toys which paſſed between the Chevalier and I, could have ſo bad a Conſtruction put upon them: but in fine, they did interpret them very prejudicially, and ſaid ſuch things of us both, as put me to the bluſh when I think of them. The perſons of Quality on whom he depended, blamed him for his Gaming; and in truth he was never cut out for a Gameſter, he was ever ſo unfortunate: But he could not leave it off; nay he would ſhut himſelf up with Gameſters, that he might play all night long without interruption. He honoured me with his Watches as if he were in my company; and they perſwaded the good man that I ſpake of, that whenever they ſearched for *Montchevreüil* and could not finde him, he was then Careſſing of me.

My Adverſaries buoy'd up this falſe rumour by

by their Authority and Teſtimony; and I know not whether they did not likewiſe make uſe of ſome ſhift to countenance it; for the talk was concerning a man muffled up in a great Champaigne-cloak, that went out of my houſe at break of day. They invented ſeveral other ſtrange circumſtances beſides, which had as little of truth in them. What ſhall I ſay, Madam? my Protector was aſhamed that he ever had born that Name; and write what I could in my own Juſtification, (for he would not permit me to ſee him) he continued inexorable.

His change made ſo great an alteration in my Affairs, that I concluded I ſhould loſe my Cauſe; and therefore took a reſolution to go and caſt my ſelf at the King's Feet, to Petition him that I might ſue in another Court, or have other Commiſſioners deputed to try my Cauſe. I departed from *Grenoble* upon this deſigne; and however, I gained this advantage by my Misfortunes, that all men were inſupportable to me. One of my greateſt griefs in going to *Paris* was, in thinking that I muſt be obliged to lend an ear to ſome of them; for I gueſſed very right, that when a Woman is ſomewhat handſome, and that ſhe undertakes Sollicitation at Court, ſhe is frequently expoſed to be careſſed by Courtiers. This reflection more than once perſwaded me to ſteer my old courſe. I know

not what I ſhould have done without the Remonſtrances of *Merinvil*; but ſhe asked me whether I would live without Eſtate and Name in the World; and when I was not ſufficiently ſenſible of this conſideration, ſhe grew angry, told me that I had loſt my ſenſe, and that ſhe could wiſh I had ten Lovers, provided that one of them would free me from trouble.

She had not any long time to diſcourſe me with theſe kinde of Follies; for I learned by my arrival at *Lyons*, that the King was upon his departure for the Iſle, where he was reſolved to paſs away two moneths time and better.

This delay afflicted me very much; I did not queſtion but my departure from *Grenoble* would have loſt me thoſe few Friends that I had left; and, ſeeing my ſelf deprived of the ready help which I expected, I repented my ſelf that I had taken ſuch ill Meaſures. But Patience was the onely remedy: What could I do? The King would not hear any buſineſs till his return; and if I could poſſibly move him with Compaſſion, how ſhould I overtake him that makes ſuch long Journeys, and was 100 Leagues before me?

Well, I comforted my ſelf as well as I could, and reſolved to go to *Lyons* all the time that the King would be in *Flanders*. I thought that it would be more eaſie for me to live there

there a ſolitary Life than at *Paris*: and I had formerly made a friend at *Languedoc*, which was then a Penſioner in St. *Peter*'s Abbey, from whom I expected great matters; She had no greater cauſe to praiſe men than I had; and we ſpent our time, whole days together, in ſtrengthening our ſelves in the Spleen we owed them.

A *Divota*, one of her friends, who was very Ingenious and Complaiſant, did ſometimes come to our entertainment, and did always make it very pleaſant; for ſhe was naturally merry. She told me and my friend, that we were Fools to ſhun the ſociety of Men becauſe they had injured us. *'Tis not by avoiding their Company that they are puniſhed*, ſaid ſhe; *on the contrary, you ſhould converſe with them, endeavour to pleaſe them, and then make them run mad.* But I replied, *By emraging them they deſtroy Women; and if they are ſo civil as not to do it, the Publique will without their aſſiſtance. Adde to that*, ſays my Friend, *that uſually, by endeavouring to bring but one Lover to deſpair, we come to love him inſenſibly, and prove by this means that Love is not to be ſported with.*

We entertained one another one day after this manner, when the Earl *de Tavanes*, who went from *Lyons* in order to his paſſage to *Candia*, where he after loſt his Life, and who was very intimately acquainted with the Re-

ligious Woman I ſpeak of, came to ſee her; the Nun that attends at the Round Box, or Portreſs, ſent him into the Parlour where we were; and though I diſappeared at his ſight, yet I was very much offended at this Rencounter. I told my friend the next day after, that if her Parlour were made ſo common to all the world, ſhe ſhould ſeldom have me there with her. She appeaſed me as well as ſhe could, and aſſured me, that I need not have any apprehenſion of fear upon the account of that Gentleman that I ſaw there.

And indeed, Madam, ſhe had already ſeen the Earl *de Tavaner* ſeveral times, who perſwaded her that he hated our Sex as much as I hated theirs. I did not at firſt believe that Hatred was real: I told my friend that there was ſome myſtery hid under that, and that ſhe was the perſon to be wheedled. But the *Religioſa* and ſhe told me ſo many things to take off that ſuſpition, that in concluſion they did perſwade me, and I my ſelf had a deſire to ſee a perſon ſo rarely to be found.

That was no difficult matter; I went every day to St. *Peter*'s Abbey, and he himſelf ſeldom miſſed coming thither. We met together as we did the firſt time; and I proteſt to you that I confirmed that was ſaid of him.

He made the difference conſiderable between

tween her and other Women. *She is not a little obliging*, added he, *and he must put a high value upon you, that understands your Sex, and not to shun you.* I am naturally Toyish, and as it fell out, I was that day in an humour of Raillery: I told the Earl smiling, that he was very confident to declare himself thus before three such Ladies as we were; that he deserved to be punished for it; and if it had been in my youthful days, I would have made him sing a Palinode.

He received this Menace with an indifference that extended even unto disdain, and continuing to take this Character all the remaining time of the Conversation: I was so much convinced of his hatred of Women, that I insensibly avoided him no more, as I did other men. For, Madam, I did not hate their persons, but their madness, to fix themselves near me, and always throw me into some vexatious Adventure.

Now because I did not believe the Earl *de Tavanes* to be of that humour, I permitted him to make up a fourth person in our Entertainments. He proffered very kindly those friends that he had at Court: I was very much obliged to him; and one day when it rained, and I had not my Coach with me, I suffered him to wait upon me in his own to my House.

He onely conducted me to my Chamber,

and left me assoon as I was there. The Nun made war with him next day, that he had not improved that opportunity to a Visit: He excused himself with this, That he desired very little Commerce with Women; and though he spake of me very respectfully, yet it was for all that with so little pressing to be better acquainted with me, that I took delight to see his Friend blame him; and I did not contradict the advice they gave him to come and make reparation for his fault.

Then, Madam, he came; and as if he would remove all questions, which that Visit might have in consequence, he gave me an account of the Reasons he had to abhor all Women. This Story is nothing to me, and I could willingly pass it over; but why should I not tell it you? It did increase my Confidence in him, and it will divertise your Highness. We did it onely in Conversation; and 'tis not the History of his Life, 'tis onely a Recital of one of the Particulars thereof.

I was born to Love, said he; *and though I am not very much stricken in years, I have already met with five or six Amorous Adventures. I have reason to complain of them all: For I always met with those that are Cruel or Inconstant, those that are Capricious or Light: And in fine, I had but too great reason to seek after Change. The most dolorous Intrigue that ever I rencountred,*

and which hath made me determine never to have any more, is that you are now going to learn.

I ſtopp'd at Dijon coming from the Country in Franche-Comté. I am (as it may be you know) a Native of Burgundy, and my Lands lie in that Country. At Dijon there was a very fair Woman at Law, whoſe Name I will conceal; for an honeſt man is obliged upon his own account to this kinde of diſcretion. She pleaſed me, I kept cloſe to her, and found nothing in her but that cruelty which was neceſſary to render her Favours more deſirable by me.

I did her good ſervice in her Law-ſuits; and when ſhe had any ſpare time, I ſhewed her all the Divertiſements that that Province could afford. She accepted of my Care and Service, as if ſhe ought never to have forgot them: but Ladies have a very treacherous Memory; and I will tell you how ſhe did acknowledge the Obligations wherewith ſhe was bound to me. The Marquiſs de Caſtelnauld was hurt by a great Contuſion at Beſanſſon, and the Chirurgeon had made an Inciſion, but cloſed it too ſoon; it grew worſe and worſe as he paſſed through Dijon, and forced him to ſojourn there for ſome time. My fair Law-Lady was taken with his handſome looks; but let that go, one is not always Miſtriſs of the Sentiments of their own Heart. Yet, the rarity was, that the cunning Baggage feigned to have a natural averſion for the Marquiſs.

He was a very good friend of mine; and it had

been a mere Capricio of the Brain to hate him thus without reaſon. I did extreamly blame my She-diſſembler; and after I had told her that ſhe muſt overcome this Hatred, I my ſelf brought Caſtelnauld *to her, that he might by his merit finiſh what I had begun.*

You may imagine there was no great trouble in this, this Viſit was backed with ſeveral others; and if I was told truth, my Inconſtant Miſtriſs did all ſhe could to advance the Intrigue.

The Marquiſs was not cruel, and the Lady very charming; they had ſoon contracted friend-ſhip: and that which was ſo reliſhing to my Ri-val was, that they made me their Mockery. They were agreed together that he ſhould interpret all the Teſtimonies of her hatred to him before me, as Marks of his Paſſion; inſomuch, that when my Traitreſs was over-preſſed with his Love, ſhe told Caſtelnauld *the bitterest things imagina-ble.*

I was really troubled at it; I begg'd his excuſe, and asked him, with an ingenious Air, if poſſibly he had not ſeen that Woman ſome-where elſe out of *Dijon*, and if the hatred ſhe ſhew'd him had not ſome Legitimate foundation?

He ſmiled at my ſimplicity, and told me jeſtingly, that he muſt bear this Misfortune as well as the other Malevolences of his Stars; and the injuſtice wherewith I was ſo ſurprized, was not the onely thing that La-dies are capable of. He

He play'd the counterfeit thus all the time we continued at *Dijon*; but one day when at our return we were walking in the little Park at *Verſailles*, and that we came to diſcourſe of our Law-Lady inſenſibly, he had ſuch remorſe on a ſudden, that he begged pardon for his Treachery, and told me what you have heard from me.

I would not believe him; and I think I ſhould ſtill queſtion the truth, if he had not perſwaded me to it by twenty Letters, ſome more convincing than others. There was one, wherein ſhe gave him a taſte of this ſubtilty, as one of the moſt agreable Myſteries of Love. In ſome others ſhe recommended it as a neceſſary piece of Polity in him to obtain her Suit at Law, and informed him what credit I had in our Parliament.

Upon your faith, Madam, replied the Earl, looking upon me ſtedfaſtly, *do you think that I have reaſon to hate Women? and after the relation of this Treachery which I newly diſcourſed to you, am not I very moderate in doing them no more miſchief?*

I was moved with a true compaſſion for the Cheat they put upon him; and finding my ſelf very much obliged for his confiding in me, I thought I muſt acknowledge it by relating to him, now it came in my turn, ſome one piece of the Ingratitude of the Earl of *Engleſac*. Your Highneſs is ignorant of the later,

later, and methinks I muſt acquaint you with them in this very place.

This Verſatile Man became Amorous of a Female-*Greek* in *Candia*; and finding in her either counterfeit or real Vertue, told all the world that he was going to marry her. He did not do ſo; for he could not; and if he could, I cannot perſwade my ſelf that he would be ſo faithleſs. But his Diſcourſes did injure my Reputation: and as he did not conceal himſelf, and people are more apt to believe bad than good Reports, the whole Army at his death was perſwaded that I was not his Wife.

O, Madam! what a piece of Ingratitude is this? Alas! he had formerly undergone ſo much to become my Husband, and was ſo obliging to me, that I believed him without difficulty: But this is not all, he lived nine or ten days after his Wound, and employed almoſt the whole time in ſhewing kindneſs to my Rivaleſs: he ſaid that he onely regretted the loſs of his Life, becauſe he ſhould die without depriving her of ſomething he had a minde to; and if ſome charitable Officers in the Army had not looked upon thoſe Expreſſions as of dangerous conſequence in a dying-man, and ſnatch'd away the *Greek* from his Bed-ſide, the perfidious man had died with ſuch words as thoſe in his mouth.

In your opinion now, ſaid I to the Earl *de Tavanes*,

Tavanes, are the Injuries you have received more cruel than mine? and have you more ground for your hatred than I have for mine? Let us joyn them together, Madam, repli'd he, *and take delight in deteſting all Mankinde.*

I could not forbear ſmiling at this diſcourſe, and anſwered him waggiſhly, that I ſuſpected any Union whatſoever with men. But as he was a very deſerving perſon, and ſeemed in my opinion to hate thoſe kinde of Intrigues as well as my ſelf, he had free acceſs to me when he pleaſed, and I loved him as a Brother.

A certain Knight, *de la Mothe* by name, came to ill purpoſe, and diſturbed our Society; he was Captain of a Gally that went to *Marſeilles* in order to his going to Sea, and that yearly in his paſſage ſtaid ten or twelve days at *Lyons*, where he increaſed the number of the Admirers of Madam *Carle*.

This year, to my Misfortune, Madam *Carle* was not the ſole occaſion of his ſtay: he had ſeen me in the Garden *d'Aimé*, which is a fine place, where the Ladies of *Lyons* uſually take their walks. I never went at thoſe times when they were there, but ſought out the moſt ſolitary Retirements. I know not by what accident the Knight *de la Mothe* found them out one day as well as my ſelf; but in the end he met me there; and from that

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time I never frequented any place but he found me out.

He followed me to all the Churches; he was constantly in the way that leads from my House to the Abbey; and when for vexation that I always met with this man, I confin'd my self to my Chamber, he us'd himself to a Neighbour's house, where he could see me through my Windows, as if he had been at home with me.

All this did highly disgust me; and I told the Earl *de Tavanes* one day, that if the Knight *de la Mothe* did persist in his Importuning of me after this manner, I would leave *Lyons*, and go to *Paris*, in expectation of the King's return thither.

I cannot tell whether the Earl was afraid of this, or whether he was onely ambitious to oblige me; but he went to the Knight, whom he knew, and entreated him not to put me thus to the tryal. *This Woman has some reason to her self not to be taken notice of*, said he, *and you discover her by your Affectation or Desire to follow her. Good Sir, follow her no more, I beseech you: a gallant man should never afflict a true woman.*

The Knight smil'd at the Earl's Remonstrances, and answered him in a malicious sense, that he could not accomplish his designs because they did so watch and observe his motions, and looked upon it as a thing

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to be feared. *Good God!* ſaid I to the Earl, when he gave me an account of this their Converſation, *let him do what he will, I will not have you ſpeak any more to him concerning me.* And indeed, Madam, that he ſhould not think I ſtood in awe of him, I ſeem'd to take no farther cognizance of his behaviour.

I know not whether this made him more confident, or whether he was reſolved to try my Patience to the utmoſt; but one day, when I was at an Abbey at the Inveſtiture of a Nun (and I could not avoid being preſent at that Ceremony) he procured a Chair to ſit near me; and without the leaſt reſpect to the Holineſs of the place, diſcourſed to me concerning his Amours. Judge you, Madam, if he did not make choice of a proper time; and if I were not very much diſpoſed to receive his Declaration. I looked upon him with ſo ſevere a Brow, and bid him ſo imperiouſly ſeek out another object of his Gallantry, that he durſt not proſecute it any farther; but being in a great confuſion, he went out before the Ceremony was ended.

Alas! I had done far better to have diſſembled my Anger, and permit him to have been near me: For, Madam, he went to take a walk to allay his Grief in the ſame Garden where he had the firſt ſight of me; and I am going to acquaint you with the new

Diſpleaſures

Diſpleaſures that Fortune was preparing for me.

The Earl *de Tavanes* was walking alone muſing, and the Knight *de la Mothe* ſpying afar off a bundle of Papers fall from his Pocket, gathered it up: Ah! Madam, what Papers were theſe, think you? they were eight or ten Letters which I wrote to the Earl of *Engleſac* when he woo'd me, without Superſcription; for I uſually folded them up in a double Covering: Now ſhe that loves her Lover extraordinarily, and is not ſo prudent as your Highneſs, oftentimes writes ſome little fopperies deſignedly. This fooliſh Knight *de la Mothe* thought that theſe Letters were directed to the Earl *de Tavanes*; and as it hapned I had ſigned ſome of them, he looked upon the Earl as his Rival, and did accuſe him in his thoughts as the Author of all the ill Treatments that he received at my hands.

Your Highneſs may gueſs how much I was ſurprized, when the Knight in revenge diſperſed theſe Letters all abroad, and that my She-friend gave me notice of the diſcourſe that was made of me. I asked the Earl *de Tavanes* the reaſon of it; and he anſwered me very coldly, that I knew well enough he could not make any bad uſe of my Letters.

Alas! no; for I never wrote any to him; but it was ſufficient, that they made a ſtory

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of him and I, to engage me never to look upon him more. I told him of it very ingenuously; and he was ſo moved therewith, that he had a great Quarrel againſt the Knight *de la Mothe*, and they were like to fight about it. Some perſons who were friends to both took up the buſineſs; and whether in the accommodation they diſcovered the Myſtery of thoſe Letters, or that there were ſome of them wherein the Earl of *Engleſac* was known, they began to acquaint the world to whom they did properly belong.

I became more innocent hereupon; but yet I was not leſs Intrigu'd. One of theſe Letters came to my own hands, and it may not probably diſpleaſe your Highneſs to ſee what Style they write that are deeply in love; and that this Love having no end but what is Lawful, conſtrains not the deſires of the Soul. Here is a Copy of the Letter I ſpeak of.

HOw cruel are you with your Reproach and Suſpition? Have you no other way to perſwade you that I Love, than to accuſe me that I do not love you at all? Alas! look upon my Eyes, all the World diſcovers my Paſſion in them. Are you the onely perſon that cannot diſcern it? That were a very terrible thing; for I have no fancy for any other Man in the whole Univerſe, except your ſelf. No, my dear Earl! 'tis your Sight onely that affords me thoſe Tranſports of

Joy

Joy which I cannot be Miſtriſs of. There is nothing but your Abſence that can diſcompoſe me: You are the ſole perſon that charms my Heart; and all my Actions bear Teſtimony thereof. I endeavour to diſſemble them with indifferent people, and yet they believe them. I avow them in all things before you, and yet you doubt whether you are fervently beloved by your

SYLVIA.

How fooliſh are Women when they are diſturbed with theſe things? I underſtood not till a long while after, that this Letter was the talk in all the Female-aſſemblies at *Lyons*. The Earl *de Tavanes* need not tell me of it; for as there was reaſon for him to take no notice of it, ſo he departed angry to ſee himſelf thus entangled with me in my concerns, and I knew not what was become of him. It came into my thoughts, that the Earl of *Engleſac* himſelf had loſt theſe Letters, that he was not dead, and that I ſhould live to ſee him return, as well as when I had ſo much lamented his loſs in the Naval Fight of the *Dutch*.

This thought created a thouſand idle Fancies in me; and I muſt confeſs to you all my Imbecility: I think that the leaſt Repentance of this Faithleſs man had rendred him more dear to me than ever: But his death was too certain;

certain; beſides, Madam, if I could have flattered my ſelf with hope, I had little time to think of that, as I am going to inform your Highneſs.

My Adverſaries made advantage of my abſence, and obtained an abſolute Order, whereby they had permiſſion to ſecure my perſon till the Suit were ended. Do but ſee, Madam, how rigorouſly they dealt with me. I was the Widow of the Earl of *Engleſac*; they contended with me for my Eſtate and Quality, and would alſo deprive me of the liberty of making my Defence; but any thing is granted almoſt upon a Default: Yet to make the beſt of this Order, it proved of advantage to me; for I hereby found out a new way to implore the King's Juſtice.

And then I made haſte to *Paris*, where their Majeſties were expected in very few days. And becauſe, fearing a ſurprize, I made my Journey *Incognito*, I pretended that I had obtained leave to enter into the Abby of St. *Peter*; my own Servants thought I was there already; and leaving them at *Lyons*, the better to conceal the buſineſs, I onely took along with me *Merinvil*, and went into the Paſſage-boat.

This Voyage at firſt drew Tears from my Eyes; it did not well agree with the Widow of the Marquiſs of *Meneza* and the Earl of *Engleſac*: but beſides that, my temper is not

to

to be over-much afflicted, I met with a Rencounter in that Boat that diverted me from my ſorrowful Reflections.

It was the famous *Desbareaux*; he went into *Provence* to paſs away his time there every Winter; and this year, being a little too forward, he found the Seaſon was ſomewhat hot as yet, and came back again near *Châlons*, to make an end of the Vintage with one of his Friends.

I have heard much diſcourſe of this man; and was impatient to be acquainted with him. I ſeated my ſelf by him, and did what I could to put him in the humour of talking, which was no great matter of difficulty; and though they gave little ear to him, he was not covetous of the Stories he knew.

He related ſome, wherein methought he had no extraordinary reſpect for perſons of the greateſt Quality; and paſſing from one Adventure to another, I know not by what means, he fell upon mine. He had never ſeen me in his Life; I told him not my Name; and he believed me to be in St. *Peter*'s Abbey; he ſpake of me as of an abſent perſon, that is to ſay, he did not ſpare me at all.

Yet he did me Juſtice for all that in ſome particulars, and beyond all Controverſie the publick Report had not taught him all that he knew. But, Madam, one thing that ſurprized me very much, as it muſt needs do

your

your Highneſs alſo, was, that ſpeaking of my ſojourning at *Lyons*, he gave out that the Earl *de Tavanes* was my Lover. I was almoſt ready to diſcover my ſelf by the ſtrange manner of my acquainting him that this Rumour was owned to be falſe, and that the Earl *de Tavanes* certainly never loved the Counteſs of *Engleſac*.

Who do you ſpeak to, ſaid he to me ſmiling? *'Tis from the Earl* de Tavanes *own Mouth that I learned this whole Intrigue. I juſt now parted with him in* Foreſt *at the Marquiſs* de——— *where we have been ten or twelve days together.* And then, Madam, he told me that the Earl *de Tavanes* had ſeen me at *Grenoble*, and that he became Amorous of me there: That he followed me to *Lyons*, where ſeeing that I often frequented St. *Peter*'s Abbey, he diſcovered himſelf to the *Religioſa* that I have ſpoken of, who was his ancient Friend, and who without doubt looked upon his Deſignes as Lawful, ſince that ſhe had ſo engaged her ſelf to do him ſervice.

It was a Plot among them, that he had pretended to hate all Women, merely to introduce him to my houſe: And that he had no deſire to have any farther commerce with them. They deceived my Female-friend firſt; and to make it ſhort to your Highneſs, I was decoy'd by all the Earl's appearances; and that which I thought I had done by accident, I did with deſigne.

This

This diſcourſe drove me into an aſtoniſhment that I could not diſſemble. I put queſtions to Monſieur *Desbareaux* without intermiſſion, and very few of them but what were pertinent; for I never in my life knew any intruſted Confident better informed. He underſtood even the leaſt diſcourſe that I had with the Earl: he told me all that that Lover thought, what he believed I thought; and when we came to the point of my Letters, he told me what had hapned, as if he had been an Eye-witneſs thereof. Your Highneſs knows but one part of it, but I will acquaint you with the reſt.

The Earl of *Engleſac* had a *Valet de Chambre* whom I did always miſtruſt, becauſe he was prefer'd to him by the Counteſs his Mother. I told him, and often wrote to him, that he ſhould have a care of the Fellow, and that I had reaſon to ſuſpect every thing that came from whence he did: yet I could never get him turn'd away; for he loved him, and was perſwaded that I was prepoſſeſſed with prejudice againſt him without reaſon.

He was with him to his Dying-day; and this Boy, having found among his Maſter's Papers ſome Letters wherein I ſpake very ill of him, did not come to me to demand ſatisfaction, but made the beſt uſe of them he could.

He was by chance become *Valet de Cham-*

bre

bre to the Earl *de Tavanes*; and it was juſt about the time that that Earl began to court me. He was not backward, as your Highneſs may gueſs, in putting queſtions to his new Domeſtick Servant: He knew that he had ſome of my Letters, and having taken them from him, thought to have carried them with him to *Lyons*, when he loſt them, and that the Chevalier *de la Mothe* took them up.

I was not ſollicitous to diſentangle my ſelf of this; for to take away all my ſuſpition, the Earl *de Tavanes* had ſent this *Valet* to *Toulon*, where the reſt of his Equipage attended his Arrival, and from whence he did ſome ſmall time after Embarque himſelf to carry freſh Recruits to *Candia*.

Monſieur *Desbareaux* told me all theſe things very ingenuouſly, and put me into an extream trouble to think that I ſhould have ſuch a villainous Cheat put upon me. The Earl *de Tavanes* had no great advantage by this deceitful Trick: I took him always to be one of my Friends, and I continued within the limits of the moſt Innocent Friendſhip. But what might have hapned if I had always perſiſted therein? He was a well-ſhap'd Lover, and of an agreable temper, whom I had, without thinking of any ſuch thing, permitted to be intimate with me for two Moneths and better, who told me, that I ſhould not be ſo much uſed to ſee him unmoved;

but

but that after I ſhould underſtand ſomething, I could not have the power to baniſh him my Company.

This Thought made me forgive the Chevalier *de la Mothe* for all the Importunities received by him: And in effect, if he had not troubled his head with loving of me, the Adventure of the Letters had poſſibly never hapned, and I had ſtill ſeen the Earl *de Tavanes* very familiarly. But as the Knight did not do all that with good Intentions, ſo I did not hate his Sex the leſs for that; for I ſaid all that I could think of in their prejudice.

Monſieur *Desbareaux* pretended that he could ſay as much of ours, and was not in the humour to ſpare them in the leaſt. He remembred his Intrigues that were paſſed, and had a thouſand Reaſons to believe Women to be much more perfidious than men. I would not agree with him herein; and we had ſometimes ſuch Diſputes as reſembled ſharp Quarrels: for this man did not argue like other perſons; he maintained his Opinion with as much heat, as if he had been greatly intereſſed therein: and when any one was poſitive in thwarting of him, he was tranſported with Paſſion againſt thoſe that contradicted him; and this Tranſport did greatly increaſe his Paſſion.

But perhaps I tire your Highneſs in making

ſo

ſo prolix a Diſcourſe concerning my Spleen againſt men: I muſt now divertiſe you with an indifferent Story, which made me laugh heartily, and without queſtion will create the ſame Paſſion in your Highneſs.

We had in our Boat a man, who, though the whole Retinue that waited on him was but one Lacquey, yet had he the Air of a perſon of Quality. He ſate by me as it fell out, and we did often chat together. We came (I know not upon what occaſion) to diſcourſe of ſome of the Cities of *Languedoc*; and this man ſaid, though not very diſcreetly, that the Ladies of *Montpellier* were pliable enough.

This was ſaid before one of that City, who had an indifferent handſome woman to his Wife, of whom he was very jealous. He took offence at this reproach, and asked the Gentleman that ſpake firſt, with a ſevere look, if he had experimented the Gentleneſs of the Ladies of *Montpellier*, or whether he knew them onely by hear-ſay.

I ſpent one whole Winter with them, replied this Gentleman coldly, *and aſſociated my ſelf with one of the moſt conſiderable, and greateſt Gallants, from whom I underſtood the Intrigues of many others. May a man be ſo bold as to ask you her Name?* replied the jealous Husband very briskly.

I know not whether they knew him, or

whether they intended to puniſh him for his Jealouſie, or whether chance onely introduced the Story, but they named his Wife to him. *You are miſtaken*, interrupted he, *the perſon you have named is not of the humour you talk of; and therefore you muſt needs take ſome other perſon for her.*

This Diſpute did move me to curioſity; I would have preſſed it more home, and I did maliciouſly ask the man that ſpake firſt, what kinde of Woman ſhe was that is now in queſtion.

He replied, *She is tall; and if ſhe had a double Chin, would be of an excellent proportion. Her Eyes are beautiful, her Mouth ſomewhat wide, but admirable Teeth; a lively good Colour, brown Hair, and Sings as well as heart can wiſh.*

You would have laughed extreamly, Madam, if you had ſeen how this poor Husband hearkned to the Character given of his Wife. He changed Colour twice or thrice; and turning towards one of his Friends that ſtood near him, told him, louder than he thought he did, *'Tis my Wife they ſpeak of; and you may eaſily finde that the Diſcourſe deſcribes her Limb by Limb.*

The other ſtill proſecuted it: *She loves to be at Balls, and they are often made at her own Houſe; And one Gentleman*, ſaid he, naming his Name, which I have forgot, *did treat*

treat her with five or six very noble Balls, during the time that he made his Amours to her.

The Husband continued; *This is not at all like her*, ſpeaking to his friend; *the man they talk of never was within my doors. I was at* Paris *when he was at* Montpellier; *but I have faithful Intelligence of all the Paſſages in my abſence; and I am well ſatisfied that they miſtook another for my Wife.*

This Relator continued his Story: *She has a very neat Country-houſe, where ſhe ſpends the whole Summer; it was there that I firſt ſaw her, and all Strangers out of curioſity go to ſee that Houſe; for beſides that it is more commodious than uſually Rural Apartments are, there is a Cloſet or little Room full of Antique Arms, which is one of the greateſt Rarities that can be ſeen.*

Ah! that is more like my Wife than all the reſt, ſaid the Husband with a deſperate and loud Tone; *nay certainly ſhe is the idle Goſſip, according to their Repreſentation.*

We all brake out into ſuch a loud fit of laughter, that the poor man was quite diſcountenanced, and went to hide himſelf in ſome other part of the Veſſel, where I believe he made moſt dreadful Reſolutions; but they permitted him not to fortifie them; for they went and ſwore to him, that all that was ſaid was onely to try him, and the Story was falſe from the beginning to the end.

And it may be it was ſo accordingly; for who can give credit to what men ſay? was there ever any one man faithful? But now I return to relate ſome novel Subtilties, and new Romances, beſeeching your Highneſs to pardon me (ſince I could not avoid it) for telling the Tale of the Husband of *Montpellier*.

As we were tattling and jeſting in this manner, we came to *Paris* inſenſibly, where I immediately had a Rencounter that did much rejoyce me, though it did not a little afflict me too withal.

It was with a Gentleman-uſher belonging to the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, who was looking for a conveniency in a Stage-coach to bring me at *Grenoble* (where he thought I ſtill reſided) a Casket that his Miſtriſs had ſent me. He was an old Servant whom they had found to be very truſty; and judge, Madam, whether it was not requiſite that he ſhould be well known! There was in it a great number of rich Precious Stones: the Gentleman probably knew nothing of it; but however, he did not look upon them, and brought them to me very faithfully.

I'll aſſure you, Madam, they did very much rejoyce me; and theſe rich Jewels, after ſo many Suits at Law, and Journeys, were a great help to me; but together with the receipt of them, I underſtood that the poor Marchioneſs was dead. There

There was beſides ſomewhat of Adventure interwoven with this her Death: They pretended that ſhe had taken I know not what Potion, of which a man alſo took, and 'twas to create an eternal Paſſion of mutual Love between them; which Ingredients were ill prepared, or the hour of the Marchioneſs was come. She died very ſuddenly, and it was thought that the Draught contributed very much thereunto.

Poor Lady! ſhe had left by Will all that ſhe could, and ſent me theſe Precious Stones when ſhe was dying. Alas! ſhe had no need of this laſt act of Generoſity to oblige me to cheriſh her Memory. She had ſome little Phrenſies, which did not reliſh with all the world, and we had many Intanglements together; but when all is ſaid, ſhe was a good and generous Perſon; and I am ſenſible that I was very much obliged to her. I mourned for her as much as if ſhe had been my Mother; and I look upon your Highneſs to be ſo Compaſſionate as to bear a part with me here in my affliction.

I kept her Gentleman with me, and rewarded him according to his deſert, becauſe he had ſo faithfully performed the laſt Will of his Miſtriſs. He was an underſtanding man, and well acquainted at *Paris*: he found me out a Lodging, where I was ſecured till they obtained from the Council ſtay of Proceedings,

dings, and liberty to put me in a posture of Defence. I do'nt know how they did to manage my busineſs before the Privy Council. I had need go to Law indeed, being ſo ignorant in litigious Quirks; and were I never ſo skilful in them, I ſhould not amplifie my ſelf upon that Subject to your Highneſs, becauſe I believe that would not prove any great Recreation to you. But however, I found my ſelf free, and in a condition to proſecute my Adverſaries as freely as I had done formerly.

I ſent for my Equipage that was left at *Lyons*; and by good Fortune a man of *Dauphiné*, that was tired upon the Road, and could not ſit his Horſe, asked ſome of my Servants for a place in my Coach; and they were ſo civil as not to deny him.

I ſay, by good Fortune, Madam; for this Man was the particular friend of Monſieur *de Lionne*; and when he arrived at *Paris*, grew acquainted with me. This generous Officer found ſomewhat in my Phyſiognomy which did not diſpleaſe him: He deſired to underſtand all my buſineſs, and I was ſo happy, that the moſt ſtubborn of the Earl of *Engleſac*'s Relations had a weighty buſineſs in the Court, which depended upon the management of Monſieur *de Lionne*.

He promiſed me very obligingly to make ſuch a conjuncture advantageous to me; and in truth

truth he knew ſo well how to manage the man's temper, that he put him in a way of accommodation; and he drew ſuch expreſſions from him, and other of my Adverſaries, which became inviolable Sureties to me.

I do not remember that I ever paſſed away any time with greater Tranquillity than this that I am now ſpeaking of. I expected my Enemies day after day, who promiſed me to do whatſoever Monſieur *de Lionne* pleaſed; and I was of opinion that he would not prefer their Intereſts before mine. The Jewels of Madam *de Seville* brought me into great trouble: They queſtioned her Donation to me in *Flanders*; but I conſulted ſeveral able Lawyers, who aſſured me, that Controverſie would not hold Water; and which pleaſed me beyond all the reſt, I had no Suiters near me: but this laſt Content was but ſhort; and certainly it is written in the Heavens, That Lovers in ſpite of me, will trouble me as long as I ſhall live.

I was in a place where they Gam'd very much; and I did like the reſt, but more to link my ſelf in the Society of Women, than for any love that I have to Play. A Perſon of higheſt Quality at Court was often one that played againſt us; and according to the Inconſtancy of my Stars, he took a phancy to me, and endeavoured to obtain my Love.

He was not fit for that; Dignity and Magni-

ſicence ſway very little with me; for there muſt be ſomewhat agreeable to my eye, before it can arrive at my Heart. But becauſe he was a Perſon of great Credit, and that I had no reaſon to procure ſuch redoubted Enemies, I defended my ſelf againſt him with ſomewhat more Civility than I us'd the Chevalier *de la Mothe*.

Without diſſimulation, when I think on it, his initiation into my Acquaintance did greatly pleaſe me. The Man I ſpeak of, has Wit enough in his own way, but 'tis very confus'd and diſorder'd; and aſſoon as he plunges himſelf in Diſcourſe, he falls into a *Canting* kinde of *Jargon*. I did enviouſly propoſe Queſtions to him, when he began to be Intricated; and applauding him for his Eloquence, when he leaſt deſerv'd it, drove him into ſuch obſcurity, that I had almoſt died with Laughing. I know not whether he perceived that I jeer'd him, or whether through Malice any one gave him to underſtand it; but he ſhewed a great deal of Anger, and threatned me with no leſs than a memorable Revenge.

I fear'd it not; for I could not be convinced of any thing. 'Tis true, within my ſelf I did Quip or Gibe at him, but yet in the mean while I always kept my ſelf within ſuch a Decorum as to outward Appearances, that he could deſire no greater; and if I had been defective in any of them, yet did I not think

that

that for that they would ſtudy revenge againſt a Woman of my Quality.

Therefore inſtead of being terrified at their Advice, I became more jocular; and one day when I was in a waggiſh Humour, I ſaid in relation to that buſineſs, that he was ingrateful; and ſhould remember that I once underſtood him.

I confeſs that this paſſage was very poignant to a perſon who was drol'd at for his Pedlers-*French* diſcourſe; but it ſeem'd ſo pleaſant to me, that I could not but out with it; and it fared with me as it does uſually with people that are over-eager to throw out a Jeſt; for not only the great Lord underſtood it, and would never pardon it, as your Highneſs ſhall ſoon be informed; but it drew abundance of troubleſom buſineſs upon me.

I did this waggery before the Chevalier *du Briſſon*, who was by accident in a Houſe where I uſed to play often. You, Madam, know this Knight, and underſtand what an impreſſion witty Raillery made with him. He was touched with this; and deſiring to be more particularly acquainted with me, he intreated the young Earl *d'Eſchapelles*, who was a very intimate Friend of mine, to accompany him to my Apartment.

D'Eſchapelles asked my leave, and I freely condeſcended to it: now do but obſerve the concatenation of Cauſes, what a thing 'tis!

The deceaſed Madam *d'Engleſac* had told me formerly, that ſhe had ſome Pretence to the Succeſſion of Monſieur *Deſlandes-Payen*, who was Uncle to this Chevalier. I had by chance the Writings concerning that affair in my own hands; I came by them I know not how at the death of Madam *d'Engleſac*. I enquir'd for ſome perſon that underſtood the affairs of Monſieur *Deſlandes* deceaſed, to ſee if I could not ſqueeze ſomewhat out of his Heirs.

The Chevalier *du Buiſſon* did ſeem to me a perſon very fit for the undertaking. I told the Earl *d'Eſchapelles* that I ſhould be very glad to ſee him, and that he might bring him with him when he thought convenient; who brought him accordingly; and to my Misfortune I pleaſed him, as I had done many other perſons.

He told it very confidently to the young Earl, as I had it from him ſince; and made him think that he went to make his utmoſt Efforts to gain a ſhare in my favour.

I acquainted your Highneſs that the Earl *d'Eſchapelles* was my very intimate friend; and you may remember that we were of the number that did deſigne to viſit you at the time when he died. This poor Youth, who knew my ſincerity, and to whom I had often proteſted that I abhorred nothing ſo much as Lovers, did his endeavour to free me from this Perſon.

Don't

Don't you fool your ſelf with this Woman, ſaid he, *ſhe will afflict you too much. She is repulſed by Love, and has no reaſon to commend it: She will have no Adventures; and 'twould be a very difficult matter for one that ſhould love her really to accoſt her.*

Du Buiſſon did nothing but laugh at this his advice; and though he was not perſwaded of the cruelty of Ladies, he judged of my Heart by the Intrigues that I had received: And you may eaſily apprehend, Madam, that upon that account they ought not to believe me too ſevere. He asked the Earl *d'Eſchapelles* with a pleaſant Air, where he had ſo well ſtudied the Map of the World: and they, growing warm in diſcourſe, laid a Wager, the one, that he would gain my Love before I was two Moneths older; the other, that he would never obtain it.

Whether the Earl *d'Eſchapelles* did me ſufficient Juſtice to believe that I ſhould make him win without his Intreaties, or that he had engaged himſelf not to ſay any thing to me of the Wager, he kept his word with the Chevalier *du Buiſſon*, and I knew not one Syllable of what had paſſed between them; therefore I entertained this new Courtier very civilly, and accepted of his Complaiſance and Services.

He did not draw any trouble upon me on the account of his Uncle; for it could not well

well be, and my Papers were not in good form; but he ſeemed to have done his utmoſt, and that to me was as much as if he had ſucceeded. He did every day afford me ſome new Divertiſement, and knew ſo well how to play his part, that I always believed he did it for ſome other perſon, and that others knew he did it for my ſake.

This is not all; he affected the Grimaces of a Proſperous Lover; he counterfeited the Myſterious and falſe Diſcreet one; he would depart from me aſſoon as it was obſerved that he was with me; and he was always taken reading one Letter or other, which he did hide aſſoon as he was diſcovered.

All this looked like ſomething extraordinary; but in the interim he could not perſwade the Earl *d'Eſchapelles* that he had loſt. He would hear me ſay with my own Mouth, that I loved *du Buiſſon*; which was not like to be: for how could I make that acknowledgement? The Chevalier *du Buiſſon* had not as yet told me that he fancied me; and I ſaid ſuch diſmal things before him both againſt Love and Lovers, that he durſt not attempt that Declaration. Yet he would however maintain the Wager; for he thought without doubt it would be a diſparagement to him to loſe; or, it may be, he is of the temper of ſome other people in the World, who

who are almoſt as much pleaſed to be thought they are beloved, as to be ſo indeed.

What did this wily Youth do? He had ſome Letters whoſe hand did ſufficiently reſemble mine, and which were very melting. He made the Earl *d'Eſchapelles* believe that I wrote them; made uſe of ſome other elufions to make me come to the *Tuilleries* with him at ſuſpitious hours. What ſhall I ſay, Madam? He play'd his Cards ſo cunningly, that the poor Earl was deceived by him, and convinced that he had loſt.

There was a great deal of ſubtlety required to cheat him thus; for, beſides that he had a very penetrating Wit, he was not a Novice in all the Humours or Courſes of *du Buiſſon*; and if the world ſay true, he was a Man able to read Lectures how to put tricks upon others: but for this bout he met with his Maſter, and he was never more firmly ſatisfied of any thing than my private aſſociation with the Chevalier *du Buiſſon*.

He had perſwaded him to make a great Oath to behave himſelf cloſely; and I think they might willingly have remitted his Wager upon that account. But which way? How could a man very familiar with me, and who ſaw himſelf deceived in his Confidence of me, be ſilent? He was not, Madam, and the firſt day that I was in private with him, he quarrell'd with me for my Diſſimulation, and

acquainted

acquainted me with all that I have ſaid.

I did not believe at firſt that he ſaid truth; he was naturally addicted to Raillery, and did affect it to his reproving me, to the end, as I think, that I might eſteem it the better for that. I ſet my ſelf a laughing, and I told him, that I was not ſo eaſily deceiv'd; but as he ſaid nothing but what was too true, and at laſt we can diſtinguiſh Truth from Raillery, I began to believe him, and never was more aſtoniſhed nor incenſed.

Yet I knew not how to quarrel with the Chevalier *Du Buiſſon*: I was unwilling to expoſe the Earl *D'Eſchapelles*; beſides, I knew farther, that thoſe Gentlemen that ſucceed in their deſignes, take a pride in paſſionate and high Quarrels; and that if I ſhould engage with the Chevalier *Du Buiſſon*, it would prove an Obligation rather than a Puniſhment. Whereupon I reſolved to jeer him in publique, and thus I performed it. I was one day in the Kings Garden with a Country-Lady of Quality, who lodged in the ſame Houſe with me, and who brought me to this Promenade. Many of our Acquaintance were there alſo, and among the reſt the two men that I was juſt now ſpeaking of: They came both and accoſted us, and I no ſooner ſaw the Chevalier *Du Buiſſon* near me, but ſtopping very nimbly; *To the purpoſe, Monſieur le Chevalier*, ſaid I, *pray put me in minde when I am at home to tell you,*

that

that I love you; I have deferred the manifestation of it too long, and I had saved you many a false Story, if I had considered on it, and declared it to you before now.

This, *To the purpose*, made them break out into excessive laughter, because it was to no purpose at all. The Chevalier seem'd very much perplexed; and I, to increase it the more, pursued, *What, are you resolved then to be cruel?* looking upon him tenderly. *Ha! Monsieur le Chevalier, don't take upon you that Resolution; this would kill me absolutely: 'Tis sufficient that I love you, without loving you ineffectually. Believe me, Sir, Cruelty doth not well become your Sex; and I love you so much, that you cannot without Ingratitude refuse to love me a little.*

I said all this with such an envious Accent, that the Chevalier was quite out of countenance. He would fain say somewhat, and asked very gravely, what ground I had for that Raillery; but to his mischance, the Earl *D'Eschapelles* looked upon him at that very instant, and he saw somewhat, I cannot tell what, that was so full of Drollery in his very Countenance, that he disengaged himself, and retreated in a great confusion.

Your Highness may well think, that they that remained there did not spare him in the least. He lov'd to Droll naturally; and whether they were charitable to him, or that the

Report

Report of him was true, they ſaid, I was not the firſt Woman whoſe Galant he falſely publiſhed himſelf to be. All perſons were raviſh'd to ſee a man of his name thus toſs'd in a Blanket, and there was no kind of Jeer but was threwn upon him. He underſtood the major part of them, and took a very pleaſant courſe to repulſe them.

He pretended to underſtand my Diſcourſe verbally, and told them that talk'd with him concerning me, that we were at ſome variance, becauſe he could not finde in his heart to love me. *I confeſs ſhe is well ſhaped*, he further added, *and that ſhe hath alſo a diverting Wit; but every man knows his own buſineſs beſt: a man cannot love all the world, and a man muſt needs have a great ſtock of Love, to become amorous of all that deſerve it.*

I did but laugh at this Diſcourſe, and they that were inform'd of the truth of that Story, did ſo likewiſe; but all people knew it not: and there were ſome perſons ſo weak, as to publiſh it abroad, that I doated on the Chevalier *Du Buiſſon*, and could not gain his Affection. Nay, I don't know whether they did not make me act ſome deſperate thing thereupon: For the Death of a fine Woman, who arrived here the laſt Winter, had brought it in faſhion; and perhaps they have honoured me ſo far, as to believe me dying by the Charms of this ingrateful perſon.

Theſe

These Tales reached the Ears of a Gentlewoman, who, as your Highness shall understand, did not hear them indifferently. It was a pretended Prudent Woman, who had deceived some good souls; and as honest persons judge freely of others by themselves, she was looked upon as an extraordinary good Woman, and was generally so reputed.

She was very High-minded, and you could hear nothing in her Quarters, but the severe Remonstrances she made to all Women; and she favoured me with some of them. Do you judge, Madam, whether she made choice of a proper time, when I had newly learn'd an Intrigue of Love between her self and *du Buisson*, above a year before.

I smiled at the juncture of time; and having a minde to make it my divertisement, I said, *Being so Charitable and Virtuous a Lady, methinks you have a strong Inclination to judge amiss of your Neighbours: I have been more favourable to you; and whatever they have told me concerning* du Buisson *and your self, I would never believe a word of it.*

You would have laughed heartily, Madam, if you had but seen how discomposed this Woman was when she heard her Lover named. She was at a loss, and in a great confusion, but soon recovered her self; and reassuming her severe look, told me, she was sufficiently known, and feared not those Calumnies;

lumnies; for that they would return upon the Heads of their Authors.

They that told me the Story knew it very well; and I did not think my ſelf obliged to diſguiſe it. I omitted not one Circumſtance, and I put my counterfeit Prudent Woman into ſo high a Paſſion of anger, that ſhe could diſſemble it no longer.

She call'd me Ill-bred Detracting Woman, and I know not how many more Names, poſting away in a fury out of my houſe, and ſware that I ſhould repent I ever had offended her.

I did but laugh at her Menaces, and made Monſieur *de Lionne* too laugh heartily, when I told him of our Converſation: But I was a Fool to make ſo ſlight of this buſineſs; we muſt not ſport with ſuch kinde of perſons; and I learned ſoon after, to my own coſt, that a Quarrel with them is not a Laughing buſineſs.

I told your Highneſs, that this perſon was eſteemed a very Vertuous Woman; though they wronged her in ſo doing, as you may finde: but in the mean time, thoſe that ſhe had infected with this errour were powerful perſons, and embarqued hood-wink'd in her Quarrel. She perſwaded them that I led a diſſolute Life, and that ſhe had reaſon to upbraid me therewith. She accuſed me of having uſed her injuriouſly, which I did not

not ſo much as dream of; and without doubt, intermixing ſome piece of irreverence towards that which merits our Reſpect, ſhe ſtir'd them up ſo highly againſt me, that thinking to do well, they became the very Inſtruments of her Revenge.

All the Informations that the deceaſed Lady *d'Engleſac* had drawn up againſt me, in order to my deſtruction, he cauſeth Copies thereof to be taken out of the Office. They again ſet on foot the Slanders wherewith all our Proceedings did abound: The laſt Arreſt of the Parliament at *Grenoble* was not forgot; and the Orders formerly obtained of the Queen-Mother were ſtrangely recovered. I was amazed when the Chevalier *du Buiſſon* came and told me that they laboured for a new Order to clap me into a Convent, and were upon the very point of getting it.

You may imagine, Madam, ſaid *du Buiſſon*, *in giving me this Information, that I have no hand in the miſchief they intend you. 'Tis true, I have had a little prejudice for you; and if I ſhould well conſider it, it may be owed you ſome ſtill; but this does not extend to the extremity that they aim at againſt you.*

I have done what I could to hinder it, though it has proved ineffectual; and they take ſo little notice of my entreaties, that I muſt diſpence with thoſe Meaſures hereafter as ineffectual. See now what I can ſerve you in. I know a good

way

way for you to revenge your ſelf; and if you pleaſe, we will get ſuch an Order granted for your Adverſary as they would have againſt you.

I did not accept of his Proffer, as your Highneſs may imagine; for I had buſineſs of my own to defend, without employing my ſelf in attaquing other perſons. But I did ſeem to be obliged to him for his good will, and that made me forget all the cauſes of Complaint I had againſt him.

In the interim they ſollicited the procuring of the Order againſt me very diligently; and the Great Lord I mentioned before, did me all the diſſervice imaginable. I know not by what means my Counterfeit-ſhe prudently diſcovered that he was not my friend; but in the end ſhe had engaged him on her ſide; and I was certainly advertis'd that he wounded me moſt grievouſly.

All my hope was in Monſieur *de Lionne*; nor was it in vain, he had defended me generouſly; for he lov'd what he lov'd extreamly, and did not take ſlight notice of thoſe that injured their Reputation: But he was at *Fontainblean*, where the Court then reſided; and as I was making preparation to go and finde him out, I underſtood that he was come back to *Paris* very ſick.

His Diſtemper was at firſt onely a Tertian Ague, and the Phyſicians did mock at them that

that asked if his Life was not in ſome danger: But 'twere to no purpoſe for them upon that account to deal with me *en ridicule*; Something, I know not what, did foretel me the miſchief that would befal me: And from the time Monſieur *De Lionne* fell ſick, I durſt have ſworn he was on his Death-bed.

Ah! Madam, what a Loſs was this to me? The Generous and Powerful Protector which I had in this worthy Officer! I did not lament alone, for every one regretted his Loſs; and it was the common Cry of the people, that Perſons ſo Meritorious as he was ſhould be immortal: But the truth is, there are ſo few of them, that it is not worth the while to make a Law purpoſely for them.

Aſſoon as his Death was known at *Languedoc*, the Relations of the Earl of *Engleſac* would not ſtand to their word in any thing they had promiſed him; they had agreed by their Writings to own my Marriage, and give me a reaſonable Penſion for Life. I was content with Six Thouſand Livres *per Annum*, and they were of opinion that I ſubſcribed to reaſon herein; but when Monſieur *de Lionne* was dead, they did not think themſelves obliged to pay me any thing. They ſaid I was not the Earl of *Engleſac*'s Widow, and began afreſh their Perſecutions and Calumnies.

I durſt not make any further Addreſſes to the

the King, as I resolved to do coming from *Grenoble*; for I was afraid that my new contracted Enemies had bespatter'd me before his Majesty. 'Tis probable I did ill to have such apprehensions, and it is to little purpose to entertain the King with so small a matter; but in the end I was possess'd with this phancy, that I would not expose my self to the vexatious Consequences they might have.

Then I took up a Resolution to go and see if I should not have better Success in receiving the Grant of the Lady *de Sevil*, than to prosecute the Succession of the Earl of *Englesac*. I was at *Paris* without Substance or Allies; the Chevalier *du Buisson* did assure me, that they were ready to do me a prejudice, and the Heirs of the Marchioness of *Sevil* did get ground of me at *Brussels* by my absence. What could I do better than in going thither? Then I put my self in condition for that Journey; and, Madam, although many unhappy things befel me at *Paris*, yet I protest to your Highness, that I left it not without some Sighs.

'Tis a Commodious and Charming Residence; there are in other places, as well as there, Palaces, Promenades, and the like; but you finde only at *Paris* that freedom of Living which is there practised; which to my phancy is the most valuable thing in the world.

I had a mind to Travel by the Countrey of

Artois,

Artois, to see a Man of Business belonging to the Marchioness of *Sevil*, who I knew retir'd thither after her Death; from whom I hoped to draw very great and clear Discoveries. And this had like to have involved me in fresh Troubles, and procure me new Enemies.

My Hostess understood by my Servants that I took the Road to *Artois*, and begg'd of me to let a certain Female, who she said was a Relation to one of her Friends, have a place in my Coach, who had a desire to see her Husband, who was in the Garrison at *Arras*.

I know not whether they had gain'd this Hostess by Bribes, or whether they had only deceived her; but, Madam, the person that she charg'd me with, was Madamoiselle *de*——— who after she had secreted her self three or four Months at *Paris*, fled away *Incognita*, and was going to the Duke of ——— in *Flanders*. You have heard her History, Madam; for she made too much Bustle and Noise in the World, not to reach your ear. Do but think, Madam, in what a pickle I should have been, if this Maids Parents had taken me carrying her so privately from *Paris*; they would never have forgiven me this; and they are not people that will give grains of allowance to those they have no kindness for.

'Tis true, I was not long expos'd to this danger: for the Duke of ——— overtook us the second

ſecond days Journey, and convey'd Mademoiſelle *de*——— to a Caſtle of his own beyond the Frontiers of *France*.

I cannot tell how theſe two came acquainted at firſt: 'tis poſſible, that they who concealed this Gentlewoman at *Paris*, did not hide her from all the world; and that he had ſeen her in that Journey that he made not long ſince. Whatſoever it is, they ſeemed to me to be indifferent good friends; and according to my Judgement, I had brought, unknown to me, a Miſtriſs to her Lover.

I could not forbear laughing when I knew it; my good intentions took away all ſcruples; beſides, Madam, I had many other things of concernment to trouble my head with beſides all that came ſo: For this Duke——— had forewarned me to have a care how I came into the King of *Spain*'s Dominions, and that at *Bruſſels* they had obtained a Decree againſt me.

Certainly your Highneſs muſt needs be amazed to hear talk of a Decree; I was alſo very much ſurprized hereat; nor did I believe that I had committed any action that ought to come in queſtion again: but one muſt be ſecure of nothing, and I am going to rehearſe to you a Quirp in Law that you could never have deviſed.

The Heirs of the Lady *de Seville* had without doubt been at Counſel about their Caſe

as

as well as I; 'tis to be thought that they were told that the Donation was in good form, and if they would contend with me, they muſt be condemned to pay Coſts and Damages; they bethought themſelves of a ſtrange Invention to hinder my enjoying of that Eſtate ſo given and granted.

I told you, Madam, that the Lady *de Seville* had charged her Gentleman to bring me a Cabinet, where I found ſome Jewels; and that he did ſo accordingly. This was done without any kinde of formality in Law. His Miſtriſs had intruſted in his hands this Caſket, and I alſo received it from him: I know not how they came to have ſome light of this *Depoſitum*; whether the Marchioneſs had told ſome perſon that ſhe had ſent me theſe Jewels; or that I my ſelf, who did not conceal the Preſent, had diſcourſed it before ſome people that had correſpondence at *Bruſſels*. This news came to them on the wing, 'twas ſo ſpeedily known. They ſaid they had good ground for this Proſecution. For in caſes of Legacies, or in other things of the like nature, which are to be received from the party deceaſed, there ought to be a Declaration made thereof, or elſe it muſt be nominated in the Will.

I had done neither; for I did not know it ought to be ſo; and I am apt to believe the Marchioneſs was as ignorant of it as my

ſelf. They alledged this piece of ignorance as a great errour in me; and got a Decree againſt this poor Gentleman for a Robber, and a Commiſſion for Contempt, wherein I was alſo compriſed.

I was never more abaſh'd, than when the Duke------ told me that all this was Criminal. I had not heard ſo much as any diſcourſe of it; and whether they gained on their ſide thoſe that managed my buſineſs in *Flanders*, or ſurprized them unawares, I know not; but they ſent me not a word of this whole Proceeding.

I confeſs, Madam, that I thought my Patience had been quite loſt; and when I found my ſelf thus perſecuted at *Languedoc*, in danger of my perſon at *Paris*, and more than that, in greater peril at *Bruſſels*, I did murmur againſt my Stars more than ever I had done formerly.

The Duke *de*------ did what he could to comfort me; he proffered me the aſſiſtance of his Reputation and Friends; and told me, that if I would be in a place of ſafety, I ſhould be lodged in a Caſtle which was upon the Land of the Empire, and belonged to his Relations.

I did not accept of this laſt offer, being unwilling to be ſo ſhut up in a Country unknown to me; onely I entreated him to ſpeak to the Heirs of the Marchioneſs, to ſee if there could

could be any way found out to reduce them to reaſon. He promiſed to do his utmoſt Efforts; and we concluded that he ſhould ſend to me at the Country of *Liege*, where I reſolved to go and tarry in expectation of ſome news from him.

You know, Madam, that the State of *Liege* is a Country that's Neuter, and that they ſtand highly upon that Neutrality; but yet I durſt not altogether confide herein; 'tis a neighbouring place to *Bruſſels*; my Enemies were of repute there, and I dreaded the treachery of ſome Magiſtrate. Therefore I would not declare my ſelf openly, but went to the *Spaw*, it being then the proper ſeaſon to drink Waters, as if I had been a *French* Lady to whom they had been preſcribed.

Without diſſembling, when I think of it, this deſigne of hiding my ſelf did occaſion much curioſity; and perſons expoſe themſelves to very ſtrange opinions, when they ſeem to conceal what they are.

That year the company at the *Spaw* was extraordinary: Monſieur the Count *de Marſin* was there, who knew me again; but was ſo faithful to me, as not in the leaſt to diſcover who I was. There was alſo the Prince and Princeſs of *Naſſau*, and I know not how many Lords that were Strangers, together with an Abbeſs of a Convent in *Cologne*, who came of a very Noble Houſe in *Germany*;

and had with her two Religious Women, tt were very handſome.

All perſons there did concern themſelves to know who I was; and I am not able to tell you, Madam, the many harſh Opinions this created.

There was a *Frenchman* who did aſſure them, that I was Madam ------ that he knew me very well, and had ſeen me formerly at *Paris*. Another affirm'd, that I was her Mother; and without conſideration that if I were the one, I could not poſſibly be the other as to outward appearance, they laid Wagers, and came very ingenuouſly to intreat me to tell them which of the two had loſt.

See, Madam, whether this was not a very reaſonable Demand? And ſuppoſe that I had been what they took me to be, judge you whether I ſhould have told them? I only laughed at their Folly, and ſaid, that after the Seaſon of drinking the Waters was over, I would decide the Controverſie; but they went back very angry with me for my Silence.

This Wager was heard of by an *Engliſh* Lord, who came to the Waters alſo, and to whom Madam ------- is allied. He came to ſee me, and after he had ſufficiently conjur'd me to put my whole Truſt in him, and not to conceal my Name from him, as from an indifferent Perſon; he told me the Degrees of

our

our pretended Alliance, and offer'd me a Retreat in *England*.

His Generosity did touch me, and I treated him more respectively than those that laid the Wager before-mentioned, and protested in in good faith, that I did not so much as know the Ladies he discourſed of. He would not believe me. I can't discover what he saw in me, to desire that I should take a Voyage to *England*; but he had undertaken to make me his Relation, and did torment me ever after to oblige me thereunto. I laugh'd at his Obstinacy, and for two or three days received sufficient divertisement thereby; but at last it did annoy me. I grew angry, and told my Lord, that he should learn to know me better; that I could not be guilty of such Actions as that person was accused of, and that I never had any Business like hers.

He thought, I believe, that the Honour of being his Allie, ought to wipe off all Misfortunes; he admir'd that upon those terms I refused to go under the name of Madam ——— and to make me ambitious of being so, he told me his Pedegree. I know not whether 'twas a Noble Family or no, for I am not acquainted with the Illustrious *English* Families; but if I would credit him, all the Lords of his Race were so many Heroes, and there was not one of them, but he forced me to hearken to his Elogie.

I told the Story that night upon a Green, where all the Wits meet together; and it was look'd upon as very pleaſant, and they put the *Engliſh* Lord again upon the diſcourſe of the Atchievements of his Anceſtors. He told over the Story again; and every one that came into the company, deſired to underſtand the beginning, ſo that they made him repeat the ſame thing at leaſt ten times over.

This alſo afforded us another Divertiſement. There was at the *Spaw* a rich Citizen of *Liege*, who would not change his condition with an antient Baron, and believ'd there was no better Title than the Privilege of a Citizen. He laughed at my Lord's vanity, and pretended to debaſe his Quality beneath that of a Citizen. They quarrel'd; and as if their whole Nation had been contained in their perſons, they had a million of Invectives againſt the Manners and Cuſtoms of their Countreys. I laughed heartily at this difference, as alſo did Monſieur *Marſin*, and the Abbeſs of *Cologne*; for we grew inſeparable. The Abbeſs expreſs'd an extreme Kindneſs for me: I lov'd her heartily; and we could not deny one another an entire Confidence of all the Secrets of our Life.

I will, one day or other, relate you her Story; I believe ſhe will not oppoſe it; for there is nothing in it but what tends to her advantage; for ſhe is a very rational and obliging

obliging person. Your Highness would love her too well if you knew her; and I am ready to die with the desire of acquainting you with her.

During this Interval I received Letters from the Duke------- who acquainted me, that the Heirs of Madam *de Seville* were inexorable; they would have the Jewels from me, and withal, that I must renounce the Donation. I could on my part onely satisfie them as to the last Proposition; but as to the first, it was not in my power: for I had disposed of some of the Jewels; and though they had been all in my own hands, they could never have convinced me that I caused them to be taken; that had been almost the same thing as to condescend to the delivery of them; but I had no designe to commit that fault; for I would have defended them to the utmost extremity.

I was never more disquieted in all my life, nor more perplexed. The season for drinking the Waters began to be over, and I was fearful of discovering my self to my Enemies, if I should stay any longer at *Liege*, without some pretext or other. Monsieur *de Marsin* offered me very freely his Noble Appartment at *Modave*, where I did not question but to be very safe, since that Monsieur *de Marsin* was too considerable a person in the *Low Countries* for any person that lodged with him to fear any assault.

Well, Madam, I went thither: He had the goodneſs to conduct me himſelf, and my dear Abbeſs of *Cologne* was willing to go and paſs away ſome time with me. She waited for a Coach to carry her back, that was not yet come, and thought ſhe might as well expect it at *Modave* as at the *Spaw*.

This houſe is one of the moſt charming and magnificent buildings that ever was ſeen. Here for ſome days I forgot all my troubles, and received very great conſolation; for the Earl *de Marſin* had engaged to eſpouſe my Intereſts; and I was ſenſible that there were few things at *Bruſſels* but what he could eaſily bring to paſs.

But, Madam, he ſoon ſtumbled at the obſtinacy of my bad Fortune; and the firſt Letter I received from him did acquaint me, that I muſt expect no more favour from him; and this was the reaſon.

The chief Heir of Madam *de Seville* had newly married the Daughter of the Earl *de Monterey* Governour of the *Low-Countries*; and the alliance rendred him ſo conſiderable, that it was the ſame thing to oblige the Governour himſelf, as to ſtick to him in his buſineſs.

Monſieur *Marſin* did greatly excuſe himſelf, and he ſeemed by the expreſſions in his Letters to be angry in earneſt he could not ſerve me, and that was his real deſigne.

It

It was fit that my Female-friend ſhould aſſiſt me with her Advice and Remonſtrances, to make me bear this new Misfortune patiently. She ſeemed to take as great a ſhare in it as my ſelf; and conjured me, with tears in her Eyes, to make choice of ſome other kinde of Life than that wherein I had languiſhed for ſo long time. *Are you not weary,* ſaid ſhe, *with fighting againſt Fortune? And do you think you can have more Patience than ſhe Malice? You deceive your ſelf if you believe ſo; for when Fortune reſolves to perſecute a perſon, ſhe overcomes the moſt reſolute.*

She gave me beſides abundance of Examples, which prevailed much with me; and among the reſt that of a King, who after he had loſt his Kingdom, Liberty, Wife, and Children, without the tribute of one Tear, wept bitterly for the death of a Slave. *And how came that to paſs think you,* purſued my Friend? *It was not becauſe that Slave was more dear to his Maſter than all that he had loſt; but becauſe his Patience was at an end, and he could endure no longer. It will ev'n be ſo with you one of theſe days: You have been hitherto ſtrong enough, and your temper hath overcome all things; but in the end it will grow weak, and ſome freſh Miſchief will befal you, which will make you ſenſible of all the reſt, and drive you into deſpair. Do not wait for that extremity; retire with me into my Solitude, and come and ſhelter*

your ſelf from thoſe Storms that may befal you: Make ſome few Reflections upon all the accidents of your Life; and then conſider how many Troubles you have run through, ſince you killed Monſieur de Moliere. *There will be matter enough for a Voluminous Romance. Will you not at laſt be at reſt, and put your ſelf into ſuch a condition, that neither Fortune, nor all your Enemies can poſſibly hurt you?*

I wept when ſhe told me this; we embraced each other tenderly, and I was ſenſible that ſhe gave me wholſom counſel; but yet I was not in the humour to follow it: methought 'twas a ſhame to forſake the World, becauſe I was unhappy; and I wiſhed that my Retreat had been of my own choice, and not of neceſſity.

She laughed at my niceneſs, and told me it was a falſe pretext to tarry ſtill in the world; that people ſeldom forſook it, when they could live happily; and if by any turn, which ſhe did not foreſee, I could accompliſh my buſineſs, I would have the leſs deſire to retreat to a Convent.

Methinks, Madam, that ſhe told me true; and rightly to conſider all things, I ſhould rather be in love with what Madam *de Seville* left me, than my Retirement; but this Gift was become very uncertain, and the Aſylum that they offered me was a preſent Refuge. In fine, I accepted it, and it would be a

hard

hard matter to quit it if Fortune ſhould prove more favourable.

The Coach of Madam the Abbeſs arrived according to her expectation; and we went together to *Cologne*: for, Madam, I had diſmiſs'd all my Retinue aſſoon as I reſolved to follow her advice, and onely kept with me *Merinvil*. We travelled not the ſhorteſt way; the Abbeſs had ſome friends in the Canoneſſes Colledge that ſhe had a minde to ſee in her paſſage, and who expected her coming with impatience. We ſtay'd there ſome time, and without doubt your Highneſs will be well pleaſed to know what we did; and I, Madam, am reſolved to tell you; but this Relation requires me to take a little breath, and I beſeech you to grant me that liberty. I have written a long time already; and I ſhould fear diſobliging the Audience with which your Highneſs honours me, if I ſhould tire her with too prolix a Narrative.

Your Highneſs

moſt humble and

moſt obedient Servant,

H. S. D. M.

THE ADVENTURES AND MEMOIRES OF *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere.*

PART the VI.

ARe you not almoſt tired out, Madam, to hear me make ſuch Complaints againſt Fortune? I am weary my ſelf, and methinks I do not uſe to remember them ſo much nor ſo often.

But, Madam, I muſt confeſs that ſhe did treat me with great Cruelty, and that one cannot be more implunged in Troubles than I was at *Modave*, when I received that Letter from the Earl of *Marſin*.

I ſaw all my Hopes proved abortive Births; the Alliance of my Enemies with the Gover-

nour

nour of the *Low-Countreys*, made me dread ſome violence that would be offer'd me; and if I muſt confeſs all my weakneſs to you, I looked upon the neceſſity of my retiring to the Convent I was going into, as a new miſchief.

Not becauſe that I did not really love my Abbeſs; and that in any place but a Cloiſter I ſhould have thought my ſelf happy to have ſpent my days with her; but the word Cloiſter ſtartled me; and I had not yet forgot the Troubles that I went thorough in my antient Convent; nor could I beat it out of mind, but that I ſhould always meet with as many in all the Convents that ever I ſhould go into.

Yet I was fooliſh to nouriſh ſuch Conceits; Fortune us'd me more courteouſly than I thought of; and I muſt acknowledge that I never proſper'd better, than when I follow'd the advice of the Abbeſs. But, Madam, I muſt relate all this to you in order; and begin, according to my promiſe, with the Adventures of our Journey.

Firſt of all, it was much longer than we judg'd it to be; for we were but yet at *Maubeuge*, which our Abbeſs took in her way to ſee ſome of her Friends, when ſhe received the News of the Diſorders at *Cologne*, which your Highneſs is not ignorant of, and knows alſo how that the Inhabitants of that City denyed the Elector entrance within their Gates,

who

who is alſo Prince of *Liege*, and depended upon the Power of the *French* King, who had promis'd him Recruits, and reſolv'd to force them open.

This began a War in the Borders of *Cologne*, which made approaches dangerous for ſuch perſons as we were; and our Abbeſs was forced to ſtay at *Maubeuge*, till all theſe Troubles were ſomewhat appeas'd: ſhe was much afflicted at this ſtay, and whatever I could ſay to perſwade her that ſhe ought to extend her Permiſſion to Travel as far as ſhe could, ſhe made me anſwer, that ſhe had buſineſs at home, and nothing could fall out more vexatious, than to be ſo long from thence. I loved her well enough to ſympathize with her like a true Friend in all her Afflictions; but as for this, Madam, I muſt confeſs that I was but very indifferently concerned; for, as I told your Highneſs, I went to *Cologne* with regret, and the ſojourning at *Maubeuge* began to be full of Divertiſement.

Madam, You know the famous Colledges in *Flanders*, and without doubt underſtand that the Canoneſſes, who compoſe them, make no Vows againſt Marriage, and admit of Converſation with modeſt Galantry, as if they were in the moſt ſplendid Court in the World. They write to them Notes and Amorous Verſes, and they anſwer them if they think it convenient; they are viſited as if they inhabited

bited their own Houſes, and receive their Viſits in the Halls or Gardens, where they are obſerved by none but Ladies as Sociable as Vertuous.

In truth, all things are managed here with a proſpect of Marriage, and the Quality of the Husband is moſt remarkable. But as oftentimes Marriages are propounded and not accompliſhed; there are many lawful Addreſſes which in their conſequences become ſimple Galantries, and differ only from an Amorous Intrigue, but by the Intention; of which every one paſſes his Sentence according to his Phantaſie. One of the Ladies of *Maubeuge* met with ſuch another Adventure as this, and when we came thither it was the general Diſcourſe of the place. I will relate it to your Highneſs, becauſe I believe it may divertiſe you; beſides, Fortune has given me ſuch a ſhare therein, that I cannot tell you the Hiſtory of my Life, without a word or two of it by the by.

Your Highneſs hath, beyond all queſtion, heard talk of one called *Don Antonio* of *Corduba*, who had ſome Command over the Troops which the King of *Spain* maintained in *Flanders*, and was made Priſoner of War at the Campagne of the Iſle. He was very much in Love with the Canoneſs I mention, and there was a ſtop to the Articles of their Marriage, when the War was declar'd between *France* and *Spain*.

I know not whether the Marquiſs of *Caſtel-Rodorigo*, who was then Governour of *Flanders*, did believe, that time of War ought not to be a time of Rejoycing, and that a Married-man would Husband his Life better than a Batchelor, or whether ſome other whimſie poſſeſſed him, which the Lovers never heard of; but he gave *Don Antonio* to underſtand, that he would oblige him by deferring the Conſummation of his Nuptials, till the Campagne was over; and this Deſire was cloathed in ſuch Language, as would admit of no denial.

This retarding of the Match was very grievous to two perſons that were agreed, that loved each other very paſſionately, and deſired a long while the compleating of their Eſpouſals; but they muſt be patient; for the Governours of *Flanders* are like ſo many Petty Kings as to Authority: and as in caſe of Marriages, one obſtacle ſeldom comes unaccompanied; ſo not only *Don Antonio* was taken Priſoner, as I told your Highneſs already, but after the Concluſion he was ſent to *Madrid*, where he was in great danger of loſing his Head.

I never thoroughly underſtood what he was accuſed of; but I think it was becauſe he eſpouſed too much the Intereſts of *Don Juan*. Whatſoever it was, he was kept Priſoner, and had need of the aſſiſtance of all his Friends to ſave his Life upon this occaſion.

There

There was a Rumour ſpread about *Bruſſels*, that he was dead; and they reported ſo many circumſtances of his Death, that the poor Canoneſs believed them to be true, and mourned for him, as if ſhe had really loſt him.

She loved him ſufficiently, to prefer him before all that would court her to marriage: But this Love did not extend ſo far, as to make her to keep her ſelf ſingle all her Life; ſhe ſoon thought of getting another Lover: And as ſhe was beautiful, and one of the beſt Families in *Hainault*, ſhe wanted not Suitors to ſupply that Vacancy. They talked of three or Four Marriages, as if they had been juſt ready to conclude; and this Bruit came to the ears of one called *Don Pedro de Larra*, who was the beſt Friend that *Don Antonio* had in the whole world. This *Don Pedro* had been the Confident to whom he had unboſomed himſelf, concerning the Amours between his Friend and the Canoneſs; and was poſſeſſed with an opinion that his Friend would die for Grief, if he ſhould return, and finde his Miſtriſs married.

Therefore he made haſte to *Maubeuge*, and after he had blamed this Girl for her Ingratitude, he aſſured her that he had received Letters from her Lover, that he was upon the Way, in order to his Return; and that ſhe would ſee him very ſpeedily in greater Favour and more Amorous than ever,

She

She gave not much credit to theſe Aſſurances, but would needs ſee a Letter from *Don Antonio*, and that could not be done; for he was a Priſoner of State, and they ſeldom permit thoſe that are ſo, to keep a correſpondence with their Friends by Miſſives. Well, the Canoneſs ſtill took her own courſe; and the officious *Don Pedro*, not knowing what to do to guard his Friend from the Miſchief that threatned him, bethought himſelf of a very Comical Stratagem.

He was well born, and had a very large ſetled Eſtate; he ſeem'd to put himſelf in the number of Pretenders; and when he was admitted, he knew ſo well how to make obſtructions to impede the Concluſion, (and that is no difficult thing to one that will make it his buſineſs) that in fine, the Canoneſs was ſtill a Maid when *Don Antonio* returned into the *Low-Countries*.

I cannot forbear ſmiling ſtill, Madam, when I think on the Succeſs that Crowned the good Intentions of this poor Man. He has ſaid ſince that, that he was forced to expoſe himſelf to ſtrange Violences, to diſſemble the being a Courtier of this young Gentlewoman; and that by a Capricio, which he himſelf knew no reaſon for, he had a natural averſion for her. In the interim, Madam, he was ſo aſſiduous, and behaved himſelf ſo paſſionately, that he was looked upon as a real Lover: and

when

when at the return of *Don Antonio* he thought to have had the merited Applauſe for his Care, and a ceſſation of ſo rude a Conſtraint, he found that his Friend had changed his minde, and that he would not court her any more.

'Tis thought, that the Levity of the Canoneſs had diſguſted him, and that he would not make her his Wife, who was ſo eaſily comforted at his Death: But he did not make uſe of this reaſon; and whether he durſt not truſt himſelf, and feared the declaring of it to her; or that he would carry all things fairly with the Gentlewomans Parents, who were perſons of great Authority; he pretended that he believed *Don Pedro* was abſolutely in Love; and ſaying that he would not be ſurpaſſed in Generoſity, he added, That he yielded his place to his Friend without Reluctance, and that he was very joyful to offer him this Sacrifice.

You would have laughed exceſſively, Madam, if you had heard all the Compliments that paſſed hereupon. They were there when we arrived at *Maubeuge*; and I never met with any thing in all my Life more pleaſant than this Diſpute; for they ſtrained themſelves to the utmoſt ſpeaking in the praiſe of the deſerving Canoneſs. They proteſted, that becauſe they were too real Friends to do any thing amiſs, they therefore forbore the taking her

her away violently one from the other; and with theſe fine Diſcourſes they both Intrigu'd themſelves, and the poor Lady was in danger of living unmarried.

I told your Highneſs that her Parents were moſt conſiderable Perſons. They were tired out to ſee her ſported with at this rate; and being reſolved that one of them ſhould marry her, things came to that height, that the Count *de Monterey* was forced to take Cognizance of it, and to endeavour their Reconciliation.

To this end he ſent ſeveral times to *Maubeuge*, and I was a conſtant Teſtimony of the Meſſages that were ſent: for I found this was a very pleaſant Story; I implunged my ſelf in it to divertiſe my ſelf, and had ſo well gained the friendſhip of the Canoneſs, that ſhe did nothing but what ſhe firſt entruſted me with.

This produced a very pleaſant effect, Madam; for as it fell out, he that was entruſted with the Charge of coming to learn the Sentiments of this young Gentlewoman was Heir to the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*; and as we did always aſſociate together, he ſaw me, and teſtified that he took delight enough in my Company. I knew him not to be what he was; for he went under the name of a Marquiſate he had lately purchaſed; nor did he know me for the Lady *d'Engleſac*; and I went

went for one of the Abbels's Nieces, and bore the name of her Family.

We put our ſelves, I know not how, to play upon the Intrigue of *Don Pedro*, and the Deference or Accuſation of *Don Antonio*. I ſaid pretty tolerable things upon that ſubject, and *in fine*, ſuch as were ſo pleaſant, that the new Marquiſs was much taken with my Converſation, and conſulted how to beſtow Viſits on me in private.

I would not permit them, being fearful of attracting to me other perſons, who might diſcover me; and I ſent him word twice or thrice, that I was untoward or ill; but as he ſtill pertinaciouſly proſecuted his deſigne, and to return him always one and the ſame anſwer had been to make a Mock of him, my Abbeſs told me, that I had no need to create me new Enemies; and was the firſt that ſent me to receive this Gentleman's Viſit.

Which was at the beginning ſerious enough on my part; and I think he had no great deſire for a ſecond, if I had continued my Talk; but he brought in the Diſcourſe of the Count *de Monterey* very properly, and gave me ſuch ſatisfaction of the abſolute Command that he had over him, that I looked upon him as a Perſon fit to do me Service, and by whoſe means I hoped to raiſe a Counterbattery to balance the Favour of my Enemies.

Behold,

Behold, I beſeech you, Madam, if I did well in this, and if I was not Comically enclined, to imagine that I could make this man act againſt himſelf. I have laughed heartily ſince that this Imagination poſſeſſed me; and it had been very well, if I had advanced the errour ſo far as to entruſt him with my Affairs, and require his Protection. I was juſt ready to do it, and without doubt had done it, if he had not prevented me, and taught me with whom I entertain'd Diſcourſe, before I was fully reſolv'd upon what I had to ſay to him.

I have obſerved to your Highneſs, that I was not ſo cold in the concluſion of the firſt Viſit as at the beginning; I became a little more ſociable, and though I did not treat him like one of my intimate Friends, yet I made him believe at leaſt, that in proceſs of time he might be ſo; and gave him leave, without any great Importunity, to viſit me at pleaſure.

He did not fail to make uſe of this permiſſion; for, Madam, 'tis moſt certain he found me according to his deſire, and that his miſtake caus'd more agreeable Effects in him, than mine did in me: He took upon him all the Commiſſions or Charges that could detain him at *Maubeuge*; he had always new buſineſſes; and ſometimes by the Canoneſs, with whoſe Intrigues he did very much entangle

tangle himself, sometimes for some accommodation of two or three neighbouring Gentlemen. He knew how to manage his business so well, that there seemed to be no affectation in his Conduct; and he never forsook our Society, but at such certain times when he could not see us.

This signified something more than I at present apprehended: for he had always his Eyes fixed upon me; his Glances were very passionate; he commended me highly; and when occasion was offered to talk of his setled Estate, he always told me, that he had a Wife in a dying condition, and should be in a capacity very speedily to court a young Gentlewoman.

But, Madam, I did not apply all his discourse to my self; and whether it was that I had so absolutely lost the Idea of all Lovers, that I took no notice of the management of their Passion, or that, being resolved to engage no more in Love, I flattered my self with the opinion that I should never again occasion it; I never fancied that this man had any kindness for me.

Yet he loved me with a most violent Passion, as he gave sufficient testimony of it afterward, and could not contain himself any longer from discovering it. This Conversation was very delightful, and deserves to be exactly related to your Highness. I know not

whether

whether that very day I was more captivating than ordinary; or whether our *Flemiſh* Marquiſs did fancie ſo; but he expatiated again upon the ſubject of my Beauty, ſaying, it was the effect of my Tranquillity: he purſued ſighing, that he had not the like good fortune; for his Eyes had been divorced from ſleep through Paſſion a moneth or thereabout.

To which I replied, *Is it becauſe you are grown Amorous?* not thinking that I had ſaid the truth. He anſwered, *that I gueſſed very well*; and in effect he was the moſt tormented with that Paſſion of any man living; and beginning to extend his diſcourſe upon the Beauty and Merit of the perſon he loved, he ſaid ſo much, which he ſeem'd to apply to me, that I began at length to open my Eyes, and apprehend that I might be the Object of his Paſſion.

This ſuſpition did much trouble me; for as I have ſaid, Madam, I thought this man might be ſerviceable to me; and was very much diſturbed to ſee that Love did again turmoil this buſineſs, as it had done ſo many other before.

Then I ſaid all I could to perſwade this Lover that a married Man ought not to trouble his head with Love-toys. He was of my opinion; for in that Country it was held a Maxime, that a Man ought to be faithful to

his Wife; but he thought he did not owe ſo much fidelity to his own; for he ſwore he never loved her, and that he had never married her, but onely to ſupport himſelf by the Authority of his Excellency in ſome of his Affairs, of which mine was one.

You may imagine, Madam, if you pleaſe, how much I was amazed at this his diſcourſe. I made him repeat it more than once; and when by his frequent Repetitions I underſtood that it was my Enemy I talked to, I was as much ſurprized as I am now that he did not perceive it.

But he had other things in his head; he thought of nothing but his Love, and did not imagine that the confidence he repoſed in me was in the Counteſs of *Engleſac*. I found this Adventure ſo pleaſant, that I could not forbear laughing, and that I muſt divertiſe my ſelf therewith in ſpight of all the Vexations that I foreſaw might accrew to me thereby. He wiſhed that I had been more ſerious in this matter, and ſaid much in prejudice of my Jollity; but the more he talked, the more he provoked me to Laughter, inſomuch, that he not being able to bear with my Mirth, and I incapable to forbear, he left me very much incenſed, as I gueſs, becauſe I did ſhare ſo little with him in his Afflictions; and I went to ſeek my Abbeſs, to acquaint her with what had hapned to me.

I found her in a very bad humour to take delight in this Recital; for ſhe had received news from *Cologne*, which touched her to the very quick: and here, Madam, I muſt give you a relation of ſome part of her Hiſtory; I promiſed it you in the end of the precedent Book; and I have ſo ſatisfied her that ſhe might really confide in your Goodneſs and Diſcretion, that ſhe hath permitted me to acquaint you with her concerns, according as I thought convenient to diſcourſe them. I muſt confeſs, Madam, that Love is an univerſal Paſſion; and if there were onely need of Companions in Adventures to comfort them, I ſhould not have been deſtitute of that conſolation: But I cannot be taken with ſuch things as theſe; and the affliction of unfortunate Lovers is a new Subject of trouble to me.

The Abbeſs I mention was one of this number: She is of *Germany*; and the Ladies of this Climate are not accus'd of taking too much to heart the paſſion of Love. But ſhe was of a more brisk Conſtitution than her Country-women uſually are and deeply in love with a neighbouring Lord who was deſign'd her Husband from her Childhood.

For, Madam, I muſt ſay this in her commendation, that no perſon exceeds her in Wiſdom; and if the Commands of her Parents had not overſway'd her Inclinations,

ſhe had indiſputably overcome them: But as all the world ſeem'd to approve of them, and that ſhe foreſaw no obſtacle that could intervene, ſhe yielded up her heart ſolely to him. The young Courtier had done as much to her; they loved each other moſt fervently; and every thing at firſt ſeemed ſo propitious to them, that there wanted nothing to conſummate their Marriage, but the arrival of her Uncle, who had a minde to aſſiſt at the Ceremony, and was gone to the Emperour's Court, to negotiate ſome affairs which I could never underſtand.

But, Madam, when a perſon is born for Adventures, 'tis to no purpoſe to contend. The Influence of the Stars is predominant, and when one thinks leaſt of it, ſomething falls out, which makes the moſt innocent and common buſineſs ſubject to a *Romantick* fate.

First; This Gentlewomans Father fell ſick before the return of the Uncle ſo much expected; he died of that diſtemper, and when he was dead, his Widow, who was then young enough, and Miſtriſs of a very great fortune, made it be noiſed abroad that ſhe had had a long time a private Inclination to her intended Son-in-Law.

She diſguis'd it at firſt with other pretences, ſaying, That ſince the Death of her Husband ſhe underſtood her eſtate better than formerly, that that perſon was not a ſuitable Match for her

her Daughter; and that ſhe had another in hand, who was a better fortune, and would be more ſuitable to her. But ſeeing that this was not look'd upon as a ſufficient and valid conſideration to break off a Marriage ſo forward, and the moſt conſiderable Relations of the party deceaſed did affirm, that he deſired this buſineſs might be brought to a period, and that it ought to be accompliſhed; ſhe reſolved to take another courſe.

The Uncle, who had been ſo long and ſo unluckily expected, was a very covetous man, and might be wrought upon to do any thing for lucre, and a perſon of great credit in the Family; for he was the only Brother of the perſon deceaſed: The Mother wins him by Preſents and Promiſes; and when ſhe ſaw him wholly at her devotion, they complotted together one of the greateſt Cheats that ever was, which your Highneſs, queſtionleſs, will not hear without aſtoniſhment.

The Old man had married to his ſecond Wife a Widow, who had a very docile Child by her former Husband, and for whom the good man had a great Affection: This Boy was not rich, and his Father-in-Law was willing that he ſhould be wealthy, provided it were not at his charge: they reſolved to put this ſuppoſititious Lover in the place of him that really affected the Lady; and by theſe following Contrivances they arrived at their end.

They attempted what they could to prevail with the Girl by Remonſtrances and Menaces, which were both unprofitable. She would keep her Fathers word; and the Amorous Mother was in fear every minute that ſhe had performed it already. The Uncle who was gain'd by the other party, was the firſt that adviſed her to proſecute her Reſolution effectually; but he counſelled her withal to do it privately, and promiſed her both his Protection and Aſſiſtance therein. *Your Mother*, ſaid he, *will carry away a great part of the Eſtate of Inheritance; She may remarry, and ſo this Eſtate will go to another Family; therefore ſhe ought not to be moved againſt you by a publique diſobedience; and it was far better to bring her to her ſelf by degrees, and not to let her know that the Evil is remedileſs, till ſhe was prepared to underſtand it by many other things precedent to that confeſſion.*

The poor young Gentlewoman, who was not capable of Malice, and therefore believed that all the world was incapable thereof as well as ſhe, accepted with many thanks the advice of her Uncle, and left her ſelf ſolely to his Conduct. He carried her to a Houſe of his in the Country, and made her believe that ſhe was much obliged to him for the pains that he took to obtain this leave of her Mother. He found out a Prieſt and a Notary, and aſſured her that her Lover had notice

tice to be there at the time appointed. He perſwaded her that ſhe muſt conceal her ſelf carefully from the Servants of the houſe, for fear her Mother ſhould get ſome intimation of what they were about; and for this reaſon made choice of the Night-ſeaſon; and the Chapel wherein this was to be effected was made very dark. What ſhall I ſay, Madam? this poor young Lady married the Uncle's Son-in-law in lieu of the perſon to whom ſhe thought ſhe was eſpouſed; and as Chance does nothing by halves, there was always ſome reſemblance between them, nay there was very much; but above all, in their Voice.

This Change put upon her has ſomewhat in it ſo much above what is ordinary, that it will ſeem fabulous to thoſe that know not the Original, as I do; or who do not rely upon my words in ſome meaſure, as your Highneſs doth. In the interim, Madam, nothing is more real than the ſtory I am about to tell you; But why ſhould I fear being believed by you? you knew particularly a famous Abbeſs of *France*, who had the ſame Misfortune: in truth ſhe that I ſpeak of, told me the Deceit took not ſo deep impreſſion in her as in the *French* Lady; for ſhe owned her ſuppoſed Spouſe aſſoon as ſhe was going out of the Chappel, and nothing more paſſed between them two. But here too much had paſſed already for a ver-

tuous perſon, and one that naturally feared all Adventures like death it ſelf.

I cannot recount to you, Madam, all the Complaints and Regrets of this unfortunate Lover, when ſhe diſcovered their perfidiouſneſs. She called her Uncle Cheat and Diſſembler a thouſand times one after another. She blamed her ſelf for her own ſimplicity: ſhe accuſed her Stars of injuſtice; and above all, afflicted her ſelf with the ſuſpition ſhe had that her Lover would conclude her faithleſs.

She would willingly have prevented this, by acquainting him with the truth of things; but they denied her that liberty. It may be they had hopes in time to calm her; and that nothing might traverſe this hope of theirs, ſhe was not permitted to aſſociate with any perſon whatſoever.

In the mean while, Madam, you may very well ſuppoſe that her private Rivaleſs was not aſleep. She had found out ſome people who were wicked enough to aſſure her Lover that his Miſtriſs had fully conſented to the Marriage; that they were Witneſſes thereof; and that ſhe lived with her Husband as the moſt tender and paſſionate Woman in the world. Theſe falſe rumours produced all the expected effects imaginable. This poor man was in Deſpair; and the Amorous Mother, thinking to take advantage of this favourable opportunity,

tunity, did not fail to cauſe ſome Propoſitions to be made to him upon her own account, as to her ſelf.

They were ſet off with the faireſt gloſs that could be invented. She ſaid that the Inconſtancy of her Daughter did ſtrike her with horror; and that it was to make ſome kinde of Reparation that ſhe proffered this betray'd Lover both her Perſon and Fortune. All the world knew very well that ſhe had openly declared her ſelf againſt him, and ſhe could not deny it; but ſhe ſaid, that at laſt ſhe did yield to the perſeverance of both theſe Lovers: That ſhe was now in balance, her Daughter being gone; and that ſhe was much troubled ſhe did not give her time to determine that buſineſs.

But, Madam, ſhe might ſay and do what ſhe would, the Lover ſtill was Amorous of his Miſtriſs; and if he were grown deſperate to ſee himſelf thus betray'd, yet it was a tender Deſpair, and not a brutiſh and vindicative Reſentment.

Two moneths compleat were elapſed in this manner, during which time, our new-married Gentlewoman, who was not, for all this, the Wife of her Husband, did ſo feelingly repreſent unto him the remorſe that an honeſt man expoſeth himſelf to when he exerciſeth violence upon a Woman's Inclinations, and that he abuſeth a power that is

not lawfully given him, that he conceived a kind of horrour within himself for the action he had done, and resolved to make reparation for it by all possible means.

The new-married Man was, as I acquainted your Highness, a kind of tractable Youth, and well enough principled, who demonstrated more Obedience than Malice in all these Transactions. His Father-in-Law proposed this Cheat to him, and he acted it without prying into the consequences that might follow; but when he saw apparently that he should make a person very unhappy, and lead his life with a woman from whom he could expect nothing but Complaints and Reproaches, he freely set his hand to the rupture of the Marriage; and leading his Wife into a Convent, whereof one of his Aunts was Abbess, and she her self became Abbess afterwards, they parted the best friends in the world.

This Retreat made a great noise throughout the whole Countrey where 'twas transacted: the cause was at last known; and the Lover making haste to clear up the truth, no sooner understood the innocence of his Mistris, but thought to bring her back with him, and at last to conclude that Marriage which had been so often crossed.

But she had an insuperable reluctancy to see that she had two Husbands at once; he might talk

talk if he would, and ſay that he did not believe her to be Wife to the firſt, and that he would remember that Adventure only to enhance her eſtimation with him: She ſaid that all the world would not be of his opinion; and continuing firm in her Reſolution of making her ſelf a Nun, they converted their Love into ſuch innocent and endeared Friendſhip, that it cannot be too much admir'd.

One day they would have married the man I am talking of; and the Religious Woman, newly entred, who judged this Match might be advantageous, advis'd him to accept of it. *I ſhall ſee you then with leſs ſcruple*, ſaid ſhe, *for I ſhall never poſſeſs your whole heart. And though mine be replete with none but innocent deſires, and that I believe yours are the ſame; Methinks an honeſt Wife, and one that ſhould love you well, would better ſuit with this Innocence: and this is a Caution we ſhould do well to give one another.* You have a ſufficient one in the Character of your Soul, Madam, ſaid he, and in that that you have been able to imprint upon my eſteem of you; I look upon you with admiration, which permits me not to love you like another woman: and judge you, Madam, if it be not with juſtice that I make ſuch a difference between you and others. I have found you tender, not weak. You have ſeen your ſelf baſely betrayed without Deſpair. You have quitted one Husband, and he ne'er complains.

of your Conduct; you have driven one Lover into Despair, and yet he cannot reproach you in the least; and by a Priviledge granted from Heaven to you onely, you are a Wife, Lover, and Nun, without failing in any of your Duties. How can I know you so well, and suffer any vacant place in my Heart for another Woman to supply? Madam, don't ordain me to marry an honest person; and one that could love, without doubt would complain of her Choice; and in the humour I am in now, I should look upon my self as very unhappy, if I should not make my Wife absolutely happy.

This was the delicate and passionate Gentleman that was wounded at the siege of *Cologne*; and that I found the poor Abbess drown'd in the Tears he had so well merited, when I came to acquaint her with my last Adventure.

She was so pleased herewith, that she made a Truce with her Grief, for a small time, to give ear to it. And as my Stars will create me Lovers and Suiters everywhere, she gave me Relation for Relation; and told me that *Don Pedro* was also grown in Love with me.

I perceived no such thing, and I did not believe the Abbess when she told me this news. But, Madam, I could not by any means question it afterward; for as she went for my Aunt, and that he believed I was committed

to her Tutelage, he addreſſed himſelf to her, diſcovered his Amours, aſſuring her that he had but an Honeſt and Lawful Deſigne.

This did not take much with me; for, in the humour I was in at that time, I did as much deteſt a Lover under the name of a Husband, as under any other form. But I thought I ſtood in need of all the world, and feared ſome dreadful effects of our Marquiſs his Reſentment, if he came to diſcover the cheating trick that his Heart had play'd him.

Therefore I treated his Rival more civilly than I ſhould have done, if I had followed my own Sentiments; and as that did ſomewhat confine my Spirit, and did not willingly admit of Courtiers, or elſe did divertiſe my ſelf by turning what they ſaid into *Ridicule*, I often revenged my ſelf of this conſtraint by the Queſtions that I put on my part, and by the Perſon that I made him repreſent.

He was engaged very deeply in many of my particular Concerns, and told me all the ways that he made uſe of to deprive me of the Requeſts of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*. This put me upon it to ask him ſometime or other ſome news of my own; and you would have laughed, Madam, ſufficiently, had you but heard how I perſecuted him on this Subject.

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He knew nothing of them, as your Highneſs may imagine; but I pretended that he did; and that it was out of miſtruſt or defiance that he would not acquaint me therewith. He would not let me continue long in that opinion; and giving me a relation of the firſt Adventure that he could call to minde, he put me in thoughts of the moſt pleaſant things in the world.

I remember that one day he made me walk in Man's Apparel, in I know not how many Towns in *Italy*, and gave me ſeveral Adventures which are known to befal a fair Lady of great Quality; for whom certainly I could not be miſtaken.

He told me one among the reſt which was very pleaſant, and would agree with me well enough if I were detained in a Convent where I ſhould give my ſelf over to wearíſomneſs, and tire the people with looking after me. He ſaid that the Lady whom he would have me to be, loved Hunting extreamly, and was very much diſturbed if ſhe paſſed the Seaſon without Hunting; for it muſt be about that time that ſhe entred in Religion. She complained of this her trouble to a Gentleman of Quality, who found out the way of ſeeing her at the Grate, and who, as 'tis reported, was a little concerned. He ſent her a live Hare, and ſome Dogs for the Chace. I know not, Madam, whether this Hare did eſcape from

from the place where she was looked after, or whether there was in all that as great a malice as desire to hunt; but this Hunting-bout was at Midnight; and the Nuns were in their deep sleep, when as they heard a noise of Dogs and voides in their Dormitory, which were taken for a company of Hobgoblins or Spirits, and put them to the greatest fright that ever they were in before.

Poor Girls! They could not but be much terrified indeed; and such a horrid noise as this must prove a very strange awakening in a morning to Nuns, when fast asleep. Our Marquiss would needs perswade me, that this Folly brought many troublesom businesses upon me; and you had laugh'd, Madam, beyond measure, had you beheld with what Ingenuity he did assure me that all this befel me.

He presented me with such Comedies dayly, and I contributed as much as I could to cherish him in his errour; for the Siege of *Cologne* continued still, and it was now more difficult than ever to enter into that City, without running a great deal of danger: Therefore I conceal'd my self from the Marquiss with great care; but, Madam, when Chance intermeddles with business, 'tis in vain to be precaution'd against it: and I was discover'd by the most unexpected Accident in the world, which I could not possibly avoid.

I told your Highneſs, that paſſing by *Lyons*, I met with a Friend of mine, who was a Penſionareſs in the Convent of the Ladies of St. *Peter*, and that ſhe had no more reaſon to commend Men than my ſelf. I muſt ſhew you ſome cauſe ſhe had to complain of them. For beſides that I have ſtill a deſigne herein to diſcover the Levity of Mankind, and that I abhor it too much to ſpeak favourably of it; this little diſcovery, or clearing of the thing, ſeems in my opinion neceſſary for the underſtanding of the enſuing Diſcourſe.

She was formerly deeply engaged with a Frier Minorite, who following the cuſtome of moſt Young-men, repented of the Promiſes he had made her, and would fain have diſengaged himſelf of them. This was the occaſion of many Suits at Law between this perſon and her Lover; and becauſe ſhe was overthrown in them, ſhe retir'd from the world, and put her ſelf into the Convent, where I told you I met with her.

She ſeem'd to me reſolv'd never to go out of it as long as ſhe liv'd, and I did very much encourage her in this reſolution; for though I love not a Convent, I finde that they are very happy Receptacles for thoſe that fancy them; and I adviſe all perſons to enter into them, who can dwell there without great Reluctancy.

I had often very earneſtly perſwaded my

Friend

Friend to take this courſe, and thought ſhe had done ſo; for ſhe did ſatisfie me at my departure that ſhe would: But, Madam, when a Woman makes ſo great a progreſs as to love in earneſt, and that a man is ſatisfied ſhe doth ſo, this goes a great way in the buſineſs.

This very Lover that ſhe knew to be ſo inconſtant and ſo inſincere, found out (by what means I know not) a way how to ſee her again, and there was wrought an Accommodation between them. He told her he had done nothing but out of policy, and in obedience to his Tutor, which he could not avoid; but that withal he well underſtood his own Duty, and would be no ways wanting therein, when he ſhould become abſolute Maſter of his deſires.

This poor Gentlewoman believ'd him, and he recommenced his former familiarity; and becauſe that by reaſon of what had paſſed ſhe durſt not ſee him publickly, ſhe ſometimes went out of her Convent, pretending buſineſs, and they met and had their private walks together: Yet they could not be ſo private but that the Parents of the Gentlewoman had ſome intelligence of it, and that did very much irritate them; for this man had treated her very ill, and ſhe did her ſelf a great injury in ſeeing him again.

Therefore her Parents did lye in wait to enſnare them, and ſurpriſed them at a Rendez-

vous

vous appointed by them in the Spring-Gardens near *Lyons*; they had a minde to take away their Childe by force, and threatned her with no leſs puniſhment than to ſtarve her between four Walls. The Lover did very vigorouſly oppoſe their deſigne, and he deſerves to be commended for this action eternally. He kill'd a man in defence of his Miſtriſs, and was ſo violentlty proſecuted for this man's death, that he was forced to abſent himſelf and go to *Flanders*, where his Miſtriſs came to him, and hoped to make him give her reparation for all his paſt Faults. He did promiſe her very ſeriouſly to do it; I know not whether he was as good as his word. But in fine, they were in *Flanders*, and ſhe was carried by a Gentlewoman with whom ſhe had got acquaintance in that Country, to ſee the Colledge of *Maubeuge*.

I was at that time walking in one of their Gardens, where they entertain Company, with my two Lovers, and five or ſix Canoneſſes. This imprudent woman, knowing me before I took notice of her, ran to me with open Arms, crying out, *I am not miſtaken*, *'tis the Lady* d'Engleſac; which ſtrook all the Company with the greateſt admiration imaginable.

My Name was very well known in *Flanders*; and the Suits that I had about the Inheritance of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*, were

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as yet very freſh in the Memory of all perſons. The Canoneſſes with whom I was, were not unacquainted with them; they were infinitely ſurprized at what they heard, and one of them ran and told it to ſome others that were walking not far off. It was ſoon underſtood in the Colledge what obliged me to conceal my ſelf. I would fain have perſwaded them that this woman was miſtaken, and made ſignes to her to ſay as I ſaid; but ſhe was too long before ſhe apprehended me, and the Action was too natural to leave the truth of the thing queſtionable.

Do you but imagine, Madam, the aſtoniſhment of the Marquiſs, when he had reaſon to believe I was the ſame Lady *d'Engleſac* that he had ſo much perſecuted; and the Combat that was in his Heart between his Love and all that ſhould tend to his Deſtruction. You might eaſily gueſs at his agitation or diſturbance by the changing of his Countenance; I never ſaw a Face carry more diſcontent in it, and I expected ſome terrible effect of his Tranſport, when I ſaw him turn his Back upon us, and depart ſo rudely out of the Garden, that I had not ſo much time as to exchange one word with him.

I was troubled that he left us thus, and would willingly have made an Eſſay how he ſtood affected towards me, before he had ſeen any perſon that might have incenſed him a-

gainſt

gainſt me. I deſired *Don Pedro* to go after him, and to bring him back to me if poſſible; but he could not finde him; for he had taken Horſe, and it was not known till a long time after what was become of him.

You cannot believe, Madam, the noiſe that this accident made at *Bruſſels*. *Maubeuge*, as 'tis probable you know, is not far diſtant from thence, and there is great Communication between both theſe Towns; for many Ladies of *Maubeuge* have their Familles at *Bruſſels*, and make it their Winter-quarters. They ſoon knew that the Marchioneſs *de Menezа*, which was then known to be the Counteſs of *Engleſac*, was in that Country; that ſhe had ſojourned there for ſome time under an imaginary Name: and as thoſe people who make it their buſineſs to poiſon all things with the virulency of their Tongues, do not ſtop half way, they aſſigned ſeveral cauſes of this my Diſguiſe, which I never ſo much as thought of, and indeed was certainly incapable of dreaming any ſuch thing.

The abſence of the *Flemiſh* Marquiſs did help to render theſe rumours more dangerous. The Earl of *Monterey* was angry with him, becauſe he went away without taking leave of him. His Lady was ſo vexed at it, that ſhe grew worſe ill than ordinary, and they looked upon me as the cauſe of all; for they began to reaſon and argue upon his being

being ſo long at *Maubeuge*. It was well known that he viſited me as often as he had an opportunity; and when they ſaw him thus departed almoſt half deſperate, and without proſecuting any of his Suits againſt me, they gueſſed at one part of the Truth, and his Parents wiſh'd me very ill for it.

My Abbeſs and I did imagine with reaſon that we muſt ſteal our ſelves away from their Reſentments; and we alſo apprehended that the Ladies of *Maubeuge* were diſcontented that this Comedy was acted among them; but we knew not how to get from them: for this was the time when the *French* King made War againſt the *Hollanders*, and all theſe Countries were over-run with Souldiers, ſome being put into *Maubeuge* for its ſafeguard, to hinder the Enemy from inſulting.

Upon this conſideration we durſt not expoſe our ſelves to paſs through ſo many Troops unknown; and much leſs required Guards or Paſports under our Name; for I feared ſome ill turn from the Heirs of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*; and my Abbeſs had the goodneſs to believe upon my account, as if they had been her own.

The Love of *Don Pedro* was hereupon a great help to us; for *Don Antonio* of *Corduba* was at laſt reconciled to his Miſtriſs, and reſolved to conſummate the Marriage. This left *Don Pedro* entirely to me; and I was not leſs

leſs acceptable to him when I was the Lady *d'Engleſac*, than now as Niece to the Abbeſs of *Cologne*. On the contrary, I think that I pleaſed him better, and that he framed within himſelf ſuch Idea's of my perſon ſince he knew me, as rejoyced him more than thoſe he had when he knew me not.

Hereupon he came very obligingly, and proffered us a Caſtle for our Retreat in a Country that was Neuter, and his Guard to conduct us. I confeſs, Madam, that this offer did not a little pleaſe me, and that in ſpight of my ſcornful humour; I knew then that I had really touch'd the Heart of *Don Pedro*. We did accept of his Retirement with ſatisfaction, and his Conduct alſo, and had all the reaſon in the world to be pleaſed therewith at the very firſt; for the Caſtle whither he led us was very pleaſant, and we arrived there without any accident. It belonged to a Lord of *Liege*, one of his Friends, who was then near the Prince of *Liege*, and had a very great Employment that fixed him there, who had left there two Sifters and one Relation, who ſeemed to be very rational perſons.

Don Pedro leaving us with them, return'd for *Bruſſels*, where his Duty obliged him to be; but promis'd to come and reviſit us aſſoon as he could, and in the mean time to inform us of all News, wherein I was in the leaſt concern'd.

I heard none but what was troubleſome; for, Madam, the abſent Marquiſs was dead ſince our departure; and they wiſh'd me as much prejudice upon the account of his Death, as if I had murdered him. Alas! I could not contribute much to it; for, Madam, if you remember, the firſt time that her Husband ſpake to me of her, he told me ſhe was threatn'd with ſudden Death: But they had intercepted I know not what Letter which this man had ſent to me at *Maubeuge*, wherein he made, as they report, great Proteſtations of Love to me. This woman was jealous hereat, and they would have this to be the cauſe of her Death, rather than the mortal Diſeaſe which had ſeized upon her a long time before.

This Letter ſo ſurpris'd, created two or three bad effects. For the Love of the Marquiſs paſs'd for currant, which at firſt was only ſuſpected upon very weak grounds. They ſuppoſed, and that is ſeldom wanting in Detractors, that I had entertained him either with Favors or Hopes. This did again cloud my Reputation *de novo*; and that which proved worſe in the conſequence was, that *Don Pedro* ſeeing he had a declar'd Rival, and underſtanding that the Death of his Wife made him ſole Maſter of his Actions, he fear'd ſome Enterprizes, and hereupon made me be kept up in this Caſtle, like a Priſoner.

I did not perceive any thing of this; for I

ſeldom went abroad; and if I did, and had ſpied any Souldiers, I ſhould have look'd upon them as our Protectors, and not our Goalers. Thus I patiently waited for the end of the War at *Cologne*, and according to the gayety of my own Humour, I only ſought after ſome company among the Ladies of *Liege*, to comfort up my ſelf in theſe new troubles that befel me. I told your Highneſs that they were perſons very rational; and they proved ſo indeed. They had been educated at *Bruſſels*, where the Gentry are very polite, and endeavour to imitate their great Lords. They were more witty and pleaſant than uſually the Women of *Liege* are; and his Niece, above all, was the moſt Complaiſant and Mild Perſon that ever I was acquainted with; her Name was *Angelica*, and her Mother was the Confident of the Amours of the Duke ------- Uncle to the deceaſed perſon laſt mentioned, and of the Counteſs of ------- This Gentlewoman and I contracted a very firm Friendſhip; and ſhe ſometimes gave me an account of what ſhe had learn'd from her Mother, concerning this Love I am diſcourſing of. Without any fallacy, Madam, theſe two Lovers muſt needs love each other very paſſionately; and I wonder that their Love continued not as long as their Life. They had a ſecret pre-apprehenſion, which advertis'd them of their Arrival, a long time before they ſaw one another; and

you

you may judge, Madam, if you pleaſe, whether or no this Precognition was juſt?

The Duke became jealous of the Earl of ——— who was indeed very amorous of the Counteſs, and known to be one of the beſt-ſhaped men in the world. She did not love him; and whatſoever is ſaid of it, *Angelica* has vow'd to me, that Madam *de*——— loved the Duke *de*——— only; but he was not ſo well ſatisfied with his good fortune as he ought to have been; and being dayly informed that his Rival was very aſſiduous and paſſionate, he reſolved to queſtion him for it privately, and to that purpoſe came to *Bruſſels* incognito.

At this time there was great Joy for the Birth of a Prince born in *Spain*, named *Balthazar*; the Duke was not ignorant thereof; For what Man of his Quality is there that underſtands not thoſe things? He knew therefore that upon that occaſion there would be great rejoycing in thoſe Countreys, for the King of *Spain* is their Soveraign. Therefore he believed this a very favourable time for his deſignes; came to *Bruſſels* unknown, as I ſaid before, the better to deceive his Miſtriſs; and wrote to her that he was going from *France* a Journey quite contrary to that.

At his arrival, he lodged in a very retired place; and Fortune favouring him in all things, he underſtood that ſeveral Lords of that

Countrey design'd an *Indian* Maſcarade, and went in that Diſguiſe to the Apartment of the Counteſs *de Cante-Croix*, where there was to be a very numerous Aſſembly: he procured the ſight of one of thoſe Habits, nor was there any great trouble in that; for there were no orders that they ſhould not be ſhewn; and made one juſt like it, who intermixing himſelf with theſe Maskers, entred with them into the Hall, where they danced.

There he ſaw Madam *de* ——— who appeared more beautiful in his eye than ever; and Monſieur the Earl of——— juſt by her; for he was always there at ſuch Meetings; and ſhe could not hinder him, becauſe of the Reverence that was due to his Quality. I believe, as the Gentlewoman of *Liege* ſaid, that Madam *de* ——— was importuned by that Man; and they pretend that at that very time her Diſcourſe did very much trouble him.

But, Madam, if ſhe had been very pleaſant with him, the Duke *de* ——— could not have been a witneſs thereof; for aſſoon as he came in, the Counteſs felt ſuch a kinde of emotion within her, as ſhe uſed to have at his Appearance. She could not believe it a miſtake; and notwithſtanding what her Lover had ſent to her concerning an intended Journey, ſhe ſearch'd very diligently for him among the Maskers, that at laſt ſhe diſcovered him.

This did very much noiſe the buſineſs abroad;

broad; for the Paſſionate Lady for [illegible] at firſt of ſeeing him again, could not diſſemble her Sentiment: And the Lover himſelf was likewiſe ſo much tranſported, that he forgot the reaſon he had to conceal his love. I will not tell you his Reaſons, for all *France* knows them, and therefore you cannot be ignorant of them. Beſides, Madam, I tell you all this onely *en paſſant*, and becauſe 'tis to the purpoſe.

I ſaw the Original of one of the Duke's Letters, upon this effect of Sympathy, which in my opinion was one of the moſt curious things that ever was penn'd. He complained of the exceſs of his good Fortune; for he did confeſs it was a very great happineſs to be thus found out by his Miſtriſs: but ſaid, that this deprived him of the pleaſure of ſeeing what was then in her Heart, without her deſire to ſhew it him.

Theſe kinde of diſcoveries were in his opinion one of the greateſt Joys that a Lover could be ſenſible of; and nothing appeared more moving to a noble Soul, than theſe Efluxes of Tenderneſs and Sincerity, where neither Art nor Precaution can be ſuſpected to bear any part.

I cannot, Madam, expreſs all this to you ſo well as it was done in that Letter I mentioned. To do this exactly, I ſhould produce the Letter it ſelf; but that is impoſſible: for

beſides that *Angelica* kept it up very cautiouſly; I had then ſo many buſineſſes befel me, that I found no time to ſpare in other perſons buſineſs.

Cologne was beſieged, as I told your Highneſs, and I queſtion not but you have been informed thereof by other hands. The Siege was obſtinate enough at firſt; but at laſt they were forced to condeſcend to whatever their Prince would propoſe. Thus the taking thereof put a period to the War in thoſe parts, and our Abbeſs was once more permitted to travel.

And ſhe was the more impatient, becauſe her Friend that was Wounded was ſtill very ill; and that ſhe thought if ſhe came in perſon to aſſiſt him in the Cure, ſhe ſhould ſoon ſee him recover his Health. Therefore ſhe made very ſpeedy preparations for her Departure: But, Madam, we were much ſurprized, underſtanding by an Officer that *Don Pedro* ſent to us, that ſhe was not to take me along with her, and muſt reſolve to go without me, or elſe to continue there a long time in the Country of *Liege*.

Do you but gueſs, Madam, how much we were amazed at this Compliment; and we wondred at nothing more, than that this ſhould come from *Don Pedro* himſelf; and though I was perſwaded that he loved me, and through Polity I had flattered that very Affe-

Affection of his with ſome hopes, yet he ever appeared to me ſo civil and reſpective, that I could never entertain a thought of ſuch an Enterprize.

Nor could I believe that it was done by his order; nay I told the Officer he ſent, that it was he that detain'd us thus to have ſome Reward, and that he ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed for it according to his Demerits; but he had his Orders in writing, and brought one alſo with him from the Lord of the Caſtle, whereby he commanded his Siſters to let *Don Pedro* have an abſolute power in his Houſe, and not to oppoſe him in any deſignes.

Therefore 'twas in vain to complain to theſe poor Ladies of the violence that was offered us; they could not any way remedy it, but ſeem'd as much concern'd at it as we our ſelves. Our Abbeſs made a very great buſtle that ſhe was thus treated, and threatned to complain of *Don Pedro* to the Governour of the *Low-Countries*, and bring this Buſineſs, if there were occaſion, even into the very Council in *Spain*: But they ſaid they did not detain her, ſhe might depart when ſhe thought convenient; and that they would conduct her as far as *Cologne* if ſhe deſired it: that it was onely I who was to be ſtopped, becauſe *Don Pedro* loved me too violently to ſuffer me to eſcape out of his Clutches without ſome aſſurance of my Friendſhip; that

he would be there very ſuddenly in perſon, and endeavour to receive a teſtimony thereof; in the mean time I was as ſecure in the Houſe, as in a Convent at *Cologne*.

But the Abbeſs was not well ſatisfied herewith; ſhe could not reſolve to forſake me, and expoſe me thus to the deſires of a Perſon both Amorous and Abſolute: Nay, ſhe ſeem'd to have ſuch a Combat within her ſelf, between this Generoſity and the buſineſs that called her home, that I thought an hundred times to conjure her to depart, and leave me to the conduct of Fortune; but this very Fortune labour'd for me, when I never thought of it, and drew me out of theſe evils, as ſhe had done out of many others.

Angelica, of whom I have already ſpoken, did not dwell always with her She-Coſins; for ſhe had a Mother at *Liege*, and came to this Houſe only to ſpend ſome Moneths there in the Summer-time. A young Brother of hers came to fetch her at that time, when we received this Meſſage from *Don Pedro*; and this poor Gentlewoman was ſo moved with Compaſſion for my Trouble, and had ſo great a Kindneſs for me, that ſhe endeavoured my Eſcape.

She had a great Influence upon her young Brother, being much his elder; and he reſpected her as highly, as if he had been her own Son: ſhe made him condeſcend to lend

me

me his Cloaths, and continue there in mine, till ſhe could ſend him ſome other Garments.

The poor Boy dreamt of no other Myſtery in this, but only a Trick of Youth, to make ſome ſport, and create diverſion: he was very young and unexperienced, and therefore without any more ado conſented to his Siſters deſires; and all things being firmly agreed upon between our Abbeſs and our ſelves (for you may judge, Madam, that I did not do it without her knowledg) I dreſs'd my ſelf up one Morning with the Young-mans Apparel, and ſtood at the Door with *Angelica*, as if I had been that very Brother of hers, who they knew was to have her back with him.

It was then very early, and there was no Order to detain any one but me; the Gentlewoman of *Liege* was ſtrictly examin'd, whom they knew very well; and they did not minde me, becauſe they took me for a Boy, and knew there was one to go along with her. What ſhall I ſay, Madam? we went out of the Caſtle very happily under this my diſguiſe; and by the conduct of an old Gentleman that belonged to *Angelica*'s Mother, who came with her Brother, and was well acquainted with the way. We went to one of Baron *de Roſte*'s Houſes, who is a great Lord of *Liege*, to whom *Angelica* was of Kin, and whoſe Protection ſhe depended upon, to conduct me to *Cologne*.

I could not ceaſe giving thanks to this ge-

nerous Maid, and bleſſing Heaven that I met with her ſo fortunately. We travell'd with circumſpection enough; and I for my part was ſomewhat troubled that I had left *Merinvil* with the Abbeſs, for fear ſhe ſhould diſcover me: but we could not forbear laughing at *Don Pedro*, who might arrive that very day, and would be much ſtartled to finde his Journey unſucceſsful. We were informed ſince, that it fell out ſo as was expected; and that he was tranſported with anger when he underſtood by the Abbeſs that he muſt not expect me there. He did and ſaid abundance of extravagant things; he would needs kill the perſons that had ſo ill guarded me, and had almoſt loſt all reſpect to the Young-man that lent me his Cloaths. But after all this, he was forced to take it patiently, and frequent the fair Ladies in *Bruſſels*, to comfort him for my loſs. He had a minde to ſend after me, to quarrel with me; but beſides that he knew not the way we took, there was ſomewhat elſe to be conſider'd, that violences are not committed unpuniſhed in Countreys that are Neuter. And if he ſhould undertake to force me away publickly, ſome perſons or other, to maintain their Priviledge, would endeavour to hinder him. All that he did was, he detained *Angelica*'s Brother with his ſhe-Cozens, to ſee if they would not ſend to ſeek him, and if by that means he could diſcover where I was:

was: but that precaution did us more good than he imagined; for we could not tell what to have done with that Young-man, if he had been with us. Well, I came to the Baron *de Roſte*'s without any Accident, Madam; and though he was not then at his Houſe, and that one would think ſhould ſomewhat trouble us; We were ſo well entertain'd by his Mother, who was there, that we perſwaded our ſelves we might wait his return without impatience. He was gone but to *Namurs*, which is not far from this Caſtle; the buſineſs that carried him thither was almoſt over, and he was daily expected. *Angelica* concluded that I muſt only be diſcovered to him; for women at the age of the Baroneſs are often too ſevere upon ſuch Enterprizes and Diſguiſements, and the Gentlewoman of *Liege* was afraid of being blam'd by that good Lady.

But I think her fear was groundleſs; for the antient Baroneſs underſtood the world well, and they found ſhe had not always lived in the Countrey. She was of *Bruſſels*, and one of the greateſt Ornaments of that place, when Monſieur the Prince was there. She would ſometimes tell us the Intrigues and Galantries of that Court; and among other things, that *Marigny* was one of her intimate Friends, and they ſtill keep a Correſpondence together by Letters. I ever phancied this Mans Stile, and teſtified ſo great a curioſity to

ſee ſome of his Letters, that the Baroneſs obliged us ſo far as to ſatisfie it. I was mentioned in two or three; for they were all a kinde of *Gazette* of the moſt conſiderable Occurrences that paſſed at *Paris* and the *French* Court, and he had honoured me with one place in his Relations. They were not too true, nor too charitable; but I found them throughout ſo full of pulſe and vigour, that I believed ſuch a man as he was capable of any thing, and that his Malice muſt be pardoned in favour of his Expreſſions. In the laſt Letter, Madam, I met with a piece of news that did very much diſturb me, and I am ſure will trouble your Highneſs likewiſe; that is, that the poor Counteſs of *Suſa* was ſick of an incurable Diſtemper, and that ſhe was looked upon as a dead woman. In truth, Madam, 'tis great pity that this perſon ſhould die ſo ſoon: She was a very Ingenious perſon, and frequently compoſed Amorous Verſes.

While we thus entertained one another in diſcourſe, on a ſudden we eſpi'd a man on Horſeback paſs by, followed by a *Valet de Chambre*, whom the Baroneſs knew to be one of her Son's beſt friends, and who without queſtion came to give him a Viſit.

She went forward to meet with him, and we followed her; becauſe we thought our ſelves obliged in civility ſo to do. But, Madam,

dam, I attended her not long; for as this man approached near us, I thought I ſhould know him to be the *Flemiſh* Marquiſs, of whom I have ſo much diſcourſed in my Adventures at *Maubeuge*.

And it was the ſame, Madam, indeed, nor was I miſtaken; we underſtood ſince that he had news of his Wife's Death, and returning to *Bruſſels* to order his Affairs, he paſſed by the houſe of the Baron *de Roſte* (who as I ſaid before was very much his friend) in his journey thither.

Judge you, Madam, if you pleaſe, what a condition I was in, when I ſaw that man whom I did not in the leaſt expect there, and from whom I had cauſe to fear as many Perſecutions as I lately ſuffered by *Don Pedro*. I returned to the houſe all in a maze, and the Gentlewoman of *Liege* following me; for ſhe perceived by the alteration of my Countenance, that the arrival of this man did diſcompoſe me, and asked the reaſon. We went together into a Garden, where they go through a Glaſs-Portal belonging to a Hall; and I told her my diſcontent, and how in endeavouring to eſcape out of the hands of one Lover, I was fallen unhappily into thoſe of another.

She was almoſt as much troubled at this Rencounter as my ſelf; for I never knew a more tender-hearted Girl, and ſhe concern'd her

her ſelf with her friends buſineſs as if it were her own. We conſulted together what we ſhould do to free our ſelves from this miſchief; and after many Arguments on both ſides, 'twas concluded, that the ſafeſt way was to counterfeit being Sick, and hide my ſelf till that man was gone.

To this end, I went and ſhut my ſelf up in my Chamber, and *Angelica* went to the Lady *de Roſte* and told her I was troubled with a Meagrim, to which I was very ſubject; and the beſt remedy for it was, not to ſpeak to any one. She ſaid this onely to prevent their ſeeking after me; but for her part ſhe never left me time after time, but came to underſtand how I ſtood affected, and to bring me ſome Conſerves, which I ſupp'd with that evening.

For, Madam, I forgot to tell you that I paſſed all this while for this Girls Brother; and Fortune herein did very much favour our Cheat; becauſe that young Man had run through his courſe of Learning at *Antwerp*, where he had an Uncle, and was little known by any of his Relations in the Country of *Liege*.

The Baroneſs of *Roſte* knew very well that *Angelica* had a Brother; but for the reaſon I told you, never ſaw him: and though ſhe knew very well he could not be above ſeventeen or eighteen years old, yet Women look

look ſo young when clothed in Mens Apparel, that ſhe did eaſily believe me to be the ſame perſon. Therefore ſhe thought it not ſtrange that *Angelica* ſpent ſome part of the Evening with me: nay, ſhe had come her ſelf, but that ſhe thought ſhe ſhould diſturb me. Yet, Madam, I might have let her come, for my precaution was uſeleſs, and I might as well have ſhewed my ſelf publickly as conceal my ſelf.

You may well think, Madam, that we were forced to rely upon the *Valet* that came with us; and he could not poſſibly ſee another perſon in the place and habit of his young Maſter, without acquainting him with our Secret in ſome meaſure.

We took all the precaution we could to engage him to ſecrecy and fidelity; but at laſt we run the riſque of his deceiving us; and he knew, as well as we, that I was a Woman, and that I fled from the violence of *Don Pedro*.

He kept this buſineſs private enough whilſt we were with the Baroneſs *de Roſte*; and you have heard, Madam, that I was not diſcovered: But he had been formerly a Servant to this *Flemiſh* Marquiſs that I mentioned but juſt now; he went from him onely to be married, and had yet a great love for his old Maſter. He thought he was not obliged to Silence with him, as he was with other perſons,

ſons; and aſſoon as the Marquiſs ſaw him, and that he asked him what he did there, he told him very fully and ingenuouſly what was the cauſe of it, and all paſſages precedent to our arrival.

The Marquiſs had not ſo abſolutely renounced *Bruſſels* and *Maubeuge*, but that he had private Intelligence of all their Tranſactions. He underſtood by thoſe Letters that were ſent to him, how *Don Pedro* had declared himſelf my Lover, that he had conducted me to *Liege*, and that the Abbeſs of *Cologne* alſo went along with me.

When he heard his old Servant tell him that he conducted a Woman in Mans Apparel; that ſhe eſcaped out of a Caſtle where ſhe was with an Abbeſs, and where a certain perſon, one *Don Pedro de Larra*, would have detained her; he himſelf added to all this, that I counterfeited my being ſick, aſſoon as he came thither, becauſe he ſhould not ſee me, and he did not queſtion but that I was the Counteſs of *Engleſac*. He told me ſince that, that Imagination did very much enhance the Eſtimation and Tenderneſs he ever had for me; and that he could not hear without much ſatisfaction, that I had teſtified ſo great a Repugnance to an amorous Intrigue with the forementioned *Don Pedro*.

He ſpent a whole Night almoſt in taking to himſelf I know not how many different Reſolutions:

lutions: And the next Day underſtanding where my Bed-Chamber was, and being led thither, he came in and out like a Laquay from the Baroneſs to underſtand how I did; I being very much amazed to ſee him at my Beds-head, before I could uſe any means to prevent him.

I was ſo diſturbed at his ſight, that I could not ſpeak one word to him; and my ſilence, without doubt, made him gueſs at my commotion inwardly. *Fear not, Madam,* ſaid he, *that my Viſit ſhall prove injurious to you; I come not here to upbraid you with the Errours into which you have plunged me, and which you have maintained with ſo many Cheats and Diſſimulation. On the contrary, I come to aſſure you, that in my Opinion you are already juſtified; and it ſhall be only your fault, if there follows not upon all that paſſed between us a moſt loving and ſolid Friendſhip. I have contended with you about the Eſtate of Madam* de Seville, *becauſe I was perſwaded it was more my Right than yours; Beſides that, there was ſome diſcourſe both of you and her, that her Relations could not ſee you without ſhame become her Legatory. To theſe Conſiderations of Policy and Intereſt were added the naughty Character that they gave me of you; I am ſatisfied within my ſelf, that it was falſe, and take delight in ſo thinking. For, Madam, I love you ſtill, and will always love you as long as I live.*

I trembled again when I heard him make these Protestations, and interrupted him, saying, that certainly he deceived himself, and he did not love so much as talked of.

Pardon me, Madam, he replied; *I am not deceived, and do certainly love you as much as I am capable of Love: but do not fear that this Love of mine has the same effects as* Don Pedro's. *I know very well that my Wife is dead, and her death has rendred me absolute Master of my Will; but I have so often spoken ill of you formerly, that I can no longer offer you the place that she possessed; and think so well of you at present, that I should look upon it as a piece of Injustice to offer you any other. The action of your stealing away from* Don Pedro *hath touched me to the very quick, and seems to be done by a very vertuous person. You are she, Madam, without doubt, and they are sordid people that have discourse otherwise of you. Vertue in a Lady is not the onely thing that men always seek after; but for my own part, I declare it, that I love dearly to meet with it in you; and that there is nothing which I will not do to defend and proclaim yours abroad. Depend upon my Esteem of and Friendship for you, they shall never fail you; and I swear by all that is most Sacred, if you put your real confidence in me, you shall not be deceived.*

I am naturally credulous enough; and all the while the Marquiss was thus discoursing with me, he had sincerity written in his very.

Fore-

Forehead; but yet I could not for all this believe but that he laid Snares for me, to caſt me into ſome new Precipice; and I am apt to believe he had never perſwaded me to it if *Angelica* had not come to his aſſiſtance.

But as ſhe did not foreſee things as I did, the fidelity of the Marquiſs prevailed more with her than me. She told me I was unjuſt to this honeſt Gentleman, to believe him ſo wicked and ſo great a diſſembler. He juſtified himſelf herein with a thouſand Oaths, and that he never did me any harm, but onely upon the falſe Reports that were bruited abroad of me to him. To which he added large promiſes to do me right in the buſineſs of the Marchioneſs of *Sevil*'s Grant, and to conduct me into any part of the world I would make choice of. What ſhall I ſay? In fine, Madam, I yielded to his Propoſitions and Promiſes, and began to adviſe with him about all my affairs. Then we agreed together that he ſhould depart for *Bruſſels* that very day, to take orders for all things that he intended in my behalf; that after he had ſetled his affairs in that City, he ſhould come back to me again, and furniſh me with Womens Apparel and all Neceſſaries to conduct me to *Cologne*: for, Madam, 'twas to no purpoſe for him to proffer me any other place, and to ſay he would put me in a condition of living in any part of the world that I

fancied.

fancied. I was reſolved to ſee our Abbeſs once more, and ſatisfie her by the ſimplicity of my proceedings, that ſhe was not deceived in me when ſhe gave ſo favourable an opinion of me.

The Marquiſs did daily increaſe his advantageous conceit of me; I never ſaw a man eſteem a Woman ſo highly as he did me: and, Madam, it was not a meer Grimace; he had really an Eſteem for me, and gave me great demonſtrations of it, as I am going to inform your Highneſs. He took upon him the care of *Angelica*'s young Brother, about whom ſhe began to be diſquieted; and having given us a *Valet* to go and acquaint the Virgin's Mother that ſhe ſhould not be troubled for her Children, and that they were at the Baroneſs de *Roſte*'s, and reprehended ours very ſharply that he had been ſo indiſcreet; and went ſo far as to be reſponſible for his diſcretion for the future, taking him along with him, and leaving us one in his room that knew nothing of our affairs.

For, Madam, we had agreed that I ſhould keep them private till the return of the Marquiſs, or at leaſt the Baron *de Roſte*, which he repreſented to me as a perſon of the greateſt Integrity in the world, and in whom I might confide as to buſineſſes of greater Importance than my Diſguiſe.

But I was not troubled with that; for his

Affairs

Affairs led him to *Namurs*, in the Countrey between the *Sambre* and *Meuſe*, where he had a Houſe; and he was obliged to ſtay whilſt the Army paſſed by, for fear, that notwithſtanding the Orders which the Officers made, the Highway-men ſhould commit ſome outrages.

Now it was onely the old Baroneſs *de Roſte* that I was obliged to deal with; and that was no great matter of difficulty, becauſe, Madam, ſhe had a great kindneſs for me. She often told my ſuppoſed Siſter, that I was the prettieſt Boy in the world; and when they finde that in one Sex perſons are ſo amiable, they do not trouble themſelves to ſeek them in another.

She was not the onely perſon in her Houſe that pleaſed her ſelf with this miſtake. A young Gentlewoman Related to her, whom ſhe had brought up from her Cradle, and who was a very Complaiſant perſon, found me very ſutable to her humour; and could willingly (as I think) have wiſhed that I had been the Brother of *Angelica* indeed; and withal, I had as great a kindneſs for her as ſhe had for me.

She took great care of me in ſome ſmall concerns, which reliſhed more than ordinary Civility: and one day when we were playing at *Verquere*, which is the Tick-tack of that Country, I told her in a drolling humour, I would

would play with her for her Heart, and try if it were poſſible for me to win it.

Pray, Sir, teach me, if you can, ſaid ſhe, *what it is to win a Heart, and how thoſe perſons that loſe it are ſenſible they have loſt it?* I replied, *Fair Lady, A Heart is won ſeveral ways; but the ſureſt is to expoſe it to Fortune, as it would be if you ſhould wager your heart againſt any perſon at* Verkeere, *and that the Chance of the Dice ſhould ſo order it. But if I ſhould play for it, and loſe it*, ſhe added, *How ſhall I know when it is won? There is do difficulty in that*, I replied ſmiling: *When any one hath loſt his Heart with another, ſhe deſires always to be with the Man that hath won it: One minutes abſence creates a thouſand Troubles; She is ſenſible of an Emotion when ſhe ſees him, and of a ſurpriſe when he is abſent. Nay, 'tis in vain to endeavour to overcome thoſe Commotions, it can never be done; for there is no living without a Heart, and it muſt needs be, though you have one, that you ſhould be always preſent with him to whom you parted with it. Come, let us play no more*, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing and veiling herſelf with her hood, *We have ſported ſufficiently, and I am ſo unlucky a Gameſter, that I loſe all I play for.*

The Baroneſs came in juſt as ſhe ended her Diſcourſe, and we durſt not continue it before her; for if the acknowledgment I owe to her kinde Reception permit me to ſay what I think, ſhe commended me very much; and

methinks

methinks in Womens Mouths ſuch extraordinary Applauſes proceed rather from the Heart than the Brain.

But ſhe was not always with us: For this young Virgin and I went for a walk together at ſome certain times, and I took delight to ſee how her youthful heart grew warm by little and little, and would have made a very great progreſs, if I had inſtigated her thereunto. I ſtill thought that I was with the Counteſs *d' Engleſac*, my Mother-in-Law, and that I ſaw this Love encreaſe between her Son and my ſelf, which brought ſo much trouble upon me. This did ſometimes draw tears from my eyes; and, Madam, you would have been too compaſſionate, had you ſeen how this poor Infant bore a ſhare in my petty and inconſiderable Troubles, and endeavoured to put an end to them.

I ſpent five Weeks complete in this Houſe, ſtill expecting the Return of the Baron *De Roſte*, or the Flemiſh Marquiſs, who neither of them came back; and I began to be ſo troubled at their long abſence, that I was at laſt reſolved to confide in the Lady *de Roſte*, and to require her aſſiſtance in order to my going to the Convent: But as I had juſt taken up this Reſolution, my Marquiſs returned; and he did not only extricate me out of that Labyrinth wherein I was intricated, but freed *Angelica* from the Diſturbance

ſhe

ſhe was in upon the account of her Brother.

We heard not one word from him, ſince the time that we left him with my Garments in that Houſe from whence I eſcaped; and we durſt not ſend to enquire after him, for we were fearful that by that means they would diſcover our abode; until we were ſecured that the Baron *De Roſte* would protect us. I always thought it was dangerous for me to give them ſo much light as to gueſs at the place of my Retirement.

The poor Young-man was carefully kept up in this Houſe; but when they found it was to no purpoſe to confine him there, he was diſmiſſed, and by good fortune, as he came to *Liege*, much troubled to know what was become of us, he was met by the *Flemiſh* Marquiſs, and known by *Angelica*'s Valet, that he had along with him.

He left them both in a Houſe that he was acquainted with, where we met with them not long after; and coming to Monſieur *de Roſte*, *Angelica* and I took leave, as if ſhe had received ſome Letters from her Mother that obliged her to return to *Liege*; and the Marquiſs came to us the next day at that very Houſe where he left *Angelica*'s Brother and *Valet*, and where he appointed us to meet.

The poor young Gentlewoman that I have told you of, took our ſeparation very grievouſly; and I obſerved that Madam *de Roſte* was

was not altogether insensible. Both the one and the other told me very obliging things; and the young Gentlewoman above all wept heartily: But as they hoped that I would see them again very speedily, their affliction was inconsiderable in comparison of *Angelica*'s and mine.

What a good and generous person was this Gentlewoman, Madam! How much am I obliged to her, and what Friendship did we contract at our departure! She would have gone to *Cologne* if she durst, and I had a great desire she should; for though the Marquiss brought Women with me to conduct me with the greater decency, yet I always trembled at the thought, that I confided in a man which had been in love with me, and possibly is still: But, Madam, I was forced to take this course; for I was afraid of doing *Angelica* an injury as to her Mother, if I should abuse her kindness so far as to permit her to accompany me; and I thought it was but an ill acknowledgment of the obligation she had laid upon me, to do her such an ill office.

Therefore, Madam, I went away without her; she went to *Liege*, and I to *Cologne*, where I am at last arriv'd without any accident; and where the Heir of the Marchioness of *Sevil* has kept his word with me so generously, that I finde my self in a capacity to live a peacea-

peaceable and indifferent quiet Life, in any condition that I ſhall make choice of. But, Madam, if I continue the humour I am now in, I ſhall never be of any other opinion. I finde it a calm life; the Convent does not appear to me what it was afar off; and I may boldly ſay, there would be nothing wanting to the Content of my Minde, if I could tell you near-hand what I write to you now at a diſtance, That no perſon is devoted to your Highneſs with ſo much Zeal and Submiſſion, as

Your Highneſs

moſt humble and

moſt obedient Servant,

H. S. D. M.

FINIS.